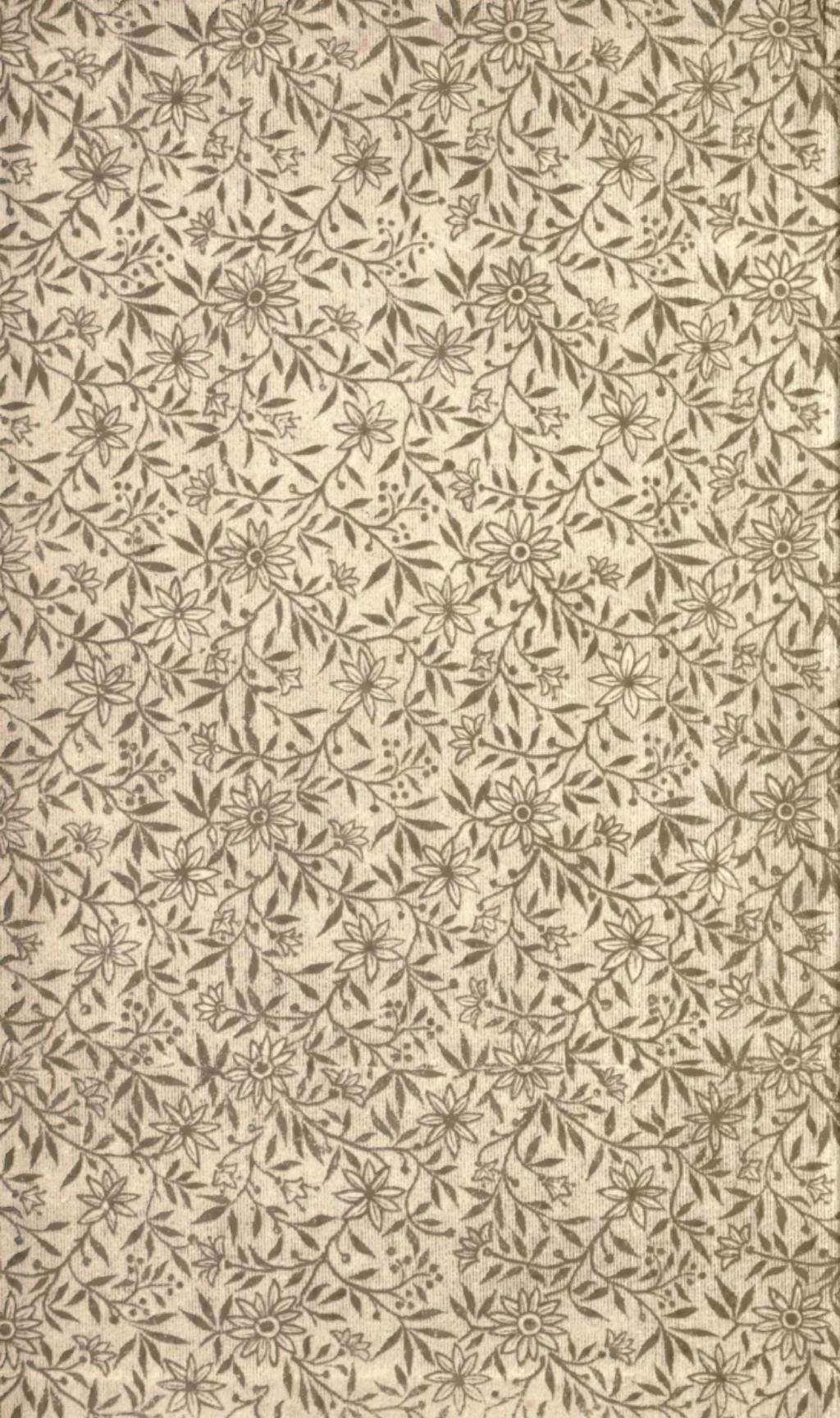
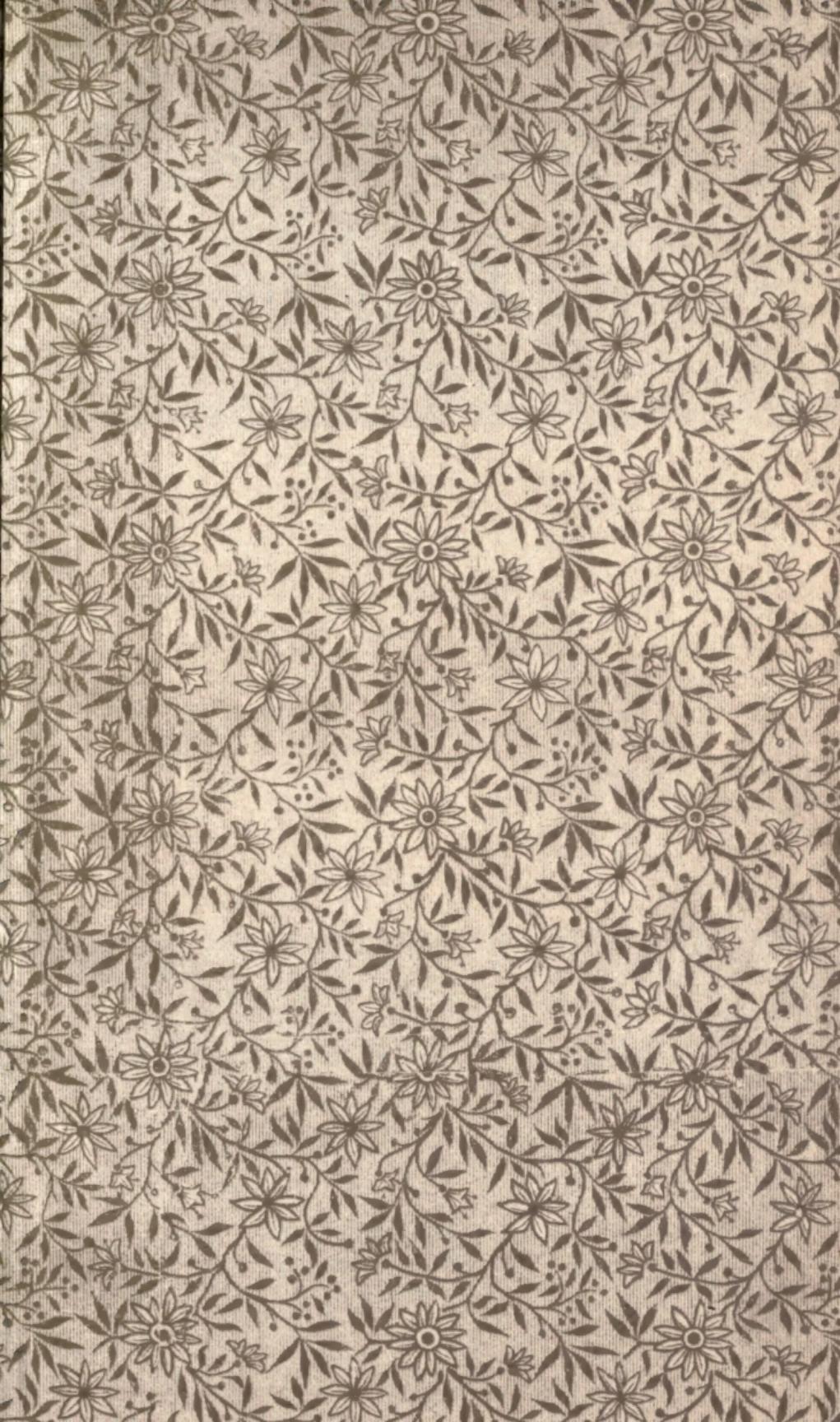


HASKELL'S
KONKAPUT[©]
—AND—
FOREIGN, PATRIOTIC, JUVENILE AND DOMESTIC
POEMS.

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THE INDIAN QUESTION.

YOUNG KONKAPUT,
THE
KING OF UTES,

A

LEGEND OF TWIN LAKES.



AND

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

By THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

DENVER, COLO.:
COLLIER & CLEAVELAND.
1889.

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ELECTROTYPED BY
FRANK REISTLE,

DEDICATION.

To the welfare of our colored races, and the entertainment of fair-minded people who desire the usefulness and honor of our country, the elevation and immortality of our Indian brethren, and the happiness and progress of American home life, this volume is cordially and respectfully dedicated by the author.



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*Yours in haste and heartily,
Thomas Nelson Haskell.*

PREFACE.

This book is chiefly for American youth; but as men and women are matured boys and girls, it offers entertainment and instruction to persons of every age, race and sex, and if it shall afford them useful pleasure, it will of course be read, analyzed and passed along. It is, however, unambitious and only like itself. Its practical object is to impress upon our rising public some of the real deserts and difficulties of "The Indian Question in the United States," and incidentally treat of our relations to other races also. It was hastily written ten years ago, in a time of great popular excitement and personal sorrow over the sufferings and death of some of my near and dear friends, by savage treachery and cruelty.

The work was undertaken as a diversion from grief and from too great tension of mind upon other more solid writings then in hand. It is offered to the public now, in preference to other finished works, because it is lighter reading, and perhaps suited only to a temporary service. I need not say it is published with unaffected doubt and diffidence.

By the bloody tragedies of 1879, in Colorado, the ethics of our treatment of the Indian tribes was forced anew upon the attention of the civil world, and I commenced writing very rapidly upon the subject, in so discursive a manner as, intentionally, to go lightly over the whole ground, from sea to sea and from beginning to end, and by specific and supposed examples to suggest and illustrate nearly every phase of savage, civil and philanthropic life—blending and

contrasting character and conduct in the most entertaining and instructive ways possible in such a diversified and yet limited work. The book is on the plan of my "Last Lone Indian," published in Ohio years ago to please my students and a few antiquarians, in the "Western Reserve." It claims no peculiar merit of any sort, and is written in the simplest style of verse, because it is more suited to the subject and end sought, and would be the better diversion in that way; also, poetic license and restraint seemed necessary to the proper blending of rude and cruel barbarism and Christian civilization and culture, such as must be done in the evolution of a true Indian romance now. I trust the leading characters will be found life-like and fit to live. Some disgusting features must of course appear in all true pictures of savage people. A little quiet burlesque will now and then be found upon similar follies of civil life, without referring the reader directly to them.

Being myself a firm believer in the "Bible as the Book of Christ" and in Bible reading as the essential basis of safety to our Republic, I have endeavored to create the best Biblical Christian hero that I could from an aboriginal barbarian, and to give him all the personal excellences which converted and pious savages have so far evinced. There is, however, about him enough of the fanciful and romantic to let the readers' imaginations revel and run at large as freely as they will. I give him the name of Konkaput, because by this a favorite Indian student who recited to me in college was known—though I have never heard from him since he "went west to find his dusky mate." I have called the heroine Shawsheen, both because that is the Indian name of a river on whose banks I courted my wife, and it is also easily converted into "God-bless-Susan," whom I shall amply describe, and of

whom humanity will forever feel proud. The representative of the negro race, Zinziba, is typical of many a fugitive in those dark and distressing pro-slavery days. The course of our country toward all the colored races is enough set forth to meet the essential issues in each case, and the book evolves the Indians' real and fancied rights and wrongs as fully as my imagination could, in so rapid and itinerant strides. In further explanation of the Romance and its Key, let me here reprint a letter from Milwaukee, published in the "Chicago Tribune," October, 1879:

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Major Whitley, of Racine, formerly Indian agent to the Utes, is here in Milwaukee now, and has taken a deep interest in all that has lately transpired in connection with those savages. He says: "The Utes average better than most other western tribes, and are more susceptible to Christian civilization. They have the same relative grades of intelligence as white people, and always two political parties—one for peace and obeying treaties, and the other in favor of turbulence and plunder." In the three years of Major Whiteley's agency, he never discovered dissatisfaction or unkind feelings on their part toward him or the Government. This he attributes to the fact that he had restored to them their favorite young squaw, King Ouray's sister, who subsequently saved the lives of the Meeker women.

While on his way to the Hot Springs, in Middle Park, the Major was overtaken by a messenger from Governor Evans, who told him of the rescue of the Ute squaw from the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes by the United States soldiers at Fort Collins, Colorado. Those savages had captured this young woman in some recent raid against the Utes, and while encamped near the mouth of Cache le Poudre river, had determined to burn her at the stake. The United States Commander at Fort Collins, hearing of this, took a detachment of troops and, by alternate threats and promises, obtained her release, after she had been bound and the fire lighted.

This squaw was forwarded to Major Whitley, and sent by him, under care of interpreter U. M. Curtis, to the borders of Utah, where she was received with demonstrations of great joy by her people.

The Major gave this Indian girl the name of Susan (or Shaw-sheen), meaning either a rose, or a shining river, a name which

she has greatly honored and by which she is still distinguished.

A remarkable coincidence in this case is that the Meekers were founders of the "Greeley Colony," which is on the spot where Susan was saved from death by white men.

We need no further preface than this now, except to record my gratitude to my artists, and to Messrs. Hooper, of the D. & R. G. R. R., and Wood & Tammen, of "The Great Divide," and others, who have aided in the illustration, printing and publishing of this hastily prepared book. Inevitable mistakes will be found, (such as canonizing the Canaanite, page 109, and inverting a fossil, page 116), but not more than occur in the best regulated book or household. I ought also to say, perhaps, that, while the work was written chiefly for the *young*, I have, when writing it, thought also of all sorts of readers—even of anonymous critics, of whom, however, authors think little, except as of gratuitous advertisers. I suppose no one will so severely review this book as could its own author, and yet I venture to send it forth on its mission, hoping, with all its faults, it may be well received by both the press and people of Colorado and in some other parts of our beloved country. At best,

It's a mere skirmisher on our frontier,
And put forth now as a rough pioneer;

Like some Saint John, simply to lead the way
For deeper "Ethics" at an early day,
When I, to old and young, will make appeal
To love our Country, and its ills to heal!

T. N. HASKELL.

DENVER, COLORADO, A. D. 1889.

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KANLT

UPPER TWIN LAKE.



YOUNG KONKAPUT, THE KING OF UTES.

A Legend of Twin Lakes.

SCENES I.

THE BIRTH-PLACE, PAPPOOSE AND BRAVE PAPA.

It was the year of shooting stars,*
A date still memorable, indeed,
When heaven seemed turned to hosts of Mars.
And meteors fell in martial speed
As fiery orbs upon the earth,
Seen both by savage and by sage—
That brought King Konkaput to birth,
And prefaced many a printed page.
The place was suited to the time;
Upon the summits of the globe,
Where mountain echoes meet and chime,
And every climate wears its robe.
Saguache† and Park, with snowy chains,
Support it widely east and west,
In valleys where rich verdue reigns
And soft winds rock the woods to rest.
Near, tall Mount Lincoln's tempest speaks
Borean breaths of cool command,
While Yale and Harvard, southern peaks,
Responsive stand, in tones more bland;
Then Elbert rises nearer north,
And Peak La Plata in the south,
To telephone both back and forth
Great Manitou's‡ own word of mouth.

* The most remarkable phenomenon of shooting stars ever seen and recorded by man was Nov. 13, 1833.

† Pronounced Sa-wach.

‡ Manitou, Great Spirit.

Between Twin Lakes, here bosomed high,*
 A wigwam opening to the east,
 To see the sun ascend the sky
 And usher in his natal feast,
 Was the first home our hero had ;
 Where infancy with fondling care
 Arose in stature to a lad,
 Well wrapt in robes of fox and bear.
 His papa here, a high-born chief,
 Both straight and bright and strong and brave,
 Forebodes with fear the firm belief
 His son will sometime be a slave ;
 Some superstitious dream of his
 Had filled with dread his future years,
 Laid bonds on Indian liberties,
 And forced fond hopes to yield to fears.
 King Colorado was his name ;
 Tradition traced far back his line ;
 His family was one of fame
 Who shared in lives that live and shine ;
 And yet his name rose from red clay, †
 Whence all the Indians have come down,
 And the red race must pass away
 If his one son should lose his crown.
 The sons take not the names of sires,
 But of the rocks, the bear, the crow—
 As one deserves or else desires ;
 As Ac-I-Apo-Co-Ego
 Was called Red Snake, while King Red Eyes
 Was A-Ca-Wa, and King Rain-Bow
 Was Sa-Wa-Wicket, sage and wise,
 And old Ne-Va-Va was White Snow.

* 9,442 feet above the sea.

† Colorado is derived from the color of the sand and clay along the river of that name, and signifies red earth.

The melody in many a name,
That his Ute race used oft repeat,
Seemed echoing forth some ancient fame
Of King or Sachem's power complete;
And whilom voices everywhere
Seemed sounding like a southing sea,
And filling all the while the air
With annals of old ancestry.
The notes, which Nature near him whiled,
Moved constantly King Colorow's mind:
Whether she frowned or wept or smiled,
His soul seemed wistful as the wind;
And every name of man, or brute,
Or plant, or tree, or peak, or brook,
Was yet a missile to the Ute
Which nature runed like some rhyme-book.
Thus Unca-pa-gre, the Hot Spring,
Put name to Uncompahgre parks,
And lured his legends there to sing,
With music like the meadow lark's,
And Tomit, mountain, che for stream,
Made music like the mountain brooks,
When bright Tomichi's bounding beam
Danced like red damsels down the rocks,
Till Co-che-topa (valley river)
Stole down its way o'er the dark stones,
And, like quilled arrows from a quiver,
Sent touching whispers in its tones;
And Una wippas of the west,
Like Alequipas of the lakes,
Yet on the yellow rocks there rest,
And glide along like glistening snakes,
Then flow away like thin snow flakes. *

* Those who have seen mountain cascades pass from a serpentine stream into a frost-like mist can see nothing incredible in this description.

And over all there ever hung
One legend, that would always live,
Of tragic deeds told old and young,
And which the guiding Utes still give ;
For Colorado's great-grandsire
Lost his own life in Upper Lake,
In such a way Utes so admire,
They hence of him their hero make:

A hostile tribe, they say, came near
Where this high sachem held his tent,
In care twin daughters, kind and dear,
While he with braves a hunting went ;
And in his absence came the foes
And captive took the two young Queens,
And led them—so the legend goes—
To Upper Lake's most lovely scenes.
The noble King, brave Kaput named,
Returning, traced in wrath their trail,
And with fierce ire was so inflamed
He would at once their camp assail.
With bow and lance he beat the knaves,
And drove them down into the lake,
But with them sank to watery graves,
Nor left a soul report to make !
And so, these lakes have ever since
Been like two large and beauteous tears
O'er those two virgins, to evince
How Nature yet mourns their lost years.
The legend adds : " Hence Upper Lake
Amazed and awed the Indian mind,
And moved King Colorow to make
His campfire near in hope to find
Those maidens speaking to his mind ;
The King of Spirits speaking kind,
The world of spirits in the wind ! "

King Colorado (called Colorow)
 Named Konkaput* his new born son,
Because the boy was bound to grow
 A most mysterious, mighty one,
Who would be wise and wander far;
 Whose powers, oppressed, should win by peace,
More trophies than triumphant war—
 A sure success that ne'er shall cease.
He took the prince with solemn pride
 To see his chiefs subordinate;
And as they set out, side by side,
 Informed his squaw some unique fate
Would yet befall him, like his name; *
 That the Great Spirit often spake
Of future most mysterious fame
 To rise from life along this lake.
So by his wigwam we may see
 A pappoose case, of perfect kind,
Stand facing long the storied lea;
 And to the lee-ward of the wind
A hammock, too's, hung near with skill,
 And filled with down in otter-fur,
So soft a pappoose there keeps still—
 So still his eyes alone can stir—
While soft winds rock him as they will.



* Konkaput, the close locked casket.

SCENES II.

THE QUEEN PIESSE PROUD OF PAPPOOSE.

Those comforts were for Konkaput,
Our hero into history born;
His eyes, when not in slumber shut,
Oft sparkled there like dew at morn,
And moved his Indian mother's smile
As she'd catch up her constant cares,
And with good cheer her child beguile—
Nor could she rest in rocking chairs!
This mothers' pious name, Piesse,
Was quite appropriate for the Queen;
Her dutious soul, with tenderness,
Wore nature's mold, with nothing mean;
She bore herself with benign air,
With all the royal will required;
Her features, too, were fit and fair—
Of all the Utes, were most admired.
Her father fancied her foretold
As mother of a mighty chief,
Who should become a sachem bold,
And send his race unknown relief.
She, too, seemed sharing prophesy,
And from a child was cherishing
The hope her son, a sovereign high,
Would save the Utes from perishing.
“She saw he was a proper child;”
Foresaw his future full of fame,
And set to music soft and wild
Each hopeful mention of his name.
Her song seemed sung by birds and bees;
’Twas varied, yet a buzzing sound,
And, like the breeze among the trees,
She rhymed at ease its endless round,
With pious love and peace profound.

Hear Piesse sing :
 "In his swing, Konkaput is King."
 Konkaput, my pappoose kingly,
 Little hearts-ease, lay thee here,
 While beneath the boughs I swing thee
 In the skin of speckled deer.
 Like the pouch of young opossums,
 Sleeping sweetly as they swing,
 Lullaby 'mid birds and blossoms,
 While I sing : Konkaput is King !
 Lo ! ye mocking birds, attention !
 Hear the words of hope I sing,
 And then make repeated mention :
 "In his swing, Konkaput is King !"
 Let the branch with robin red-breast,
 Let the lark on lofty wing,
 And the oriole near her thread nest,
 Swing and sing : Konkaput is King !
 Let magnolias like the mandrakes,
 That in air their odors fling,
 And tall forests o'er the fern-brakes
 Wave and sing : Konkaput is King !
 Hear the pine trees and the pumas,
 And the prey on which they spring,
 And the distant Montezumas,
 All proclaim : Konkaput is King !
 Hear all white men and all red men,
 Everywhere and everything,
 Join all live men and all dead men
 To declare : Konkaput is King !
 Manitou ! Great Spirit, grant me
 Blessings more than man can bring !
 May no princess e'er supplant me ;
 Make my Konkaput a King !
 Areouski,† make him King !!
 "In his swing, Konkaput is King !"

† The Indian God of Wars, like Ares, Mars.

SCENES III.

THE PAPPOOSE AND HIS RULING PASSION.

The scenes around that simple tent
 Were beautiful, sublime and grand !
 For every way the wanderers went
 Doth Nature stand on either hand,
 With mountain cliffs or meadow lawn,
 Or crystal lake, or snowy peaks ;
 And every day from early dawn
 Some special voice, all viewless, speaks,
 And wakes the ear to wondering awe ;
 Here Konkaput, in time and place,
 First woke to consciousness, and saw
 The beauty found in Nature's face.



The first he recollects of sight
 Was Indian horsemen hunting deer
 Until the herd, in hurrying fright,
 Came closely by and halted near.
 When gazing thus at these gazelles,
 A fawn fell lifeless at his feet ;
 And hence at once his bosom swells
 With passion like scenes to repeat.
 As Nimrod and as Hagar's son,
 His flesh and bones burned with the flame
 Of such excitement—to see run,
 And stop, and fall—the staggering game !



“A mighty hunter” he must be ;
 With bow and arrows urge the chase,
 Where deer and panthers roam and flee
 Before the chargers of his race ;
 The bison, beaver and the bear
 He'll hunt, and fell them at his feet,
 Their skins to dress, their furs to wear,
 Their flesh to “jerk” or broil, and eat.

Here, too, his mother used to make
 The suckling fawns to savory meat,
 And with her papoose oft partake
 Of fish and fowl, once fair and fleet ;
 So, brought him closer to the breast
 Of Nature, to drink in her breath,
 And on her heaving bosom rest,
 And draw in life from love and death.
 The filial feeling thence awoke,
 While Konkaput first crept and stood
 Around the small camp-fire's smoke,
 And gave him hope of highest good,
 In trophies of that truant life,
 Where sires roam wild through wooded scenes,
 To fetch home game to hut and wife,
 And feast thereon like Kings and Queens.
 No wonder, then, if he run wild,
 Nor wish for wisdom in his ways,
 To change the impulse of the child
 And the direction of his days ;
 He's born and bred an Ishmael,
 An Indian is his being's end—
 An angel Indian? Who can tell?
 If the All-father will befriend !
 Even savage nature has a heart
 That beats responsive to the right,
 When the far future feels its start
 In sense of unseen sovereign sight
 Of some One over all supreme.
 Though aims of living are its end,
 When the bright heavens above us beam,
 Lives need not end where now they tend—
 So Konkaput Heaven calls her friend !

SCENES IV.

HE PANTS FOR A PARD HUNTER'S FAME.

We saw the sire and the home-scene,
 And paused to hear the proud Piesse
 Sing what a mother's instincts mean,
 In tones of princely tenderness,
 Along the legendary lakes,
 Where our young hero had his birth,
 And where his passion still partakes
 Of pulsate Nature—Heaven and Earth.
 The highland lad here, loving, lives;
 He sees his likeness in the lakes,
 Where every cloud its color gives
 And mountain peak its pattern makes;
 He sings and jumps sometimes for joy
 To see a water nymph so near,
 So near his build, a half-nude boy,
 Formed, like himself, without a fear!
 He casts in pebbles from the shore
 To see the circling waves expand,
 As coming life feels long before
 The impulse that pours o'er the land.
 He plows his feather-plumed canoe
 Across the water's ruffled face,
 And tries most artful tricks and true,
 Obeying instincts of his race.
 He triumphed, too, in all he tried,
 Till muskrats, mephits,* minks and mice,
 Hares, foxes, birds and fishes died,
 By means of his unmatched device.
 And each achievement of this kind
 Did fuel add to fond desire,
 To capture even the human mind,
 And make men dread him, or admire!

* *Mephitis Americana*, the "chicago" or skunk which the Indians admire and catch without awaking its offensive odor. See also fitchit or the European polecat, whence the fitch-furs.

Like him who once in Hebron slept,
 And dreamed of bending sheaves and stars,
 As Morpheus o'er his members crept ;
 So he dreams oft of hunts and wars,
 While wildwood sirens, waiting, sing
 Of laurels wreathed, all round the land,
 "For Konkaput, the coming King,
 Born both to counsel and command !"
 By day he drifts, by night he dreams,
 His mind glides on like morning's glow ;
 Before him some bright future seems—
 It seems so bright it's surely so !
 His father, Colorado, tells
 Him, too, the tales of other times,
 Until his young heart heaves and swells,
 And beats almost like belfry chimes.
 One day at eve, by the tent door,
 He stood attuned to storied deeds,
 Such as were told him times before,
 When lo, Colorow came from the reeds
 And rushed to view, as Indians run,
 And gladly down the slopes did glide
 With squirrels for his squaw and son,
 And wearing a young lion's hide !
 This startling garb seemed still so good,
 Hung both before him and behind,
 That Konkaput quite captive stood
 To mighty motives in his mind,
 And praised his sire's so proud success,
 Whose costume so became a King,
 In princely words we here express,
 That all may catch their echoing,
 And join the very trees to sing.



The Son's fond Song to his faithful Sire,
 Till echo sets the scene afire—
 Piesse's soul did it inspire :

"O trusted father, fond and true,
 Choicest of Utes, their chosen Chief ;
 The noblest man earth ever knew,
 Whose boldness is beyond belief,
 Thy son doth sing, thy deeds as King,
 Till in thy praise these mountains ring,
 And o'er the Lakes are echoing.

I hail thee, Chief of all the Utes !
 Whose feathered arrow never fails
 To bring at will the wildest brutes,
 And tassels well our tent with tails !
 Thy son will sing, thy ways as King,
 Till in thy praise the mountains ring
 And hills to hills are echoing.

Hail ! wildest hero of the wood !
 Hail ! gladdest hunter of the glen ;
 Whose bow doth find back-loads of food,
 Whose mind outwits wild beasts and men !
 Thy son still sings, thy race of Kings ;
 With sounding praise the welkin rings,
 And all around are echoings !

Hail ! hail ! all hail ! my high-born sire !
 Praise, louder than the lion's pride,
 These fearless scenes have set on fire
 With song, to march the mountain side,
 And always sing, their warrior King,
 Till even the rocks around me ring,
 And with my words, on wandering wing,
 Shall age on age come echoing !

Hio ! Hio !—Echo !—Echo !
 Hio !—Echo ! Hio !—Echo !"

Thus Konkaput felt kindling fires ;
The cravings for the furrier's craft,
The peltry dealer's pent desires,
Till loud with chuckling cheer he laughed,
And paced along his parent's path,
First on the left, and then the right,
Till he sees all his fond sire hath,
Then says in praise : "O pretty sight !"
He takes the squirrel's tasseled tails,
And waves them round in every way ;
Their fur, like fancy, never fails
To gratify—red, black and gray—
With its variety and warmth of view—
What princes everywhere must prize—
And specially it's always new
In this young Utes admiring eyes !
He put the skins of the two pards
Then round his person, and with pride
Marched down the mesa many yards—
Much like the ass in lion's hide—
And frightened beasts and birds away ;
Then turned around upon his heel,
And prancing back, both proud and gay,
Thus to his parent made appeal :
"When next you go for such nice game,
O take your Konkaput along !
I pant for a pard hunter's fame,
And feel brim-full of fire and song !
Again, hio ! a hunting go !
And when you go, take me along !
O yes, hio ! a hunting go :
I'll string anew my stoutest bow,
And stride a hunter, hale and strong !
Echo ! Hio ! Echo ! Hio !

SCENES V.

WILD HORSEMEN CHALLENGE TO THE CHASE AWAY.

Just here—the game given to the squaw,
 The weary Chief wiping his face—
 A score of huntsmen hither draw,
 To challenge for the yearly chase.
 They're warriors real, with weapons rude,
 With plumage plucked wild in some place
 Of nature's noblest solitude,
 And groomed on steeds with startling grace.



As they came round the sandy coast,
 Advancing fast in Indian file,
 The Lake reflected the fleet host,
 And looked like an inverted isle.
 These cavaliers had hither come,
 With bows and spears both sharp and strong,
 To hail their Chief, to cheer his home,
 And sing to him their hunter song:
 (O hear them call to hunting all !)
 Come ! To the prairies let us go,
 And hunt the herded buffalo :

Come, come ! to the plains where the rivers flow,
Where bisons range and the grasses grow ;

The full moon shines, the skies are clear,
We'll kill wild bulls all unawares,
And gather robes for many a year,
And take ourselves true, honest shares.

O, come ! to the prairies we will go
And hunt the wolf and the buffalo.

Come, come ! Come, come ! now let us go
For the buffalo, on the plains below ;
While moons are bright the livelong night,
We'll dress like bison, wolf or bear ;
We'll seem their friends, even in their fright,
And kill our Sheik a kingly share.

O, come, to the prairies let us go
For coyote, wolf and buffalo !

Come, come ! O, come ! Come, come ! Now, come,
To the plains afar, to the plains below.
Our squaws we'll charge with all good cheer
Pappooses all to keep with care,
While we gather goods for many a year,
And give our Sheik the lion's share.

O, come, to the plains, afar, below,
For the antelope and buffalo !

Come, come ! to the prairies we will go !
Hoop, hoop, hallo ! Hoop, hoop, hallo !
A hunting to the prairies go !



SCENES VI.

THE MOUNTAIN FOREST MELTS TO FIRE.

The squaw, Piesse, those squirrels dressed
 Meantime, and cooks them on the coals ;
 While her rude chief, stretched out for rest
 Upon a pile of skins and poles,
 Reports his day's adventures all—

How he had found a lion's* lair
 Beneath torn rocks, both rough and tall,
 And saw two young ones sleeping there ;
 That then with flint he struck a flame
 That set the bushes in a blaze ;
 For if the old dam hither came
 He could her instincts thus amaze,
 And then her young cubs catch and kill
 And bear their beauteous hides as prey.
 Here stops the tale—all start to fill
 Their mouths with squirrel, black and grey,
 In a most rudimentary way.

At just this moment rose the moon
 As red as scarlet on the height,
 The air grew hot, as if high noon,
 And crystal peaks wore crimson light ;
 The woods all blossomed into blood,
 The evening melted into ire,
 The loftiest tree tops lurid stood,
 The forest roared with wind and fire!
 The wild fowl flew before the wind,
 The frantic eagles screamed with fright,
 The foxes hied new holes to find—
 The flames exposing all their flight—
 The young coyotes came out in pairs,
 And many bruins, moved by fears,
 Came forth and sat, as if at prayers,
 And wiped their face from smoke and tears.

* The puma or panther is sometimes called the North American lion.

The wolves and lions howling stood,
 And eyed the glow with angry glare ;
 Bewildered elk leaped from the wood,
 Then snuffed the air in mad despair ;
 While Indian ponies pawed and neighed,
 As if bound to a burning stall ;
 Even their fierce riders are afraid—
 The scene is consternation all !
 Still Colorado, cool, commands
 To seek tepees tormented so,
 And bring together all their bands,
 To parks below, in haste to go.
 Two tethered bronchos then are brought,
 For both the Chief and squaw to ride,
 And Konkaput, as quick as thought,
 Is also mounted at their side ;
 And off they ride—all hands astride—
 Pell-mell, up, down the mountain side.

(Nota Bene !)*

[The wanton wild man of the wood,
 Whose instincts never understood
 The use of timber or of trees,
 Would sooner smelt the woods to smoke,
 Than use his strength in one wise stroke
 To save the trees to serve and please.
 Indeed, an Indian Chief one day,
 Fired all a farmer's fields of hay
 Because his wagons frightened game ;
 And several times the seedling grain,
 That lay like gold plate o'er the plain,
 Has caught the same clandestine flame.]

* 'Twould add to Twin Lakes a double charm to have the primeval forests back again, which have been destroyed by such Indian fires, though the woods there were never such, perhaps, as the imagination here has made.

SCENES VII.

THE PORTRAITS OF THE PARKS.

King Colorado called his own
 Olympian Heights, and all between,
 In which some seven parks are known,
 Broad, beautiful in breadth and scene.
 These—North and Middle, South and East—
 Like chains of lakes, lie stretched along
 Where ancient oceans foamed their yeast,
 And white-plumed sea-gulls piped their song.
 Here, down from Rocky Mountain heights
 Roll rivulets and rivers grand,
 Till old sea-beds are changed to sights
 Of life and beauty on the land.
 These valleys all, diversified
 With light and shadow, shape and life,
 Are Colorado's Kingly pride,
 And every rood worth regal strife.
 First, Park Egeria peaceful lies—
 Twin sister to North Park, it seems—
 And weds together earth and skies,
 And with untiring wonders teems.
 Here Tombenarrow towers high,
 And stands still pointing to the stars ;
 While old Tymponus, sleeping nigh,
 Looks like a lion lined with scars.
 And where he lies—a lazy sphynx—
 Are hooting owls and haunting elves,
 And many an Indian maiden minx,
 Whose echoes answer to themselves.
 Here Yampa River has its source,
 Where bears and beavers both retreat ;
 And the Gore Range rears grand its course,
 With flowery summers at its feet.



Then North Platteau next names the Platte,
 Where augiles rise like rabbits' ears,
 And antelopes, both large and fat,
 Fly back and forth on wings of fears ;
 There, wind and weather work together
 To carve grand forms with grotesque grace—
 Birds of a feather there flock together,
 And facts and fancies fill the place.
 Three kingdoms are in contact here
 To bring to view abounding wealth,
 And yearn for some forthcoming year
 To start them out as if by stealth.
 For mines there hid in mountain's side,
 And grass and meat grown at their feet
 Shall prove North Park's exhaustless pride,
 In each of which the parks compete.
 In Middle Park Grand River springs
 From where the sweet Still Water flows ;
 The loon sits on the lake and sings,
 While summits watch, enrobed in snows ;
 And heated sulphurets lie hid,
 Whence healing fountains from below
 Rise up to bless—when man shall bid—
 And all their healing virtues show.
 Three thousand miles of mingling view
 Outspread before the spirit's eye,
 At every step with something new
 Makes this vast meadow lifted high—
 Eight thousand feet above the sea—
 A world of wealth and wonders wild
 Appear, and beam with what will be
 When he is old who's now a child.



Next east of this, sweet Estes Park,
 As peaceful as a pious soul,
 When lighted by some heavenly spark
 That doth from dazzling fixed stars roll,
 Is beautiful beyond compare,
 With winter heights and wooded haunts,
 And intervals intensely fair,
 And rocks and rivers plumed with plants.
 One Park of Monuments appears—
 The work and wear of viewless air
 That pulsates past like yearning years,
 And leaves its lasting footsteps there ;
 And one, San Luis—lofty one—
 So warm and wide, so watered well ;
 Its Blanc Sierras kiss the sun,
 And the Ute Kings there love to dwell.



Another, nearer the Twin Lakes,
 A land of hope for earth and Heaven,
 A broad and deep impression makes
 If once its outline be well given.
 Fair Mount Rosalia rises there
 In all her grandeur's graceful mien ;
 And snow-white altars in the air
 That call to prayer, contour the scene.
 The wide spread surface set within—
 More than two thousand landscape miles—
 Hath wondrous hues, the heart to win,
 Like to a thousand tinted isles
 Embosomed half in a blue haze,
 Which look like homes in holy lands,
 With here and there sweet song of praise
 To welcome back earth's homesick bands.

This park, nine thousand feet above
 The surface of the far-off sea,
 Holds in its landscapes scenes of love,
 Rare and romantic as may be.
 Salt Basin, this South Park is called—
 Bayou Salada (del Castile)—
 With all its sides so amply walled,
 Wild men well there may welcome feel.
 There squads of Indians and their squaws,
 With Konkaput, their Chief's own son,
 Without restraint by leagues or laws,
 Are free as melted snow to run;
 And as the heated forest drives
 The molten tide from mountain tops,
 They flee the fire, as for their lives,
 To the open parks, where its power stops.
 So the hot hurry to this place,
 And flurry in each frightened camp,
 Exchanged the "challenge for the chase"
 Intq the muffled tramp! tramp! tramp!
 Where the half-mounted motley herd
 Are hurled adown the hazy glen,
 Through smoke that smothers many a bird,
 And would have mastered other men.
 But, "no great loss without small gain,"
 And "ill the wind that blows no good!"
 Hence, while fire flakes fall down like rain,
 And leave black stubs where forests stood,
 The game too goes to park or plain,
 And thither does good Colro go.
 We'll see his tent soon tied again,
 Where mountain streams meandering flow,
 And mountain zephers mingled blow.



SCENES VIII.

SOCIAL PASTIMES IN SOUTH PARK.

Right soon we see extemporized
 An Indian village in South Park:
 In chasing bison, the most prized,
 They are unable to embark,
 For fortune in misfortune reigns;
 The fires have spoiled their outfits so
 They're ill prepared, on open plains,
 To hunt the herded buffalo.
 But still, the mountain elk and sheep,
 And bleating droves of black-tail deer,
 Crowd to the parks to graze and sleep,
 And make this a grand hunting year.
 Their venison all Indians prize,
 And daintier tastes do not demur,
 Nor do the braves bear meat despise;
 And bears and foxes both have fur.
 So wigwams soon there, full and warm,
 Will wait for winter in advance;
 The park will prove a well-stocked farm,
 Misfortune change to fairer chance;
 And it's surprising once to see
 How soon rude people set to rights,
 And feel at home, happy and free,
 For day's delights and sleep o' nights.
 With merry thought the men make thongs
 For snares; set traps and pits and pens
 For wild fowl, wolves and bears; while songs
 Are gliding up the sylvan glens
 Where squaws and maidens meet and greet,
 And skin and dress the skunk* and deer,
 Their rare old romances repeat,
 And each the other chafe and cheer.

* This pretty (though offensive) creature's spotted skin was greatly prized by Utes for caps, small cushions and the like.

They never practice wit for praise ;
 Yet sometimes join in serious jest,
 And dote on other scenes and days
 And blandly wish each other blessed.
 Though not loquacious, coarse and loud,
 Their wildest stories wear the stamp
 Of quiet humor, quaint and proud,
 Which calls much cheer into their camp.

King Colorado keeps his lodge
 Beside a rolling river's song,
 Where speckled trout both sport and dodge,
 And breezes lure swift birds along.

Here children come and play and romp
 And rest above the river's bank,
 While Konkaput with kingly pomp
 Repeats the story of his rank.
 Conscious of power to command,
 He here retails the tales of old,
 And tells his hopes that near at hand
 Good times will come of peace untold ;
 He utters dreams from ether drawn,
 Where the Great Spirit grants him views,
 Which show a day shall shortly dawn
 That white men call God's spell, good news.
 His language is so full of love,
 Yet laden with so much of law,
 He seems inspired from above ;
 And children, charmed, around him draw,
 Till all seem loving the lone boy
 That lived and loitered by the lakes,
 And as they join to share his joy,
 Himself their master soon he makes !



Among the boys, plumed for his play,
 And full of promise and of praise,
 Is one called Arrow (King Array),
 Who will win laurels many ways.
 And Arrow's sister, by his side,
 The fair Shawsheen, here first we find—
 Her kingly brother's queenly pride—
 And made like him in look and mind.

These three become so much attached,
 And mingle arts with so much ease,
 The trio are so truly matched,
 Their pleasures each beholder please.
 As ardent friends they often met
 For sports in a secluded spot,
 With feelings they could ne'er forget,
 And give us scenes not soon forgot.
 To suit such choice and charming scenes
 King Konkaput—they call him king,
 Though he was yet scarce in his teens—
 Used to his guests rich offerings bring ;
 While they, responsive to this rare
 Provision, came and all compete,
 Till, as if stowed by squirrel's* care,
 Each niche is filled with nuts and meat.

This spot secluded, which we speak,
 Is worthy of a willing space ;
 'Twas by a limpid, laughing creek
 That trembling held each truant face
 Which o'er it bent with beaming eyes,
 And watched therein the passing waves
 That shook, or seemed to shake, the skies,
 And guide the stars to silent graves.

* The American squirrel gathers excessive winter supplies and stows them away in their hollow tree homes with astounding skill and care.

Its water was both warm and cold,
 From a hot spring and highland snow,
 And gaily sang o'er sands of gold
 Which were laid bare in beds below ;
 And, Minne-ha-ha-like, its voice
 Seemed always singing in their ears
 A merry laugh, which said : "Rejoice!"
 And dew-like, cheers, even with its tears.
 This branching creek, or babbling brook,
 Was but a narrow space above
 The royal lodge ; yet none could look
 Into that "little lower of love"
 But by a walk of willow trees,
 Which swayed at ease, as nests are swung
 Of oriole, touched by the breeze
 That rocks to rest her twittering young.
 Quite near this nook another brook—
 A sighing branch of the same tree,
 As rivers and their tributes look—
 Made melancholy melody.
 'Twas just above the intervalle,
 Where weeping willows used to wave,
 And sad winds swept with solemn wail,
 As if beside some new-built grave.
 Indeed, a Chief had fallen there
 From chos'n ill-fortune in the chase ;
 He here pursued too near a bear,
 Which halted for a little space,
 Then on pursuer turned with power,
 To fold the brave in firm embrace,
 And there did half his flesh devour :
 Hence "Weeping-Water" is this place.
 Here unseen echoes sing, "Cuckoo,"
 Like tones along Lake Titikaka,
 Till Weeping Waters—Minne-Bo-ho—
 Meet Laughing Waters—Minne-Ha-ha ;

Then Singing Daughters of the Sun

Come down and close in dance the day
With modest Maidens of the Moon,

Just bending round her borrowed ray.
There twilight glides in twain-lit glances
As slowly come kind hours for sleep,
And Indian damsels mingle dances,
Where weeded sorrows sat to weep;



There on the mead in moonlight hours

Young chiefs and squaws exchange their loves,
With bunches of wild fruits and flowers,

"And bill and coo, like courting doves."
Though these are quite forgotten now,

They named these spots Nevava Spring;
The bend below was the "Rain-Bow,"

Both worthy of remembering;
For native parks had ne'er a place

More pleasing to the passer by,
Nor running waters ever trace
An iris sweeter to the eye,
Or purl a purer symphony.

SCENES IX.

KONKAPUT KILLS AN ELK, AND IS CROWNED KING
BY ARROW'S SISTER, QUEEN SHAWSHEEN.

In that stand-point one still may see
 Bayou Salada, the South Park,
In all its vast diversity
 Of form and outline, and remark
The Salty Basin where the deer
 All like to graze and lick the ground,
And drink their fill without a fear
 Of either death or danger round.

About this deer-lick, at noonday,
 The antlered stags all stand at ease,
And wait, as if the willing prey
 Of ambushed Indians on their knees,
With arrows aimed and bows all bent;
 And often, too, from neighboring trees,
Full rounds of such artillery sent,
 Pierce just the hearts the archers please.
The sight is grand, when boys—half grown
 Young chiefs—thence dauntless chase the deer
Among the cliffs, till all alone,
 With antlers lifted high and clear,
Some tall buck stops upon his throne,
 Confronts his foe, yet stamps with fear,
Falls to the ground without a groan,
 And makes the mountains ring with cheer.

'Twas thus one day that Konkaput,
 With bow of oak and arrows, led
The chase for elk above the hut
 Of Arrow's sire, who saw the red
Blood in full bloom upon the bluff,
 And sent his young squaw to inquire
If for his elk he'd help enough,
 Or her assistance he'd desire.

It was the custom, in such case,
 For squaws to come upon the scene
 And help bear trophies of the chase
 Down to be dressed upon the green;
 While they extol the virtues all
 Of the young brave, whose black locks wave,
 And o'er him fall like funeral pall,
 As he stands stern, demure and grave.
 So, Konkaput in silence stood,
 Where the large elk expiring lay,
 When Shawsheen came, with weapons good,
 To help him bear his beast away.
 But ere she spoke she broke the spell
 That bound him to the bleeding spot,
 For long ere this he loved her well
 Who thus had hied to share his lot.



Her form and face are more than fair,
 Her forehead bears a feathered band
 Which she has bound with her black hair,

With loving heart and well learned hand,
A wampum wreath, apportioned well
With beads, and quills from a red wing—
She tossed this lasso, and it fell
On Konkaput, and crowned him King.
Then several mighty, supple men
Find the fresh game and fetch his frame,
Still warm and glaring, down the glen,
Singing the name now wreathed with fame ;
While from the heights, with frantic joys,
Come winding down upon their way,
The shouts of bounding Indian boys,
Whom the brave elk had kept at bay.
The giant moose all join to dress,
In honor of the proud young prince ;
The pale red flesh all round confess
“The best they ’ve seen, before or since.”
The horns stretch out from hand to hand .
Of So-Bo-Tah—or Chief Big Track—
And like a towering oak tree stand
When poised on Pa-Ant—Tall Man’s—back.
And as he prances round with pride,
And pushes Pe-Ah—Black Tail Deer—
Who goes all fours, with horns and hide,
The welkin rings again with cheer.
Then, with instinctive zest and zeal,
They all awake to antics wild,
Just as their fancies chance to feel—
From the old Chief to youngest child.
Then Su-Pi-Ah, old Lodge-Pole’s son,
Points out to Arrow, or Array,
Chief Chu-A-Wich, who starts to run—
(His name means Long Tail Deer, they say)—
An arrow flies, that, by mistake,
Hits Sob-An-Ich-I—Wounded Breast—
Then all around an arrow break,
And sing this closing song with zest :

Hear them sing,
 As o'er the scene their voices ring :
 Shawsheen is Queen ! Konkaput King !
 Konkaput King !

"This is the Chief who brought to grief
 The wildest warrior of the wood ;
 He shall employ—foes to destroy—
 Great will and skill to do us good !

This is the boy—Piesse's joy—
 His kingly father's fame and crown,
 Whose youthful days deserve the praise
 Of all the realm for his renown !

He shall be King, let all Utes sing,
 When King Colorow is called away ;
 And we shall see His Majesty
 Is more majestic every day !

As hours advance, make honored dance
 In royal round of Indian ring,
 Till echoes bring back what we sing :
 'Brave Konkaput shall be our King !'

Let all the mountains, forests, fountains,
 And happy parks, pour forth his praise,
 Until he reigns o'er hills and plains
 And Utes be given all gala days !

Let lass and lover unite to cover
 His brow with the brilliant crown
 That Shawshēn hath given, as a sign from heaven,
 With care to be handed down !"

"Let Shawsheen bring and crown him King !"
 As far and near their voices ring ;
 Praise Queen and King—
 Hear them sing.

SCENES X.

THE FATAL STRIFE AND THE FUTURE STATE:
IGNOBLE KNIGHTHOOD.

The honor paid young Konkaput
 For overtaking, capturing
 Wild beasts, was due his prowess—but
 Confessedly as coming King;
 While sport, in such wild, simple ways,
 Suggests the gist of savage life,
 And deeper wells of want displays,
 Some social strain more full of strife.
 Hence, oft a father with a young
 Fair daughter, dictates for a case,
 That, of all youths with bows well strung,
 He shall have her who in the chase
 First kills an elk or black-tailed stag;
 And when the game falls to the ground,
 The damsel goes to help him drag
 It home, and all huzza around.

But once Queant, a bear-like * youth,
 So squarely won a suitor's squaw,
 That half the tribe averred the truth,
 And sealed her his in social law;
 Whereat Saw-Wick, the suitor's Sheik,
 In envy slew the valiant knight;
 Then Sur-Ap (Red Pole) swore to wreak
 Dire vengeance as the dead man's right.
 As Queant's friend this youth soon drives,
 By challenge, Saw-Wick to the charge,
 Of single combat, whence two lives
 Are lost. Upon a plateau large
 They meet, with many seconds near,
 To watch the maddened warrior's mien,
 And by their presence cheer
 Their several favorite through the scene.

* Queant means bear.

The combatants there wait command;
 They stand as still as storied Tell,
 With bow and arrow both in hand,
 And aimed each at the other well.
 Then forth both feathered missiles fly,
 And pass each other in midway,
 So swift, they seem threads in the sky,
 Or trembling sunbeams at noonday.
 And so exact the archers aim,
 Each at the other's vital part,
 That both arrows barbed came,
 And found a lodgment in the heart.
 Then the two warriors, wounded, dead,
 Fell down in silence at the feet
 Of frantic friends, who, fury-led,
 Now mingle conflict most complete.

Here, at this juncture of joined hate,
 When angry flocks of arrows fly,
 King Konkaput comes up in state;
 With hand and voice uplifted high,
 He shames their strife. He shouts "Hold! Stop!
 Your course is causeless and unkind!"
 With these stern words their weapons drop,
 Moved by his manly strength of mind.

Soon altogether mingle grief
 Above the fallen youths, and brave;
 But more admire the mighty Chief,
 Who from worse sorrows so could save.

Then wide processions wend their way
 To the wild spot where willows wave,
 And lay their dead with loud dismay
 Together in one silent grave.

'Then old Ne-Va-Vah—The White Snow—

 So venerably soft his voice—

Looks pale around and speaketh low :

 "Let all just Indians here rejoice !

The passage under ground they go,

 Though secret, is not thence severe,

For our life's river's future flow

 Is like the spring time of the year.

And As Tomichi's cheerless tomb,

 In dreary winters' ward-robe dressed,
Has waiting summiers in their bloom

 When distant plains shall be refreshed ;
So shall this bed of sleeping dead

 Bring forth in brighter form our braves,
To wander woods, nor weary tread

 For want of game, and into graves !

Then Saw-Wah-Wichet—The Rain Bow—

 Reveals what beauty ever reigns,
Where all good Indians glad will go

 To hunt and play o'er hills and plains.
Thus warriors told their weeping squaws

 That soon their sorrows would subside,
And Pa-Ja-Cha-Put—Eagle's Claws—

 Gave out that he would go their guide,
To guard them hence to hunting ground,

 Where scenes beneath the setting sun
With all earth's beauty will abound,

 And life in recreant leisure run ;

Where the glad moon lights glistening dew,

 In glory heights and glens arrayed,

And hunters panting deer pursue—

 Each hunter, as his deer, a shade !

Then Pa-A-Wich—or Water-Boy—

 Says, sitting down by sorrowing ones :

"I'll join you in that world of joy

 Beneath the smiles of setting suns,

And Nic-Ah-Gwat—the Chief Green Leaf—
Enumerates the noble game
He'll find and fetch them as their chief,
For there the dead desire his name.
Soon Shaw-Wa-Nah—Blue Flower—says :
“ There violets forever bloom,
And every sorrow vanishes
Beyond the confines of the tomb ; ”
And Cach-E-To-Pah—a Black Stone—
Like dark-robed clergy loud declares,
That “ The Great Spirit's gracious throne
Still promises to hear their prayers ! ”
To mourning mothers words most kind
By Tah-Ah-Pitch—or a Sweet Vine—
Are borne by soft and breathing wind
From good old Ah-Umph—Graceful Pine—
Tah-Be-Wa-Che-Ka—The Sun Rise—
Asks of Ah-Kan-Ash—A Bright Cloud—
And Sha-Wa-Nah, with shout replies :
“ With due surprise the dead shall rise
As night and winter shed their shroud.”



SCENES XI.

THE UTE PELTERS PLAN THEIR OUTFIT.

Now Kah-Ni-Ah-Che—Taken Down—

A humble, good, high-minded guide,
Who helped Kit Carson * to renown,

And sat and slept at Fremont's side,
“A friendly Ute” and useful friend,

Saw Konkaput's kind, princely air,
Urged his young impulse to expand
With precepts which his way prepare,
And taught him truths about the earth

Which he had learned from white men's lips ;
And of their ways, and wealth, and worth,

Immense machines and merchant ships ;
And told him of Tecumseh's time,

Of Logan and King Philip's day ;
Of princely races in their prime,

Now pressing West to pass away ;
Now perishing by slow decay !

And as they talked together thus

Of old tradition's trying days,
Till tidal waves, now wafting us,

Seemed moving up in much amaze,
With Indian warriors, driven West,

Or driven down among the dead,
The sad discourse so much impressed

The lad, his life was by it led.
But they had other thoughts, beside,

And shared in confidence complete,
And “the good Ute and useful guide”

Fondly to guard the youthful feet,
Was also hunter of high tone,
Who scarce mistook the worth of skins,
Yet never took, except his own,
And hated selfish hunter's sins.

* Kit Carson, Bill Bent, Jim Baker and Carle Antobeas were all famous scouts employed by the general government.

An ardent lover of his race
 And hostile to unholy war,
 This Kah-Ni-Ah-Che named the chase
 Which Konkaput kept wishing for ;
 That, with a few white and true men,
 They leave South Park and safely stray
 Where the Ute braves had seldom been,
 And stay six moons or more away.

But Konkaput, most filial yet,
 Revere's his father, King Colorow,
 And wisely would his wishes get,
 Before agreeing first to go.
 Hence, Kah-Ni-Ah-Che with him went
 And placed before his sire their plan,
 When he, unasked, gave his assent,
 And said : " Well done, both son and man !
 I'm proud to praise what you propose,
 And yet admit presentiment :
 Before we meet shall many woes
 Despoil the Utes, or be all spent !
 Still, come what may and come what must,
 If we're not all laid waste and slain,
 I truly bid you try, and trust,
 And hope to greet you both again."

Prince Konkaput loved Piesse, too,
 More than was common then with Kings ;
 His troth was, too, to Shawsheen true,
 And thought her love above all things ;
 So to this princess' tender pride
 He gave his crown, which she had set,
 And bade her : " This memento hide
 Till we shall meet ; do not forget !"
 He then sat down by the dear squaw,
 Who gave him breath, and broke to her
 The brightest future he foresaw,
 And asked what course she would prefer.

She heard with tears his high intent,
 Yet felt a pride in all his praise,
And calmly gave her kind consent
 To spend alone her Spartan days;
Then bravely clasped him to her breast,
 And touched his heart with her own tears,
Which from her bleeding love were blessed
 To both his youth and better years.
Eight other Utes, with early zeal,
 Proposed to try the trapper's trade,
And to their parents made appeal,
 Got their assent and earnest aid.

The plan is toward some pleasant place,
 To bear their way where beasts abound,
And then attract all the Ute race
 Into that grander hunting ground.
But to complete the careful plan
 They must perfect a full outfit;
'Twere scarcely more a tour to scan
 Around the earth and order it.
Yet Kah-Ni-Ah-Che's a choice hand
 At culling needed things with care;
And ere they start we see him stand,
 With arms akimbo, and declare,
With satisfaction, half in rhyme:
 "We're bound to find beavers and bears,
And have a brave and tip-top time,
 With comforts more than all the cares!"
He invoiced all their rations well;
 Some venison and such dried fruit
As squaws had picked and kept to sell,
 And sundry other things to suit;
Comanche pots of perfect kind,
 A well-sewed pouch of purest salt,
And strings and straps to loose and bind
 Their bundles where they bed or halt;

A flint that flashes easy fire,
 Some punk put up in soft, dry bark,
 And dainty bags, big with desire
 To hold as much as Noah's ark,
 Yet small enough to swing at ease
 Upon a weary hunter's back,
 To put therein whate'r he please,
 That they may live with little lack.

THEIR FIRST FIRE ARMS.

He also got one old-time gun,
 With lock and ram-rod looking right,
 And bought the means, bullets to run,
 All which was then a wondrous sight,
 And seen with superstitious awe—
 With staring eyes and well-stopped ears,
 The crowds around him cringing draw,
 As he for fun excites their fears.
 The noise, ignited with a spark;
 The powder horn and bullet mole;
 His power to hit a well-put mark,
 And pile the balls in their first hole;
 The whole machine amazed so much
 The Utes around, each coveted
 A gun for fun, a gift just such
 A dangerous thing, that so well did.
 They heard it roar, then ran and hid,
 Nor disobeyed what he should bid.



SCENES XII.

THE YOUNG HUNTERS LEAVING HOME.

When all were done with that one gun,
 Surveying every separate part,
 They eyed the whole outfit as one
 With ardent love of useful art.
 'Twas a new scene beneath the sun,
 An era in the Utes' ideas
 Which showed how much is shortly done
 When all unite to plan and please.
 See ten wild ponies all well packed
 With nameless needfuls and nick-nacks,
 So nicely laid they nothing lacked,
 With bows and lances on their backs.
 The ten proud boys turned to depart
 All consciously increased in worth,
 While old and young, to see them start,
 Stand round in mingled stare and mirth.
 For the young King, Shawsheen, his Queen,
 Has brought his steed, well bred and stout,
 And seems the proudest in the scene—
 Though but a sigh as they set out !
 While Colorow poses near Piesse,
 With yearning pride o'er their young prince
 In buoyant words their heir to bless—
 Sad hearts ! They've never seen him since !
 'Twas a delightful sunny day
 To link the summer and September,
 When these wild pelters went their way
 With parting words they will remember,
 From mate and sire, old men and squaws,
 And on they drive till cold December,
 The beaver to his bed-room draws
 And bears digest each digit member.*

* It is an old notion that bears "suck their claws," one by one, in winter.

Three trappers led, both true and bold,
 Who speak the Ute, French, English, well ;
 Nor need be told the bears' stronghold,
 Or where minks, otters, beavers dwell ;
 For oft they've strolled 'mong mountain streams
 And killed wild beasts just for their skins,
 Which warmest grow as fall's gray beams
 Contract and winter's cold begins.

But mark the make-up of those men—
 A Celt, a Saxon, and a Gaul,
 Over Ute boys, as brave a ten
 As ever answered a roll-call !
 Could we their diary declare,
 Their deeds of daring every day,
 The facts and fancies of their fare,
 What all and several do and say—
 No book in print could so present
 The wonders of a wandering life,
 On one bold purpose purely bent—
 Of thirteen strangers without strife !

If Franco—Scoto—Anglican,
 And their ten Utes get out of tune,
 One scarcely dares attempt to scan
 What jars may fall from fall to June.
 The very trappers' triple views—
 A papist, prelate, presbyter—
 Though all irreverent language use,
 Make all, indeed, to each defer.
 If in their greed they're wanting grace
 They'll grow to learn how great their loss,
 As brothers of one blood-bought race,
 And so come to one common cross !
 These clever men—Scott, Petit, Clark—
 As wise men coming from the East
 To seek the Prince of the South Park,

Were made fast friends first at a feast
With the Ute Chiefs of cheery soul,
Where Ka-Ni-Ah-Che told the tale
Of Konkaput's proud self-control—
Of which they all would so avail
As best to serve their several firms,
For which they now unite their cause
And start on stipulated terms,
That serve instead of statute laws.



If they prefer at any time
To cease to act as three in one,
Or either party commit crime,
That day their partnership is done.
So very well they weave their views
And start off for "the Yellowstone"—
While we await, meanwhile, the news,
And seek Shawsheen, left sad and lone.

SCENES XIII.

SHAWSHEEN'S MUSINGS, THE SHY MAIDEN.

As the wild pelters passed away

Shawsheen, as shy as shadows are,
Did every dark and sunny dayFeel how and where they hunt and fare ;
Till woods and waters, parks and peaksHad a new nature to her now,
And their kind spirit, echoing, speaks

Her virgin breast's betrothal vow.

For Konkaput should surely come

To take his bride, and by her side,
With furs and feathers, fit their homeWhere she'd preside in princely pride.
Paul and Virginia's impulse pureDid, in no sense nor part, surpass
The sacred bond, that bound secure

To her loved Chief this cherished lass.

The first week the pelters journeyed
 She went oft to Colorado—
 To Piesse's heaving bosom—
 As if seeking for her lover,
 And seemed loth to leave their wigwam;
 Till one day she saw her brother
 Tying fast a half-grown wolf-pup
 With a braided bark of mosse-wood ;
 It was wild and gray and pretty—
 Arrow gave it it to his sister.

This diverted her now daily
 From her loneliness and sorrow.
 In a little while it loved her
 And was safely soon untethered,
 And henceforth it seldom left her—
 [Till it fell a prey to pumas,
 Which it fought for her protection

When she went in search of berries,
And they crouched to spring upon her.]
This young wolf she surnamed Lopa,
(As if lupa in old Latin
Had been taught her by some Remus,
Who had been by it protected)
And it daily played about her,
And at night shared half her bear-skins—
Slept and watched all night beside her,
And by day went with her hunting
For the berries and the ripe nuts,
For the rabbits and the gophers;
And one time it caught a squirrel,
Which was yet so young and tender,
That the maiden took and nursed it,
Till the little ski-o-ura—
As the old Greeks named the creature,
From the screen of its tail's shadow—
Used to leap upon her shoulder,
Hide itself in her black tresses,
Till young Lopa looked on laughing—
For the wolf sometimes seems laughing—
And the trio were so happy
That the Spirit of the Mountains
Joined them also, just delighted!

But the wolf, as we have stated,
Fought and fell before the lions,
And Ski-o-ura, the young squirrel,
Was snatched up by a small eagle;
Then Shawsheen became so lonesome,
That the mountains put on shadows,
As she tried to look beyond them,
Where her lover and the pelters
Were far northward daily pressing,
And they echoed to her longing
As she blended sighs with singing.

The soul of music and of sadness
Echoed from the nearest hillsides,
Every evening, every morning.
Thus she thought upon the absent,
Thus she sang about her lover,
Of his otters' skins and beavers',
Of his feathers plucked from eagles,
From the bluejay and the jackdaw,
From the orioles and pheasants.
Oft she sang to Colorado
Of the legends he had taught her,
Like the runes of ancient Finland,
In the rythm of Hiawatha,
From the shell in shade of Harvard,
Where the prince of poets sauntered,
Sang she often to her kindred
Till the tribe her song repeated—
How the Senoblaze of heaven
Looked once upon wide spread waters
And there brooded till the ocean's
Waves were parted for the islands,
And the hills and mountains new born—
Fish and sea shells still upon them—
All arose to bless the waters,
As the parents of the dry land,
With the woods and flowers their daughters;
How the sun had brought forth children
From the red earth, dried to Indians,
All ill-treated tribes of red men,
Even the Ute tribe, her own nation,
With its rising King, her lover,
Whom she wished to see intensely,
In recesses of the mountains;
There to dress and cook his venison,
There to be his willing servant.
Then sometimes she roamed in silence,

When she heard the voice of thunder
Peal on peal, speak to the mountains,
And the mountains to each other ;
Saw the lightning shoot its arrows
At the towering rocks and cedars ;
Then she hushed her heart in silence,
Listening to the voice of nature,
Listening to the Lord, its author—
Listening unto God Almighty !

Then, when thunder's voice was silent,
This poor, yet impassioned, pagan,
In her guileless hearted girlhood,
Spoke out to the unseen Spirit :
“O, I beg thee, do not kill me ;
Let me know what is thy pleasure,
For I greatly fear and tremble
Lest by mayhap I offend thee—
Who canst smite the rocks asunder !
Who canst split pine trees to splinters !
Senoblaze, do love and bless me,
For I long to see and love thee !”

So her faith and fear would mingle
As she sang her sacred solo,
Sang of love that gilds the morning,
Decks the night in robes of spangles,
Clothes the birds and flowers with beauty,
That gives meat unto the hungry—
To the panting heart wild honey !

Once she sang in a sweet dale
Such as was the Temple-Vale :
“I have longing, holy longing,
Which no human tongue can tell,
It doth deep within me dwell,
Where love's thrilling hopes are thronging.
I have fancies, happy fancies
Of my fair one far away ;

He seems near me night and day,
Till with fancies memory dances ;
So the varying year advances.
I remember, I remember
When he left and left his crown
How our future seemed to frown !
Though our love was true and tender.
I remember how he, seated
Near me, told his troth and love,
As if borne me from above,
And my praise he much repeated.
Can such faith be e'er defeated ?
I behold him, now behold him,
Hunting bison, beavers, bears,
Snaring "wise owls" unawares,
And I see soft furs enfold him ;
And hereafter, our hereafter,
Hope's hereafter hastens near,
When he'll meet and greet me here,
And my love leaps into laughter,
Aye, so may we meet hereafter?"

So she sang in solos often,
In her soul, and sometimes louder,
In the ears of neighboring mountains :
"O, thou unseen One and Mighty,
Who canst kill me with thy lightning,
Do not harm my distant lover !
Bring him back to me in safety,
Laden with his furs and feathers,
With his weapons and his war-paints
To defend his own Ute nation
In our darkest, thickest dangers :
Unda hola—How I love him !
I eschew all other lovers."

As thus she sang full many a song,
They seemed so like a living soul,

They leapt in loving sounds along
Where breezes blow and rivers roll ;
And since she kept no carrier dove,
Nor courier, post-man, pen or wire
To interchange their thoughts of love,
We must her muse the more admire.
So, too, ere she's heard the story
Of God's love to be a Savior,
Or the scenes of Sinai's glory,
She has sought the heavenly favor
And become a benefactress
To her suffering Indian neighbors—
Even to some unkind and thankless ;
Aye, her love was full of labors.
And she was so kind to captives,
Some, indeed, who had pale faces ;
She was a new Pocohontas
In the wigwams of Powhatan,
And her love soon won both sexes—
She seemed noble, above nature,
With the love of God enamored.

Thus she lived, and loved, and trembled,
Heeding the draped forms of nature,
And its sweet and awful voices—
Voices of the lightning's thunder,
Voices of the snow-capped mountains,
Voices of the vales and hill-sides ;
Voices of the woods and waters,
Voices of the leaves and zephyrs ;
Voices of her hopes and heart-aches,
Voices of her fears and fancies ;
Voices of the birds of omen,
Voices of the Unseen Spirit—
All the while her chief was absent—
Absent with the white fur-traders,
Who knew not what she was doing.

SCENES XIV.

AN INDIAN HORSE RACE IN SOUTH PARK, AND ITS
RESULTANT HATRED.

When youths are given to games of chance,
 They crowd the ways to waste and crime :
 The Utes to chance from skill advance—
 They hit the target every time ;
 Then wager for the highest prize.
 They find horse-racing full of fun,
 And sometimes win their wished supplies
 By their rough steeds that fastest run.
 The day the furriers started, ten
 Young, fierce Apaches came to camp ;
 They were the wildest of wild men,
 Off on a truant, loafing tramp.
 Each had a horse plucked from the plains
 And proved by practice proud in speed,
 Yet used to neither yoke nor reins,
 But ridden to sorry sights indeed !
 These guileful youths were made the guests
 Of the whole camp, a thing of course,
 And féted to incessant feasts,
 Revealing the whole tribe's resource.
 Their jaded horse-flesh, too, were fed
 In verdant fields, and in full view ;
 The sight of which one evening led
 To bantering what such beasts could do !
 The Chief Apache, Chance by name,
 Proposed next day to test their power :
 So to the game galled racers came,
 All worn and winded by the hour ;
 Of jaded "scare-crows" just a score !
 The Utes bet horses, blankets, skins,
 While the Apaches promised more
 If the Ute "round-up*" really wins.

* Round-up, a legal term for gathering and comparing live stock.

Ten Utes, on broncos old and brown,
 Which have borne burdens long and far,
 Up the mountain sides and down,
 And won at first in filching war,



Seem even racers in array
 With ten Apaches ponied well
 On "skin and bones"—a sad display ;
 And which shall win no one can tell !



See twice ten ponies set in pairs,
 With riders plumed, on the plateau !
 Each Ute a wig of skunk's skin wears ;
 All bear their lances or a bow.
 First five of each go and come back—
 A two-mile stretch, or thereabout—
 And at the end of the round track
 They shoot a target, with a shout.
 When these are tallied, then ten more
 Ride for the target in their turn,
 And shout and shoot, just as before ;
 Then all come near results to learn.
 The judge is White Lock, Soc-We-Ock,
 Whose head still has his mother's mark,
 Who, *enceinte*, saw a single lock
 Of white haired scalp, with others dark.
 This young White Lock is a wise youth
 Whom all the Utes regard as just,
 And so well tried in fact for truth
 That in his word they all will trust.
 The leading riders of the Utes
 Are Pah-No-Ar, that is, Broad Brow,

Qu-E-Ah-Tah, Bear, chief of brutes,
 And Ugly Boy, Sub-I-To-Ou.
 Both five Ute boys are brave, but small,
 Wiry, wily and well trained ;
 Each five Apaches, too, are tall,
 Tough, bony fellows, and full brained.
 When the first, all hear White Lock call,
 They each exclaim his racer's name ;
 Then, pegasoi, these ponies all
 Fly o'er the fields like winged flame.

So much of turf is tossed up there,
 Their beasts are as if winged bulls
 Engaged in pawing earth and air ;
 And each contestant harder pulls,
 As he draws back his twanging bow
 To hit the target in the eye,
 And pierce it with his arrow's blow—
 As if a living* deer must die.
 The first half hold out all the way ;
 For even the laggards can not tell
 But that their friends shall win the day,
 When all, indeed, seem doing well.

But the excitement's highest pitch
 Is when the last set first set out ;
 For soon it is decided which
 Shall win the race beyond a doubt.
 The shrewd Apaches had held back
 Their thorough racers for this round,
 And soon as these dash on the track
 The Utes are distanced at a bound.
 Now one bold boy, Buzzard by name,—
 Saw-Wah-Wick is the Indian word—
 Swore he'd sweep down and scoop the game
 With Saviath—swoop of a big bird.

* The target was a stuffed deer-skin.

These fellows of the baser sort

Then seized the Apache's ponies first,
As if to have some special sport.

The wild old Utes, then, worst to worst,
Affirmed the affair was all unfair,

And so unfair 'twas fairly won
By their Ute boys who had good care
That only honest racers run.
And so, before White Lock adjudged,
Or the good racers reached the goal,
Big Bird and Swoop, who both begrudged
The prizes, swooped and scooped the whole.

The Apaches, skunked,* lost furs and skins,
And horses, blankets, feathers, all—
For might o'er right first really wins,
Where power concludes wrong right to call.
And what could half a score of boys,
Untutored braves, though tough as bears,
Accomplish when a tribe employs
Their wiles against them and their shares.

'Tis like a Godless gambling den,
In Leadville, Denver, or New York,
Decoying in defenseless men
From rural walks when out of work.
All games of chance—not given their chance—
Are lawless mockery, more or less;
Yet he that knows this in advance,
Deserves small sooth in his distress,
When he is robbed of rustic gains,
And made to march off in disgrace:
The robbers shall of course reap pains,
Yet foiled ones well may hide their face.

* A forcible western expression won from the Indians, and indicates an unfair conquest.

King Colorado cursed the crew
That would degrade Ute honor so;
And yet, what else could the King do
But give the Apaches peace to go.
So empty, angry, wholly stripped,
The strangers start with stinging wrath,
And go like whining mastiffs whipped,
With pent up growls along their path.

With deep chagrin they come at length
To the Apaches' far-off plain,
Where the full tribe in fearful strength
Receive them with wrathful disdain.
They'd have them "stay in Jericho"
Until their beards were better grown,
Rather than come cowed, ruined so,
With nothing caught, nor kept their own;
But their alternatives were, choice
To fight (most rash), or further roam,
Or join their friends, who should rejoice
To see and have them safe at home.
It was far safer to succumb,
And wiser, than to wrongly win,
To don their insults as if dumb,
And learn some wisdom from such sin.

Meantime Ute boys and older braves
Divide their spoil with vain debate,
Till fights have filled a few more graves,
And heaped their lodges full of hate.
Nor is this finale all the end:
Such winning waked a wicked war,
Which did from tribe to tribe extend,
Both lasting long and reaching far;
Results of which we're waiting for.

SCENES XV.

THE UTE-APACHE WAR, WITH BATTLES WON BY BOTH.

The fierce Apaches forthwith felt

That they must have due honor done,
Or the Ute bond of peace must melt,
And booty be by battles won.

They formed at once peace with old foes,

And urged straightway a union strong,
With Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes,

T' avenge so rank and vile a wrong.

The Cheyennes, Sioux, Arapahoes,

With their first fire-arms in their hands,
The Crows, Comanches, Navajos,

With brave and well-trained warrior bands,
In willing faith welcome the facts,

And find, in councils near and far,
A wish to scourge such wicked acts

With crushing power of common war.

The Utes, like Ammon's sons of old,

See that their sin smells rank and sore,
And hasten to their high stronghold
Till the Apache war be o'er.

Their mountain fastnesses afford

Protection more than men can prize,
Against a predatory horde

Who from the plains might plan to rise.
For all the Utes know every inch

Of every height and every pass;

Their nerves and flesh, too, never flinch

Before armed men, few or in mass.

Hence, if the Indians on the plains

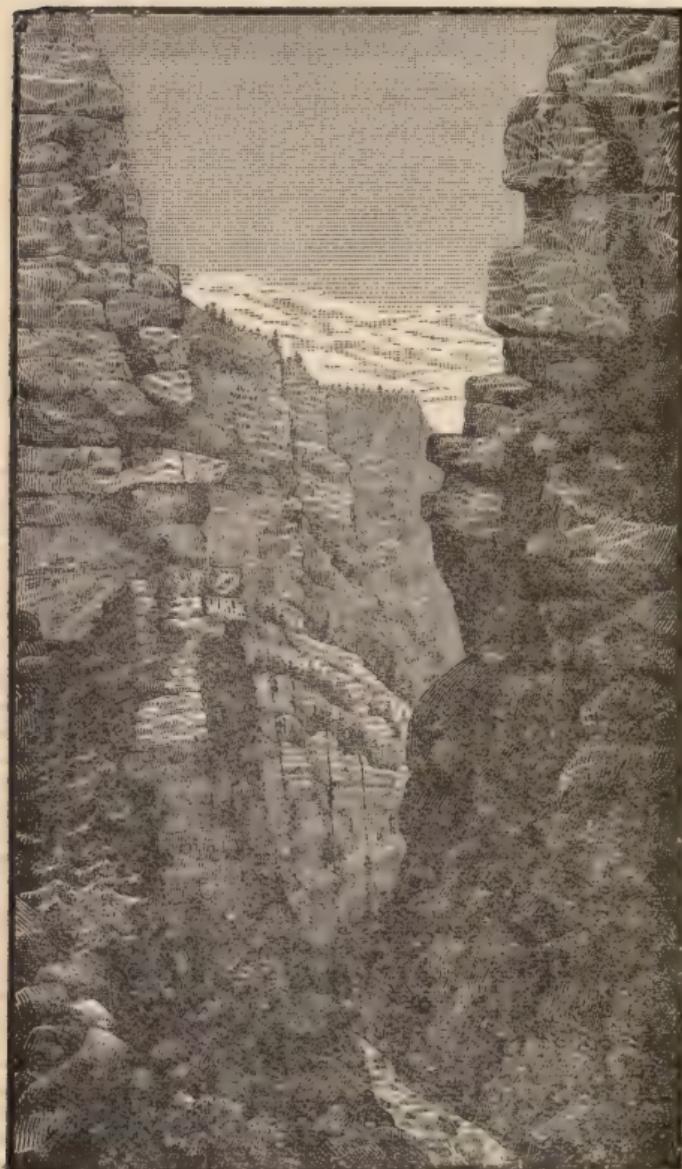
Attempt to storm the mountains wild,
They must expect for all their pains,

That countless warriors will be killed.

The best of armies, even, fight

Against the Utes with fearful odds,
For every sound and every sight

Seem gathering round like savage gods;
And whether skies are white and clear,
Or thund'ring full of threat'ning rains,
The heights and depths have dead'ning fear,
For pluckiest ranks reared on the plains.



A cañon thirty miles in length,
With walls a thousand feet in air,

Can flank the mightiest martial strength
And fill the foe with fell despair.
To stand on high and hurl down stones
Like gliding hail storms down the glen,
Would get in turn but dying groans
From the best armed and bravest men.
In proof, the Apaches soon proceed
To hunt the Utes in their stronghold,
Their hosts advance with alert heed,
And carry guns in cohorts bold.
Their combined legions laboring come
Among the foothills, cliffs and peaks,
To find a dark and fatal doom,
That in one brightening moment breaks.
They come to Cañon of Cheyenne—
Perhaps mistaken for Ute Pass—
And mass in camp uncounted men,
With booths and beds of brush and grass;
And scarce have sent thence hurrying scouts,
To search the wished-for seat of war,
And find more ready facile routes,
Ere hails the foe they're hunting for.

For, as they know not their new arms,
But handle powder heedlessly,
A loud explosion so alarms
The whole encampment that they flee
Up beetling heights, where they behold
An ambushed army of Ute braves,
Who burst down on them, dread and bold,
And send them groaning to their graves.

Now, on receiving this sad news,
The old Sioux chiefs, who seldom yield,
And fierce Apaches, firm as Sioux, (Sous),
In fuller forces seek the field;
But, chastened by such losses, choose
More cautious paths to posts concealed,

By means of many magic clews,
Until the Utes are all revealed.
In the Arkansas' deep ravine,
Without suspicion of assault,
Their several campsments are soon seen,
Basking beneath heaven's bended vault.
The scalps of the late waylaid ranks,
Slain in the Cañon of Cheyenne,
Are promenading in odd pranks
Upon the heads of hardened men,
While their rough squaws sit squatting 'round,
Rejoiced with the revolting scene:
Then suddenly, like thunder sound,
From the rough rim of the ravine,
A hundred guns give the alarm;
But Colorado, calm and clear,
Cries: "Warriors, Arm!" and like a charm
Their faith in him casts out all fear.

Swift up the heights, lances in hand,
They rush in several serried ranks,
And, hand to hand, the hosts both stand,
And smite down braves on bloody banks—
Banks that for ages stainless stood,
But henceforth bear in yearly bloom
Red blossoms, stained with red men's blood,
To tell their common, cruel doom.

King Colorado here was killed!
Reduced to tribute was his tribe;
Till wasted Utes with want are filled;
Their squaws too squalid to describe.
Shawsheen was captured by a chief
Of the Cheyennes or shameless Sioux;
While sad Piesse soon dies of grief,
With none to bear her son the news,
Or to her fate give faintest clews.



KING COLORADO I.

SCENES XVI.

THE FARE AND COURSE OF THE FUR CARAVAN.

As we have seen, two belial sons
Waked the fierce war, like forest fire;
From plains to peaks the passion runs,
With the war demon's worst desire;
But meanwhile in both parks and woods,
And following rivers near and far,
In gay pursuit of peltry goods,
Young Konkaput heard not of war.
His course has been one constant quest
Of footprints by some fur-clad beast;
And, always hoping for the best,
Of news from home he's not the least.
An instance this of fancy's bliss;
For day and night he dreamed and thought
Of the dear faces he did miss,
And fancy brought the joys he sought.
First northward went his caravan
To sources of the Yellowstone;
For it was in the traders' plan
To touch at stations, one by one,
Where other trappers' peltry trade
Had quasi depots, to acquaint
Them with their course, for mutual aid,
If there should come hostile complaint.

At length they halt to try their hands
And map their hunting for three moons,
Where Fremont's Peak a frost tower stands,
And furs abound—from fat raccoons
To finest ermine, sable, fitch;
And central stations stand secure,
Made strong as fortresses, from which
Provisions they in stress procure.
Here scenery of Siberian stamp,
And stretching off like Russian steppes,

Surrounds the crude fur-trader's camp—

A perfect paradise for traps !

The beauty charmed the entire band ;

And specially the Utes aspired

To try their will and skill of hand

In hunting now the game desired.

The morning after they here came

Young Konkaput captured a moose—

(Perhaps an elk, the proper name).

He held this moose in a strong noose,
And, well disguised in a bear's skin,

Worried him out of his own will ;

Then, as himself, made haste to win

His faith, and fed him to the fill !

In one half moon, much to his praise,

The boy made him obey his mind,

Till in a sledge—a type of sleighs—

They flew away like winged wind ;

Then homeward came with hosts of game,

Killed by his simple shaft and bow :

Which added fame to the Ute name,

As if they all were gifted so.

But it seemed best to break their band ;

One-half to help the French suite here,

The rest, in Konkaput's command,

To seek some point not very near.

The first five are Kah-Ni-A-Ché

And the four privates he prefers ;

These are employed by French Petit *

To seek for game and sort its furs,

And note with care whate'er occurs.

The parting of the Utes was when

They felt heartsick for some home news,

* Pronounced Petee, and its rhyming mate may have its accents either on the first and third or second and fourth syllables, as the Utes used both pronunciations.

And, though " Indians are tearless men,"
 Their words were deep and warm adieu ;
 For they were from their friends afar,
 Like wanderers in foreign lands,
 And hostile tribes might hasten war
 And sweep off both the parting bands.

Kah-Ni-Ah-Ché and Konkaput,
 Like Saul and Jesse's loving heirs,
 Were constitutionally cut
 To share each other in full shares ;
 Indeed, each deemed as dear as life
 His friend, and could have for him died,
 Either upon a field of strife
 Or lingering by the sufferer's side.

The parting of these two appears,
 Therefore, tempered to the time,
 And in the light of later years
 It was both simple and sublime ;
 But Konkaput bore every case
 With a presentiment of yore,
 That, most of them would see his face
 Upon such earthly scenes no more.

He said : " I go, but ye remain ;
 What shall befall us none can know ;
 Some may be sick and some be slain,
 But be good, do good, as we go,
 Is my new motto for us now,
 And may our days be ordered so
 That Time shall bring upon his brow
 The gladdening beams of beauty's glow ;
 Such as my Queen herself might show.

SCENES XVII.

FROM YELLOWSTONE ALONG THE GREEN.

Scott, Clark and their five cross the range
 To Lyon's Lake (as lately called),
 Where scenery, picturesque and strange,
 Has still "Three Tetons" well installed ;
 Where, from this Rocky Mountain height,
 Flows "Green"-bank river toward the Grand,
 In which merge both the Bear and White,
 Where snow and bruin's symbols stand.
 This verdant river, vaguely known,
 The trappers fancy full of furs ;
 And with a guide, a good Shoshone,
 And Konkaput, they follow her,
 As she flows southwest to the sea,
 Through garden soils and golden sand,
 Till Colorado sets her free
 On California's far-off strand.



But first, for this long enterprise,
 They barter with the Snake-Bannocks
 To sell them suitable supplies,
 Which they concealed among the rocks ;
 Then they start slowly down the stream,
 With safety and such full success,

That Konkaput's tamed, captured team
 Is wealth in the wild wilderness.
 For the tough bronchos they had brought
 Up to the post on Yellowstone,
 Marauding Indian men had caught ;
 And since then they'd secured none ;
 But this mild, conquered moose became
 As rare and deft as a reindeer ;
 Kind A-Ca-Wa (Pink Eyes), his name,
 And staid as "Alden's snow white steer."**

Indeed he proved useful and nice ;
 He drew his sledge o'er drifting snow,
 And waded streams or trod their ice
 With speed to suit, or fast or slow ;
 And Konkaput, to him most kind,
 Could ride elk-back and lead the band,
 And to his antlers tell his mind
 By gentlest touches of his hand.
 So Konkaput, in this campaign,
 Made himself wiser every way ;
 His power to please and good will gain
 Seemed growing also day by day.
 His little arts, at the Twin Lakes,
 Had taught him how to tempt wild beasts,
 Till live snow birds he charmed like snakes,
 And fed wild foxes at his feasts.

His bow was good as any gun,
 Without a noise its arrows went,
 So that wild game would seldom run
 Till his full quiver was well spent.
 And then his skill to skin and dress
 The finest beasts for fur or meat—
 (Which he derived from dear Piesse)—
 Made him a trapper boy complete.

* See Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

He had, too, prompt, endurant power,
With all this aptitude of skill,
Which saved employers many an hour
Of wasteful dalliance of will,
And though they're seeking long some point
For winter quarters on their way,
He is so supple, limb and joint,
His journeys are as jaunts and play.
White River Forks, afar, they reach—
Not far from scenes of future fame
Of sp cial force as far as speech
Makes known this same Waite River's name.

For there barbaric deeds of blood,
Clandestinest of any clime,
Stand hardest to be understood
For cold ingratitude and crime !
The scenery 'round is simply grand—
Of cliffs, ravines, and diverse wood,
And intervals of varied land
That were by irrigation good :
'Tis here they build their winter hut
Of standing rocks, stockade of poles,
And pine boughs, cut by Konkaput,
Who his quartette of Utes controls.
Their bed and board are of the best !
Soft sprigs of spruce on dry sand spread,
Then moss on this is made to rest ;
And handsome furs from foot to head.

Their food is choice fruit from the chase ;
And the Ute boys as one believe
This region shall yet see their race
Far better fortune here receive.
[Ah ! coming Time's coincidence
Concludes the drama, in their case,

For at the public's sad expense
 They plunged to ruin in this place.]
 There the pleased hive of hunters play
 Their winter's work, like busy bees,
 And draw fresh joys from every day
 Like blithest bees in blossomed trees:
 They go, they come, just as they please,
 On wings of ease with naught to tease.

SCENES XVIII.

SOME SAD EFFECTS OF SILLY FEASTS.

'Tis sometimes said : "The savages
 Are wasting by the white man's wars,"
 As if there were no ravages
 By savage lusts that leave the scars
 Of suffering, death, sorrow and sin ;
 By trouble brought on betwixt tribes ;
 By wasting foes, without, within ;
 By doctor's bills no one prescribes.

Alas ! and true ! whole tribes are dead ;
 By their own blame so blotted out,
 Their names are only known and read
 In rivers, towns, lakes, tour or route.
 The social evil, civilized,
 And then let loose in savage life,
 Has ranker ruin realized—
 Strange to say—than savage strife !
 And the poor care that parents keep
 Over their young slays every year
 The slender part ; so puts to sleep
 Vast numbers that ne'er 'waken here.
 Then heedless youths their health assault,
 And strew the ground with early graves,
 While gluttony—their glaring fault—
 Brings down to death distinguished braves.

A common crime, this want of care,
That often loses useful lives,
But which, since practiced everywhere,
An undue sanction thence derives.
Hence, soon, near trappers' hut we see
Tah-Nach, a Ute, "set sail below,"
That is, into eternity;
But his own folly fells the blow—
A case we shall make haste to show.

The facts were these: A honey bee,
One sunny day, fell on the snow:
He took it up, simply to see
Which way the weak insect would go,
Then followed, as it feebly went,
Until he found still other bees,
All settling 'neath the same intent—
To reach the nearest forest trees.
And there, on searching, he soon found,
By bees still buzzing in the air,
And others groaning on the ground,
Their comb stowed high with studied care.

He then climbed up the unclad son
Of centuries, and clasped a limb,
Which seemed a most substantial one;
But it at once deserted him;
Then followed heavy where he fell,
And brained him, broken by the fall;
With no one near, his fate to tell,
Or answer to a seeker's call.
For days they missed him from their den;
While a fresh snow concealed his course;
Two weeks they watched and waited, when
They also traced bees to their source.
There Konkaput, with keen surprise,
Saw Tah-Nach's body, badly torn—

A sight so saddening to his eyes,
It made his lot for days forlorn ;
For the far-off eternity
Seemed nearer now than e'er had been,
And he craved some kind ministry
That could bring comfort to him then.
As he returned unto his "hive,"
To moaning pine shrubs tied his moose,
And threw it tufts on which to thrive,
Then came into the warm caboose,
He sighed with deep, sad tenderness
For the gay-hearted fellow gone ;
For Colorado and Piesse,
And for Shawsheen—till shadowy dawn—
The dawn that brings the burial day
Of his dear friend whom he found dead,
In lonely wastes and far away,
Where kindred tears can ne'er be shed !
It was a wild, most wintry morn,
As Konkaput, in his kind sledge,
Led forth the hunters, all forlorn,
To find the lad, on Fir Tree Ledge.
And sad indeed the final scene,
On this severe and solemn day,
With naught their wounded hearts to screen
From winter's unsheathed sword and sway.
The trappers, though, are kind and true :
Clark has a prayer-book, kept with care,
And Scott the Sacred Scriptures too,
While God is with men everywhere.
Behold them ; see that burial scene !
There six wild hunters with sad hands
Bear to the grave, green trees between,
The stiffened body : by it stands
Each one last tenderly to look
Upon the poor boy buried there,

With funeral rites read from "The Book
of Christ" and "Common Prayer."

When even Christian culture comes,
In a fierce snow storm's blinding face,
With tears unto and from the tombs,
Cold seems and comfortless the case ;
Nor would we blame both beasts and men,
As hard of heart, who hasten home,
When their sad errand has so been
Done tenderly to dead and tomb.

And when wild blasts of winter blow,
As if to split their splintry throats
And Wapita* flies o'er the snow,
Toward the warm shelters and wild oats,
As swift as eagles sweep the air,
Or Borealis darts his beams,
The fast return is far less rare
And less irreverent than it seems.

Nor is that grave unlike all graves
Of other countries, other kin ;
Though over Tah-Nach the pine waves
To mark the consequence of sin—
Of rashness, without reason, where
A common prudence would have kept
His life an object of love's care,
And health and honey harvests reapt.
Ah ! keenly felt poor Konkaput,
While bending o'er that snow-bound grave,
And hurrying homeward to his hut,
Where wintery winds white pine boughs wave :
"Alas ! How lone to die alone !
To see life leaving o'er the lea ;
To lie down dead in lands unknown,
Where kindred eyes can never see—
Where pines make plaintive melody ! "

* The Indian common name for elk.

SCENES XIX.

THE LEGATION TO SALT LAKE.

Often the Indians end their days
 By aping like low whites to act ;
 For, brought into our brighter ways,
 Our virtues less than vice attract,*
 Embittering every high behest,
 Binding to lusts like evil beasts,
 To die accursed, rather than blessed,
 Before the sweetest, best of feasts.
 Now, once more roam to trappers' home.
 There Sap-En-Ah-Wah,† Fat Boy's got
 Killed Tah-Nach's honey in the comb ;
 And strained in his Comanche pot,
 The sweet, rare nectar rises, till
 It overflows in floods of gold,
 Whence Pursy Boy his paunch doth fill—
 All his big belly-full can hold.
 And such a colic as came on !
 No Indian doctor e'er did cure :
 'Tis sad, indeed, to look upon !
 But Guero—Light Haired Galen—sure
 Success divine is in his drugs,
 Gives him a potion, bids him lie
 Between a pair of panther rugs—
 But lays him down, alas, to die !
 To save his patient from his pain
 He poured his strongest opiate
 Upon the heavy honey strain,
 And found quite soon, but quite too late,

* Brig. Gen. Wright's report to a committee of Congress says: "The Indian tribes are rapidly decreasing by wars among themselves, encroachments by the whites and the readiness with which they adopt the vices of the whites rather than their virtues."

† Sap-En-Ah-Wah means big belly or pursy boy, and was a genuine name among the Utes, with the whole idea that it suggests.

The good boy ne'er will wake again !
The sure physician sealed his fate :
Sheer ignorance the Ute has slain ;
And he is buried by his mate.
Then Konkaput, to his surprise,
Is urged " Make haste, harness your moose,
Go to Salt Lake to get supplies.
And seek a doctor of some use ! "
Most gravely Trapper Scott agrees
To share with him the unshown way;
And tracing streams, trails, blistered trees,
They drive their way without delay.
They reach at length the royal lake
Of the young brigand, Brigham Young ;
Then very full invoices take
Till even the moose with bells is strung.
Pack-mules they purchase : Pangentwa,
Or Little Fish, as Light Hair's aid,
Goes a learned doctor from Utah
To practice for their peltry trade.
This Minnow is a Mormon Ute ;
Doctor and bishop, both betimes,
Whose sage-like tones and looks to suit,
And crude ideas of Christ and crimes,
With proofs profuse of promised fruit,
Makes Scott with quaint surmise inquire
If Utah is derived from Ute,
Why Mormon might not be his sire !
The trio now return their tramp,
Steering their course in complete style
Of mutual couriers toward their camp—
Which Clark and Guero moved meanwhile
To Trapper's Lake, near Plateau Peak,
Where game both good and tame abound,
And peaks to lakes incessant speak—
A happy Indian hunting ground !

When Scott, Pangentwa, Konkaput,
 Approached at last their trapping post,
 And hailed the (then deserted) hut,
 But failed to find therein "mine host,"
 A sense of desolation, death,
 And fear, fell on them all fatigued,
 And way-worn and half out of breath,
 For it had been indeed besieged.

They soon beheld the place bereft
 Of all things ; but they saw a stone
 Inscribed, declaring when Clark left,
 And where, and why they'd gone ;
 And how the way hither to heed,
 With cautions suited to their case—
 A note most kind to men in need,
 Whose true import we herewith trace.
 It said : "Friend Scott, we are not safe !
 A strange and scarey straggling scout
 Has wandered daily like a waif
 Of wind, about to find us out,
 Or, if we leave, to learn our route !
 He is a wild man of the wood,
 That wanders here, then wanders there ;
 That feeds on nothing for his food,
 And seems almost as thin as air—
 I beg you heed : of him beware !
 We start now (in a noble storm
 To hide from him our hurried tracks),
 For Trapper's Fort, fixed nice and warm,
 With bulky burdens on our backs,
 And bear in hand both gun and ax.
 If he should not to others show
 That we've departed, for one day,
 They will not know the way we go ;
 But we will beckon you the way,

By sticks stuck standing in the snow,
 By which our way you'll know, then join us too."

Scott scarcely read aloud these lines,
 When "the strange scout" came straggling by,
 And to the White man's face confines
 The fiercest aspect of his eye,
 Then at his breast he draws the bead
 Of his gun barrel—given with bread
 By Government—and Scott indeed
 Drops to the earth—instantly dead !



Then Konkaput's friend Pangentwa,
 Returns the fire with fatal aim ;
 And two dead men on drays, they draw
 Toward the fort that Clark did name :
 Remembering what Scott had read,
 And eager to secure safe rest,
 Their lonely way, by signs well led,
 They with fast progress firmly pressed.

SCENES XX.

THE RECEPTION AND REPORT.

'Twas in a starless night of storm,
 And at a late and lonely hour,
They waked the fort, and found a warm
 Abode, as if a summer bower
Of evergreen:—grass and wild rye
 Were given their patient, meek pack-mules,
All stowed between walls built so high—
 There solitude in silence rules.

The inmates, a few weary men,
 Had all been tramping from their traps,
And were absorbed in slumbers, when,
 These new arrivals made their raps
Upon the gate; but Guero gave
 Them *entre* with attentive heeds;
As a bright Ute, both young and brave,
 Provided for their pressing needs
And spread them beds on springs of reeds.
The morning dawned most calm and bright
 Upon the "Fort at Trappers's Lake;"
When Konkaput, with sad delight,
 To the few inmates thus did break
The several acts and earnest scenes
 Through which poor Scott and he had passed,
And what their mission really means;
 Their fears and labors, first and last.

He says: "Guero, and good friend Clark,
 And ye who have me as your guest,
You see both Scott and I embark
 In a wise expedition west:
We went the trodden winding trail,
 Where rivers bend and rocks abound,
And prowling men and beasts prevail—
 Our life seemed lurked for all around.

By a long march at length we reached
The chosen city of Chief Young,
Where Pangentwa, his priest, hath preached
To savages, and prayed and sung ;
He will assist me to describe
The various wonders in our way,
For he is traced from our Ute tribe,
And will be true in all we say.

From Salt Lake City we sent furs
Addressed to some far eastern firms ;
All in exchange, as oft occurs,
And buying goods on the best terms.
For health supplies friend Scott first sought,
And labeled well, as you will learn,
All the best comforts. He then bought
Rare beasts to bear them in return ;
Each burro hath its burden brought.

These patient beasts that bore our packs
And passed along from post to post,
With bags and boxes on their backs,
Helped us so much, but my elk most ;
For he was unworn in the way,
And could have gone at greatest speed,
But he fell dead at break of day—
One homeward dawn—a hunter's deed !
In route we stopped one time to rest,
Where a lone white man had been left
By wanderers that went still west ;
We judged him of all joy bereft !
He lingered by two graves alone ;
His wife and daughter lay there dead ;
He lifted up a long, flat stone
Upon these graves, just at their head ;
Then sat he there, so sad of heart !
The day was light ; his lot was dark !

He yearned to stay, and yet must start
 And leave that stone the grave to mark !
 Another point we passed a spot
 Where three more emigrants, thrown dead
 Into the brush, had all been shot
 By fiends in flesh, who filched and fled !

At last we reached White River Fork,
 And felt refreshed to find us near
 The mark of our first winter-work ;
 Then chanted there our wildest cheer !
 So loud this hunter doubtless heard
 And planted himself at the place,
 Yet would not answer us a word,
 But fiercely saw the white man's face—
 As if he hated all his race !
 He fired one shot, and Scott fell dead !
 This shocked my nerves as ne'er was known ;
 For I was bound, benumbed with dread :
 Scott's life was scarce else than my own.
 Just then, Pangentwa showed his power,
 And jumped so quickly to my side
 That in my sad and sinking hour
 He shot for good "the Shoshone guide."

[Aye, such, I'm bound, will prove to be
 The body we have brought along,
 Which Poisson* there most pointedly
 Did put to death to right Scott's wrong.]
 This precious judge, Priest Pangentwa,
 Who has come here with me, so kind,
 Is a learned doctor from Utah,
 Whose medicine is in his mind—
 His word's full wise, as all will find."

* Poisson is French for fish, which Petit had taught to Konkaput, and it means the same as Pangentwa in Ute. Perhaps Pencher were nearer what Konkaput meant.

SCENES XXI.

DISCOVERY, DISTRESS, DESOLATION: THE INDIAN HAD
KILLED ANOTHER UTE.

King Konkaput's account—his style
And voice, both limpid, bold and low—
Touched the alternate tear and smile,
And, though his English was yet slow,
He mingled grief and joy the while.
Then Pangentwa—thus put in place—
Described with care the closing day,
And the appearance of the face
That they had brought their burdened way,
And there with Scott in silence lay.
Then, too, with sad and solemn tone—
All Mormon ministers must use—
He next made other matters known
Which might their minds thus disabuse,
Their seeming murder to excuse.
They searched the murdered scout, and found
That he was a Ute sentinel,
Who had been set to guard the ground,
And only wished to do it well;
Presuming these were some outpost,
Preparing white men to possess
The mountains with a mighty host,
He wished to hold them in duress.
His gun they found got at some fight
In a deep cañon, like Cheyenne,
While on his arm, in black and white,
Were signs which showed where he had been.
This strange discovery caused distress
To Konkaput, beyond compare:—
“He must have seen Shawsheen, Piesse,”
He said, “and felt my father's care!”
He bent, and clasped the clammy corse,
As if to bid the body speak,

And tell of home for weal or worse ;
 But none could the dead silence break.
 Then Guero gave out pitying groans,
 As if his brother's grave were near;
 Thence mountains echo with their moans,
 And pass them on from year to year.
 Then Saxon Clark to Scott's corpse clung,
 With a deep anguish unto death ;
 His hardy nerves seemed half unstrung
 With broken sighs, warm as his breath,
 And hidden groans, and hoarded grief,
 That filled his cup full to the brim,
 Till in his faith he found relief,
 And learned by heart this funeral hymn :

THE TRAPPERS' TRUST—CLARK'S FUNERAL HYMN FOR SCOTT.

Almighty God, in whom we live
 And move and all our being have ;
 Our murmuring grief do thou forgive,
 And help us for thyself to live,
 And grant us grace for even the grave.

 We bury now beneath the ground
 The lifeless bodies thou hast made,
 And in this wilderness profound,
 Where loneliness and death abound,
 We beg thy pity and thine aid !

 For the dear kindred of the dead,
 Severed so long, so far away,
 Who know not of this lowly bed
 Where now we lay their weary head,
 Thy presence, too, we pray.

 When thou shalt bid the dead come forth,
 From every mountain, plain and sea,
 From the far west, east, south and north,
 From all their graves in all the earth,
 Remember this in thy decree.

So lone the scene at Trappers' Lake !
 So lone the ones upon the plain
 When Clark and Konkaput did make
 The tombs for Scott and Ute scout slain ;
 And when, in the forementioned case,
 Were met the emigration train
 Burying their dead in a lone place,
 Where the remains unknown remain !



Ah ! so like one lost off at sea,
 Afar, upon the trackless main,
 The trapper's funeral must be !
 And such, when passing o'er the plain,
 An emigrant gives out to die ;
 The wife, or daughter, son or sire,
 Falls far away, forgot, to lie
 On the lone spot where they expire,
 With none to watch the signal fire !

SCENES XXII.

WILD INSTINCTS ARE WELL TAMED TO TEAMS—HE DRIVES
FOUR SPANKING DEER IN SPANS.

How Konkaput had lost his moose !
On their return, one frosty morn,
When the large beast was browsing loose
On moss and cones, instead of corn,
A gunning Pa-Ute took good aim,
And, proud as any Indian prince,
Felled the good mark as mortal game—
And claimed the proceeds ever since !



This evil luck were an ill loss,
To Konkaput and to mankind,
Had not his cunning come across
More flexile beasts to fill his mind.
The furriers, found at Trappers' Fort—
Facetious fellows, four or five—
Perceived from the young Ute's report
His best delight such beasts to drive.
So, as true men—not triflers all—
They counseled him to seek and catch
Some stalwart deer, and in their stall
To make these into teams to match.

They state that he can catch some stags,
 Much as he caught his late killed moose,
 By basking in some buckskin bags
 And tossing 'round their necks a noose ;
 That spans of elk have special use,
 In parts that need their nobler powers,
 Which meekly bear even much abuse
 And move on ably many hours ;
 But black-tailed * bucks, led out with bells,
 And on the plan of span with span !
 "A dashing four," driven down the dells,
 Were the delight of any man !
 "So, 'Konkey,' catch them if you can !"



This pleased him well ;
 and right away
 He captured four,
 which he controls
 And drives with dray,
 or sledge-like sleigh,
 Made of a pair
 of willow poles,
 Well rigged for warmth
 and ease to ride,
 With robes and wraps
 for winter trips,
 And harness made
 of handsome hide,
 Arranged in straight
 and even strips.

With this "get-up," so good and gay,
 Of bucks and bells and bison robe,
 Of willow sledge—or winged sleigh—
 He is the gladdest on the globe.

* The black-tailed deer of the Rocky Mountains is more majestic even than the wapiti, or Carolina stag.

He tamed these deer in ten days' time,
 And won them in his winning ways,
 Till they present appearance prime,
 And sliding swift, seem strings of sleighs—
 [Just as one's hand may swing his torch
 Into a fairy ring of fire,
 And rain drops leave their beauteous arch
 When heaviest storms hastening retire.]

NOW SEE THE TEAM, SO NEAR THEY SEEM !

Boys could not run to catch a ride
 Behind this black-tail team of four,
 When they dash up the mountain's side,
 As if we ne'er should see them more !
 A stage drawn by such driven stags,
 And made both light and bright to match,
 Might climb the very mountain crags
 And prove too much for thieves to catch ;
 And yet as grand, as swift and gay ;
 So cheery to both man and child,
 That they'd be pleased "to plank the pay "
 To go in ways so good and wild.
 Now adown the dells, the night deer bells,
 I almost hear, and see the deer,
 And by the sight my bosom swells,
 As deer and bells dash down the dells,
 And in my ear the sounds I hear.
 Like rattling wheels, or runner steels,
 As swift they go o'er ground and snow,
 My finest sense sees, hears, and feels,
 As music steals in vesper peals,
 Through falling snow and fancy's flow.
 'Tis Konkaput, o'er rock and rut,
 Sweeping his sleigh, like swiftest spray !
 I wish I might jump in and ride,
 Yet press aside with praise and pride ;
 And shout : Hurra ! Ho ! Dash away !



KONKAPUT AND HIS BLACK-TAILED TEAM.

O'er heights and snows, away he goes,
Nor leaves a track to lead him back ;
And who can guess, or who that knows
How fast he goes o'er heights and snows,
Could find way back without the track.
It seems full long since with his song
His sleigh-bells rung out as he sung,
And on the height in starry night,
Now flying left, now flying right,
His last glimpse flung where evening hung !
But lo ! They're come ! with sleigh-bells home !
Oh haste with glee, now, there, to see ;
And fill the hut of Konkaput,
Or Pelt Fort, with praise and sport,
And shout and sing : Long live the King !
The deer-bells ring : Konkaput is King !
"Konkey" is King, all cry and sing !

Pray, let us ask, at this late day,
If there be here not something new :
Why murder beasts made to obey,
Which, treated well, were servants true ?
Suppose the bisons be well trained ;
Then—built in every bone for strength—
They'd make a team not much ashamed,
For either loads, or journey's length.
The mountain elk, majestic deer,
And bison, like the horse and ox,
May all be changed, mankind to cheer—
For dogs and cats, coyotes and fox—
The wolf, well pleased, the Ute employs
As even a patient, loving pet ;
And, like the dog, it long enjoys
Kind friends, and never can forget.
If even gray wolves, like the greyhound,
Have proven docile, dutiful,

Why may not many beasts be found
Which can be "broke" and beautiful?
If Signor Blitz's birds obeyed
His bland behest, whate'er he said,
So that they well the warrior played,
The cannon fired, and then feigned dead,
Be even bald eagles bred to use ;
To bear us up on buoyant air,



Or take a treaty or a truce,
Upon their wings, to seats of war.
How useful then that ancient bird,
How like the hurried lightning he ;
His life the servant, sign and lord,
O'er land and sea, of liberty !—
When such are trained, be there to see.

SCENES XXIII.

FROM TRAPPER'S LAKE TO EAGLE'S GLEN.

When Konkaput cut to and fro

Across the mountains, hills and plains,
O'er crystal lakes and crested snow,

And searched for Utes as well as gains,
He drove as fast as he could drive;

His form was wrapt in finest fur;
A charmed life he seemed to live;

He went a wizard, as it were,
And when the winter warmish grows,
And they would gather up their store,
All note how Konkaput well knows
Each bundle he had bound before.

His versatility, so vast,
Adapted to employers' need,
Was leading, from the first to last,
And always marked with special speed.
With Clark he went close by each stream,
From Cache le Poudre—"Hidden Powder"—
To the dry "Fountain's" fairy dream,
And with him ate fish, flesh and chowder.

Here first he met John Charles Fremont,
And brave Kit Carson, then both young,
And found for them the "Soda Font,"
Whence Villa Manitou hath sprung.

And Kah-Ni-Ah-Che, (Taken Down),
By deaths, desertions, left alone,
Had joined "The Path-Finder's" renown—

With him come down from Yellowstone.
Though Kah-Ni-Ah-Che had now learned
Some word of the Apache war,
And its hot burden in him burned,
He would not his friend's pleasure mar.
So, with his sorrows well suppressed
He Konkaput embraces warm,

And wishes him, with all the rest,
By the Great Spirit saved from harm !
Never to feel or know a fear ;
But, born a King, to bear command
In ways successful and sincere—
By nature gifted, noble, grand !
'Tis in Glen Eyrie where they meet :
Here all the outside world seems shut
From the recherché, rare retreat,
Save Kah-Ni-Ah-Che and Konkaput ;
While cliffs look down and timber waves,
And brooks refresh both beasts and birds.
Here meet and greet these two Ute braves
With warm embrace and broken words.
This ardent greeting of these Utes,
So suited, eloquent, sincere,
Once more the fancy fond refutes
That "Indian men ne'er shed a tear!"
And all the more since the Stone Chief
There stands, a Roman, in his robe,
Before his squaw, who sits in grief,
Yet patient as a very Job.
Here Kah-Ni-Ah-Che, cherishing
His fears, his hopes, his memories,
Calls these stones "Our Statued King,
And Queen Piesse, so posed as his!"
As Konkaput compares the form,
So tall, majestic in his might,
In winter, summer, sun and storm,
He thus declaims his high delight :

SCENES XXIV.

KONKAPUT'S ODE TO THE OLD STONE KING.

"Grand Sentinel of this sweet glen,
 That risest to thy royal height,
 And gravely girdest on thy might
 As monarch of both beasts and men,
 I thank thee for inspiring thought
 Of him who stands of Utes the King,
 Of whom his son with pride doth sing,
 And her who hath my footsteps taught.

O, glorious porter of the glade,
 And of the Rocky Mountain range,
 Almost defying time and change,
 Of during rock divinely made,
 How grandly dost thou stand, adored
 By her who waiteth on thy will,
 To help thy mission to fulfill,
 As if thou wert her King and Lord.

Thou standest straight and tall and grand,
 As if aware of strength and worth,
 An ordained ruler in the earth,
 Born to encourage and command !
 I look on thee with love and awe ;
 I marvel at thy majesty ;
 Equalled but by the modesty
 Of her who sits down as thy squaw
 And looketh up to thee as thine
 To love and cherish and obey,
 And bear thee aid in every way—
 Such are the parents I call mine !
 To them I haste with all my heart ;
 In filial love a loyal son ;
 For soon my wanderings will be done ;
 And from them then I'll ne'er depart !"



OLD STONE KING.
(From Photo. '73.)

THE DEVOUT YOUNG MAID IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

Then to the "Garden of the Gods"
 They turn, and see stand on his tail
 A seal, noting a maid who nods
 And kneels—no nun with hood and vail,—
 But Queen Shawsheen seemed sitting there,
 So lovely and so lifelike too,
 So prone and praying in her prayer
 To know of one she loved and knew.
 There in the "Gateway" toward Pike's Peak
 They also see in bas relief,
 A lion, and "The Spires" that speak
 Of God and heaven in our belief.

Thence they saw an eagle soar,
 Which lifts their longings to ascend,
 That they, too, eye the mountains o'er,
 So thither up Pike's Peak they tend,
 Until, in landscapes round them laid,
 They see the seasons all set forth
 From Pensacola's promenade
 To frigid snow fields of the North.

They said : This scene a world is worth!
 This glorious land that gave us birth.
 Then they retraced their mountain tracks
 And down the cañons daring came,
 With easy burdens on their backs,
 And faces flushed with wind and flame.
 For he who'd have the hue of health
 Upon his cheeks, and tingling there,
 Should see the world in all its wealth,
 From snow-clad peaks in thin, clear air;
 Then clamber down with clumsy care.

SCENES XXV.

FROM PEAKS TO GLENS, AND BATTLE SCENES.

They wandered then to Rainbow Glen,
To see the beauties of the bow,
Admired so much by other men;
They saw the bow as white as snow,



While voices, set to vernal song,
Echo their accents on the ear,
And leap with live impulse along,
As if they, too, were glad to hear.

In Cheyenne Cañon next they sat,
 And watched the woman weep, in white.
 As if she mourned the murderous fate
 Of those who fell in the late fight.
 Or constant for the sea she calls ;
 Sometimes sits lone the season long,
 And dictates to the cañon walls
 The diapason of her song—
 This woman of “Seven Water Falls :”
 She’s like the “Bride of Lake Brientz,”
 The brook that waits her lord’s embrace
 To kiss the fair lake’s constant face,
 Yet onward hurries ever hence.
 They then went down this wondrous glen,
 Till, looking toward the distant plain,
 They marked the bleaching bones of men—
 Where the Apache hosts were slain.



Here, at this sight,
 Kah-Ni-Ah-Ché
 Told Konkaput,
 with comely grief,
 Of the late war—
 its history,
 And how the Utes
 had lost their Chief !
 The Prince, with weapons
 in his hand,
 Stood awed and speechless
 with bowed head ;
 Then, each emotion
 in command,
 He to himself, half
 silent, said :

“O, precious parent ! all my pride !
 Who wast of me so warmly proud ;

For thee I would have fondly died!"

And then and thus he wept aloud :

"Oh ! but art thou dead ? Who knows, indeed !

Thou wouldest have sought and sent for me,



THE WOMAN OF SEVEN WATER FALLS.

(From Photo. by Collier, 1873.)

If living now, in luck or need.

So thou art dead? Nay, it can't be!

King Colorado could not die

Without the mountains weep and mourn ;

These stony cliffs standing so high,
 The earth and sky, were then forlorn !
 My duty, therefore, is defined ;
 I'll seek my parents and Shawsheen !
 If they are safe, so is my mind ;
 I'll see right soon what may be seen." "
 Yes, such the soul of this sage youth,
 His filial duties first to feel,
 Then trial of his heathen troth—
 Kind nerves of steel he can reveal.

Guero, Pangentwa and their Chief
 Are on their way, in one short hour,
 To learn—what staggers their belief—
 The impotence of the Ute power,
 Shawsheen's sad capture by the Sioux,
 The deaths of Coloro and Piesse—
 On knowing all this awful news
 The Prince has strength like his distress !

He sped first to Nevava Spring ;
 Then sought his father's final scene,
 And then the grave of the grand King,
 (The bravest brave) embanked between
 Twin Lakes, where his loved infancy
 Used radiate, and learned to roam ;
 There fragrant wilds still furnished free
 Inhalements from his early home,
 But grief more grew as memory !
 There, by King Colorado's grave
 He longed to see Piesse, likewise,
 Where rocks still wait and wild pines wave,
 And haloes hover in the skies.
 There 'mid lone scenes he sat alone,
 And wished no comrade to come near ;
 Yet a few tents there heard his moan,
 And these the heartfelt sighs they hear :

KONKAPUT'S APOSTROPHE AT HIS PARENTS' TOMB.

Brave King of Utes ! One by thee bred
Here lays his head upon thy bed,
In pain for each departed joy,
Where he was once thy happy boy !
I sigh just where I used to sing,
And called my sire both sage and King ;
I bow oppressed beneath the rod
Of Senoblaze, our sovereign God !

O, quiet parent, Queen Piesse,
So true in all thy trustfulness,
Who sharedst distress with my distress,
Whom loyal Utes all loved to bless,
King Colorado's comely Queen,
With softest heart earth's sons have seen,
Yet too maternal to be mean ;
Thy grand affection's fresh and green !

O, would that Shawsheen here were laid ;
My dear, my modest, dusky maid ;
That by thy side, her form secure
From cruel acts and crimes impure,
With sacred rest and safety blessed,
By none disturbed, by none distressed,
Might lay her head beside thy bed,
Her form for aye unravished !

SCENES XXVI.

THE PLAN OF SEARCH FOR POOR SHAWSHEEN.

At the Twin Lakes he met his braves,
 Rehearsed to them their rights and wrongs
 And pointing to his parents' graves,
 Their hapless sisters held in thongs,
 Then placed before them his bold plan—
 To find and fetch back, if they could,
 The maids, each by a single man,
 With stated means, well understood.
 He plans at once both war and peace:
 Let peace lead to preserve alive
 Our loved ones whom we would release;
 But if this fail, then I would drive
 The fiercest war, with fury wild,
 Till fighting, conquer every foe;
 And catch and cheer each captive child,
 And fetch our women from their woe.
 "Arrow, Pangentwa, and Guero,
 Fly each," he says, "pursue the trail!
 Aye, hither, thither, hurrying go
 To find some trail—and without fail
 To both the captives and the crown!
 And this I pledge: Who best succeeds
 Shall share Shawsheen's and my renown,
 And henceforth my first cohorts leads."
 But the young King, with youthful guise
 And special fitness for a spy,
 Resolves to rescue, as his prize,
 Shawsheen, or in the effort die!
 He fancies he can find the foe,
 And be a Bannock boy astray,
 In a disguise no one would know,
 Till he will bear his bride away.
 With English, French, Bannock, Shoshone,
 Cheyenne, Apache, Navajo,



TWIN LAKES.—TAKEN AFTER THE FIRE AND WAR.

As dialects, used like his own,
 He might be — an Arapahoe —
 Well feign himself, friend, foe, at will,
 Feel self possessed at savage feasts,
 Nor scarce exhaust his easy skill
 That was termed best in taming beasts,
 But now would serve him better still.
 To this the council thus assent :
 They bind themselves in brotherhood ;
 And forthwith warriors fearless went
 To bring back all their stolen brood,
 Or have a war of vast extent.
 As planned, the King, in costume plain,
 Brought from the scenes where he was born,
 Passed quickly where "Coloro" was slain,
 And whence Shawsheen herself was torn
 And carried to captivity :
 Then he renewed his resolve there
 To lead his maid to liberty,
 Or die at last in lone despair !

SCENES XXVII.

THE YOUNG KING SETS OUT ON HIS SEARCH.

He hastened thence down from the height,
 And hurried out upon the plain,
 In a poor Bannock's piteous plight,
 With broken heart and harrowed brain ;
 With bow and arrows badly worn,
 With leggings, shreds of leather string,
 And looks so abject and forlorn,
 No Ute could thus have known his King.
 A tepee of Arapahoes,
 Where Denver is, he reached one even,
 But of Ute Squaws no inmate knows,
 Though guileful answers are him given ;

Until, as a stray Bannock boy,
 He tells of torrents, rivers, rocks,
 And how that tribe their time employ ;
 Then they beg news from the Bannocks.
 The women, too, of this tepee,
 Look wondering round the way-worn lad,
 Beseeching who the boy can be,
 Also what makes his mien so sad ;
 But, of them all, no one has seen
 A Bannock or a Ute young maid ;
 So, surely then, there's no Shawsheen
 Sheltered there in their tepee shade.

The fierce Apaches he must find !
 So, weak and weary, lone and lame,
 From hunger and fatigue combined
 (For he had gotten naught of game),
 He reached the Apache village soon,
 By a forced march of four more days ;
 And entering it, now about noon,
 He set the squaws all in amaze,
 Who gathered round, on him to gaze !
 The braves were off, in broken bands,
 A hunting, fishing, or at war ;
 And his sad plight at once commands
 The tepees' kindest, tenderest care.

The aunt of Arrow—noble squaw !
 Prepares a mess of savory meat,
 And near the “Bannock boy” doth draw
 With the request : “Pray, rest and eat !”
 But he would neither eat nor rest,
 As a lame “Bannock boy” alone,
 Till this dame squaw he thus addressed :
 “Please name what captives here are known.”
 “Ah,” she inquires, “Why should you ask ?
 The Ute-Apache war is known ;

And no man can, under a mask,
 This question ask of me alone ! ”
 He says : “ Once, in La Salle Bayou,
 I saw a bright and brave Ute boy,
 The noblest Ute I ever knew,
 Whose sister was a sunshine joy ;
 Her name was Shawsheen—Shining River ;
 I heard Kit Carson’s Indian guide
 Say, ‘ She’s been stolen from their quiver,
 And is a captive, or has died ! ’ ”

The squaw—fears thus first overcome—
 Explains with eloquence the war,
 Of which we’ve seen before the sum,
 Then says of her he’s seeking for :
 “ Cheyennes first caught the fair Shawsheen,
 Though a Sioux Chief seized her away ;
 And there has been a strife between
 These tribes for her unto this day.
 Each Chief would choose her for his wife,
 And make her Queen of all his squaws,
 Did not this strife danger her life,
 And condign laws condemn her cause.
 Their laws, or customs, lead to kill
 The goodliest captives they can get,
 Some fearful sun-vow to fulfill ;
 And Shawsheen may be burned up yet ! ”

When thus informed of others’ fears
 His person grew so gaunt and faint,
 As of a youth beyond his years,
 Some ancient sage, or aged saint,
 He sweat cold dripping drops of sweat ;
 And swayed down as if dead of swoon,
 Yet lisped to the kind squaw to let
 None see, for he’d be rested soon ;
 ‘ Twas but fatigue and heat of noon !

The good squaw, Pergamance, by name,
 Then placed him on a bison skin,
 "The Bannock boy so lone and lame,"
 And suffered none her tent within ;
 But, seated near, she softly sung,
 As if in person of Piesse,
 Such odes as used his ears when young ;
 Of tenderness over distress—
 Souls blossoming, indeed, to bless.

PERGAMANCE'S SONG, SO LIKE PIESSE,
 THE POOR BANNOCK BOY TO PRAISE AND BLESS.

Strolling here a hapless stranger,
 Over plains and mountains dreary,
 He has come, a desert ranger,
 Here for rest, so faint and weary ;
 Let him rest. Let him rest !
 He has come from Bannock mountains,
 Through the forest, o'er the river,
 By the lakes and by the fountains,
 With worn bow and wasted quiver ;
 Here to sleep. Let him sleep !
 He has left somewhere his mother ;
 I can see her in the distance :
 He has praised Shawsheen's half-brother,
 And has come to her assistance—
 Who can tell ? Let none tell !
 His appearance, poor, but royal,
 So exhausted for some reason ;
 No deserter, nor disloyal ;
 Toward his tribe he has no treason ;
 He is true ; surely true !
 Let him rest, then—sleep on sweetly,
 Till the summer's sun is setting,
 Till he is refreshed completely,
 Every want and woe forgetting ;
 Then wake up ! Cheer thee up !

SCENES XXVIII.

HE IS CHERISHED BY "CHANCE," WHO SHOWS HIM
SHAWSHEEN'S CROWN.

That simple song seemed so refreshing,
In his ears sung o'er and o'er;
Like his mother's matchless blessing,
Blessed the more, since shared before,
That he rested safe till sunset,
When she fetched him finer food,
And her viand—venison cutlet—
He pronounced supremely good.

She told him then of their surprise
To see a youth, so strong of frame,
So wan of face, in fact so wise,
And said: "We wish to know your name.
We will keep all your counsels well:
My husband Shawsheen's uncle is,
And he will all about her tell
If you have such a mind as his!"
Just now her sovereign, "Chance" by name,
A proved and young Apache chief,
With choicest game, and good cheer, came,
And hastened to the boy's relief,
With fine red raspberries, he found,
That, as a plume, had graced the plain,
Upon a piece of platted ground
Where, long ago, some chiefs were slain.

Then, sitting at the sad youth's side,
Whom he believed a Bannock boy,
Or some exhausted mountain guide,
He planned what wisdom to employ
To conquer the youth's self control,
Determined, like some deep despair,
To get the secret of his soul,
And why for captives he should care.

He said : "I'm one whom you can trust :
I know Shawsheen, of whom you speak ;
Her parents are judicious, just,
And may have sent you here to seek
Their daughter, in this dangerous place ;
For Utes offended us full sore,
When, as their guests, we joined their race
And fairly won each round and score ;
But they claimed all we had, and more.

Yet we've heard well of Konkaput,
Chief Colorado's only child,
Upon whose head Shawsheen had put
A royal wreath in regions wild ;
A gift which he had kept with care,
Until one day he went away,
When he returned it with the prayer :
'Keep this with care, without decay,
Till I return, with you to stay !
Remember me, and what I say !'
When she was captured in a cave,
In the Arkansas valley's side,
The bright young squaw, with spirit brave,
Tried in the cave the crown to hide ;
But she and it alike were caught,
By the Cheyennes and bloody Sioux ;
And to my tent 'twas sent, and brought
By unknown squaws, who told the news."

"Have you that crown ?" here cries the boy ;
Yes ; Pergamance preserves it well !"—
This joint discovery's overjoy
Was soon suppressed ; then Chance did tell
Of Shawsheen's captors—the whole case—
And how he'd tried to buy the maid ;
But they forbade him see her face,
Or send her messages or aid.

"Shawsheen," he says, "is with the Sioux,
 At present pressing towards the North ;
 And no device, that I can use,
 Can ever bring the captive forth.

Shawsheen is sister to Arrow,
 The bravest boy I ever saw ;
 And, though my niece, I'd have you know,
 She is indeed the brightest squaw.

I never tire of time to tell
 Of these half Utes, high in esteem,
 In all the scenes where the Utes dwell,
 By lakes, and cliffs, and monntain stream ;
 Yet the Great Spirit never speaks
 In voice more clarion-like and clear,
 From blackening clouds, on mountain peaks,
 Than to the Utes the previous year.

Their king was killed, and his squaw died,
 And this betrothed of their one son,
 Who was, of all the Utes, their pride,
 Is either dead, or else undone ;
 His Queen is gone, who brought his crown
 With her, a captive held complete ;
 And the Ute race must all run down,
 Unless their King this Queen shall meet !"
 Here Pergamance produced the crown,
 So well preserved, it seemed the same
 As when first worn they both went down
 As guides for his good fallen game :
 And yet the youth withheld his name ;
 But said : "Send this to young Arrow,
 Without delay ; without decay !
 Nor say me nay ; for I must go !"
 So spake the boy, then sped away.

SCENES XXIX.

THE FARTHER SEARCH AMONG THE SIOUX.

As when Elijah forty days
Went on the strength of one repast—
An angel's present in his praise—
So one light meal did seem to last
The "Stray Bannock," begetting strength,
As from some superhuman source,
To lead through journeys of great length,
Filling him full of faith and force.

Imagination reaches not
The stretch and strength that struggle there,
With none to speak or name a spot,
To cheer his distance and despair.
E'en valiant sympathy in vain
Would see this wanderer's suffering way,
Plunging the desert's dusty plain,
And marching both by moon and day.

Yet Konkaput went o'er the wild,
With nought but wind to note a word,
Cherished by none, not even a child—
(When Hagar heard her son and Lord),
He marched like death the desert main,
Where ancient oceans used to wave,
But where not even a bit of rain
Or drop of dew would weep his grave !

Through heat and cold, all day and night,
He trod the arid Indian trail,
Until, at length, he caught the sight
That makes the strong man's spirit quail—
Of warriors flying with the wind,
And rushing for him in full run,
To catch or kill whatever kind
Of man he were, or more than one.

With salutation of a friend,
 In the Sioux dialect he said :
 " I must be near my journey's end ;
 I hope for food, rest for my head,
 And a good time to tell the tales
 I've heard among the brave Bannocks,
 Whose friendly nature never fails
 The stranger searching for stray flocks. "

At this the warriors wish him well :
 One mounts him meekly on behind ;
 They take him to a distant dell,
 There to make known their Council's mind.
 This beautiful and high-banked vale,
 Was by a branch of Yellowstone,
 Where outside winds would not assail,
 And the Sioux camp could scarce be known.

Here Antelope, a young Ute brave,
 Who was with Petit's peltry band,
 Is held a sly and half-starved slave,
 And bidden : " Here, take this boy in hand !
 Go rest and feed him in his route
 Till Council can consult his case,
 Find what the Bannock Loy's about,
 And why so faint, and sad his face ! "

When these two Utes are thence alone,
 Young Konkaput in haste inquires :
 " Have you not ever heard or known
 About the Sioux's sun-dance and fires ?
 At which they burn their captives best,
 As by some solemn sun-vows bound,
 And then reserve, as slaves, the rest,
 To sacrifice on some chief's mound ? "

To this the plaintive slave replies :
 " I did hear, but the other day,

And sadly, to my own surprise,
 That 'twas resolved some Utes to slay,
 Who had been captured in a war
 With King Coloro, and brought away.
 So soon as safe, names I asked for,
 And when would be the wild display.

A tender squaw then told me all :
 How Sioux, Apaches and Cheyennes
 Did on the Ute encampment fall,
 Upon their heights and in their glens,
 And killed their King and caught Shawsheen,
 The promised mate of his one son,
 Whom all the Utes called King and Queen—
 And to be burned Shawsheen was one!"

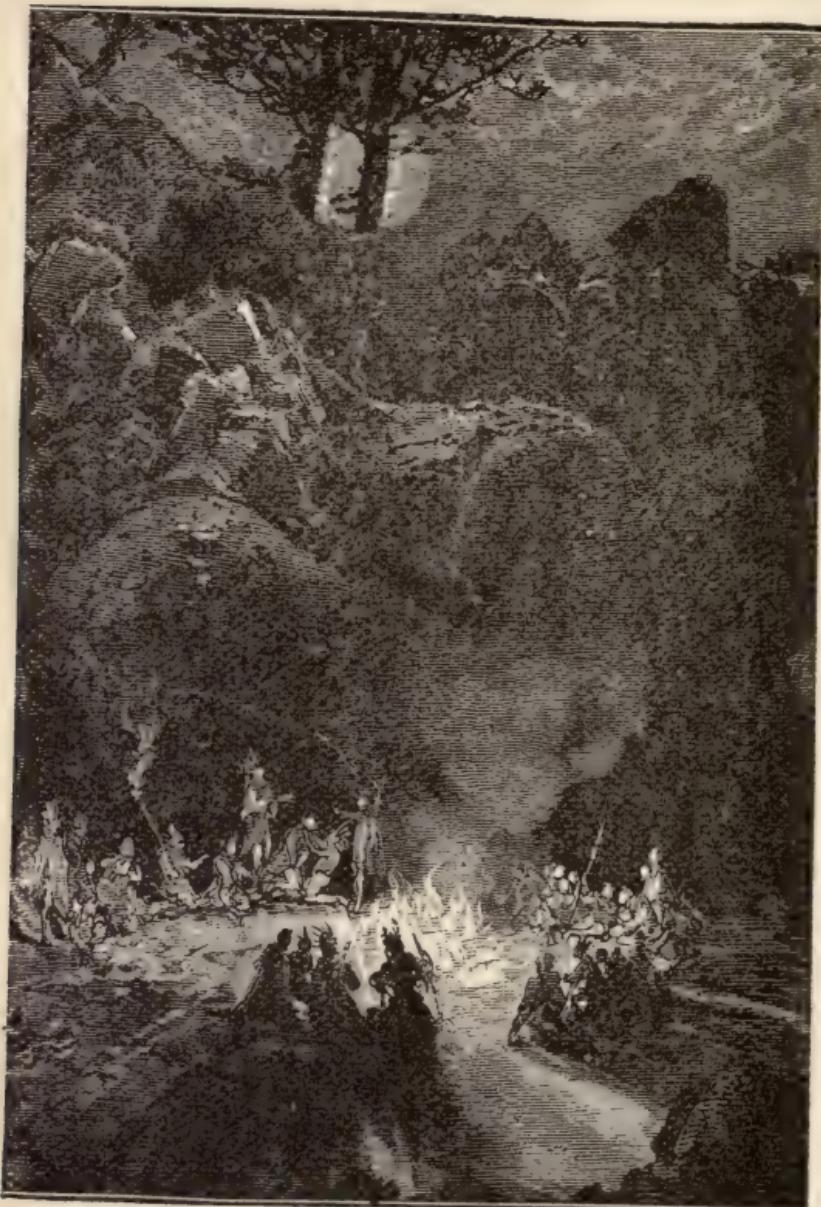
(*Konkaput*)

Where is Shawsheen? Did you inquire?
 And where, when, will her burning be?
 Why burn they foes so in the fire?—
 Will they let me be there to see?

(*Antelope.*)

I could not learn the place nor day,
 Nor other of the victims' names;
 But that to grace the grand display
 Shawsheen was first sought for the flames!
 Nor could the kind squaw quite recall
 Whether this deed had not been done,
 Or Shawsheen should be burned as all,
 And offered at the dance alone.
 I dared not ask her any more,
 Lest my Ute nation be made known,
 Which I had kept concealed before—
 For I am held as a Shoshone!

At this King Konkaput reveals
Himself to Antelope in haste,
And nothing from his friend conceals ;



Both one cup's bitterness can taste !
For Council the meanwhile have met
And bidden to bind the "Bannock-boy,"

Till they shall further reasons get
Why they should not his life destroy.

"His movements, how mysterious!
His mind has an uncommon mien ;"
They say : "And why he seemeth thus
Remaineth to be really seen.
Let him be held as the Sioux' slave
Who brought him undefended here ;
For he may prove a Bannock brave
Whom in the future we shall fear !"

So, wood and water carriers kept,
These Utés (their nation yet unknown),
Who have as friends together slept,
But slaves now, "Bannock" and "Shoshone,"
Finding and sharing fellow fate,
Keep searching eyes on the Sioux camp ;
For wisdom, wind and weather wait,
Meaning to try soon mutual tramp

For freedom, as firm, faithful friends ;
But first to save Shawsheen alive,
If in the attempt existence ends ;
And in this thrilling hope they thrive.
The "Bannock boy," with Antelope,
Is kept in camp among the squaws,
Who help in various ways his hope,
As even the wind is shown with straws
By gravitation's grandest laws.

SCENES XXX.

THE SUN DANCE AND THE SACRIFICE.

It's hard for human eyes to see,
 Or benign credence to believe,
 That conscious beings e'er could be
 So gratified when others grieve,
 As to delight in torturing death ;
 To kindle fires, like cruel fiends,
 Around a brother creature's breath,
 Away from home, away from friends !
 But, with most vicious heathen views,
 It was a custom of Cheyennes,*
 And sometimes practiced with the Sioux,
 To desecrate our plains and glens
 By burning, unto Senoblaze,
 The noblest captives they could take,
 And on their writhing victims gaze,
 While dancing round the burning stake !
 And further ; power to appease,
 The Sioux would dance, as with the sun,
 And on themselves and others seize,
 And cut their flesh till flow and run
 The crimson globules on the ground ;
 And for whole days—and nights, indeed—
 The suffering dupes still dance around
 And blaze their flesh, and freshly bleed.
 Such is the savage thirst for blood,
 In pretense to propitate,
 That the most guileless and most good
 For public evils expiate ; *
 And passion, like an appetite,
 Both suicidal and severe,

* Mrs. Ewbanks testified : "During the winter of my captivity (1864-5) the Cheyennes came to buy me and my child of the Sioux, for the purpose of burning us." Major Whitely said : "The same year these Indians had captured a Ute squaw and determined to burn her, but she was rescued by our soldiers after she had been tied to the stake and the fires lighted."

So ruins human sense of right
That hell is oft foretasted here.
Some can thus cite the Canaanite,
Who sacrificed of his own flesh,
And practiced many a pagan rite,
Till ages gone are given afresh
In these same views of heathen vice
That work destruction to the race,
As if a virtuous benefice
Were these great frauds on God's free grace?
But this on par with Petit stood,
Who fell consumed by a fiery curse
Which blasted his own brotherhood
And made his passions so perverse
That even his fur-trade had to fail;
His helpers left, his Utes so strayed
Two fell into the Blackfeet's trail,
And were, like pack mules, porters made.
One fearing Petit would him kill
Becomes again Kit Carson's guide,
One only stood by the Frenchman still—
Till Petit a poor drunkard died!
This was now Antelope—the slave—
Who, ere dishonor would choose death!
He plans both King and Queen to save,
And seeks what the Sioux Sachem saith.

So Konkaput—as we have seen—
This partner's found from "Petit's five,"
To share his fate and find Shawsheen,
And save themselves and her alive.
Lest Sioux should expiate their sin,
By seizing them to bind and burn,
This Antelope thus enters in
To his King's counsels with concern:
"Good Konkaput, be called Clark's guide!"
He says; then tells a squaw at once

To make this known both far and wide
 That this "Bannock"—supposed a dunce—
 Is a most useful Indian guide ;
 That he served white-man Clark six months,
 And promises, with prudent pride,
 To help the Sioux pursue their hunts !
 This information flies like fire ;
 From direful instinct to destroy,
 The Indian men now much admire
 The brilliant but sad Bannock boy.
 Another Council calls his aid
 In an excursion the next day,
 With preparations promptly made
 To do what shall his skill display.
 This affords chance to win his Chief,
 (For whom he gets abundant game
 That gives the glutton great relief),
 * And shyly speak of Shawsheen's name.
 He says : "When I was with Sir Clark,
 Kit Carson's guide gave me a case
 So really worthy of remark,
 I will repeat it in this place :
 "There was a squaw, Queen of the Utes,
 Taken, I think, from King Coloro'
 By some Cheyennes*—named after brutes,
 And now called "Dog Indians," you know ;
 Her name he gave me as Shawsheen,
 In part, Apache, I believe;
 This Queen of Utes you may have seen,
 Or heard how for her the Utes grieve ;
 If so her sketch let me receive !"
 To this appeal, the Chief replies :
 "The Sioux have seen this same Shawsheen,
 Whose royal skill reached to the skies !
 I tried to keep her a true Queen,

* Cheyenne, from French *chien*, dog.

From seizure as a sacrifice ;

But, true, the Sioux have sometimes tried
To sacrifice royal supplies ;

And the best captives thus have died !

'Twas so one day, at a sun-dance,

They shouted : ' Let us Shawsheen take ! '

Till, with her hands tied in advance,

They bound her to the burning stake ;—
Just then white people joined their power,

Laid waste our camp and cut her loose,
And bore her off that very hour,

Subjecting me to much abuse !

I deemed, from what seemed their disputes
(With no reports to rely on),

That she was not sent to the Utes,

But went at once to Oregon ;
For such the course the caravan

Pursued with great persistency,
With plainest purpose in their plan
To settle near the Sunset Sea.

They were attended, at the time,

By soldiers of some big command,
Who have come here for the high crime
To let whites live on red men's land !

But 'tis for aid against these foes

The Sioux decreed a sun-dance soon,
That we may crush both whites and Crows
Who must be met in one more moon.

We call for skill to scalp and kill

Foes white and red, both far and near ;
Also for aid to feed and fill

Pappoose and squaw with peah, deer,
To warm them in the winter's chill

With furs from both queant, the bear,
And the wise fox, wa-hee, at will :

To-morrow, the Sioux sun-dance share !

There noblest braves from near and far
 Will gather in wild, gay attire,
 To win for us favor in war
 And seek the Sun with sacred fire.
 To fit their bodies foes to beat,
 Upon the fiercest battle field,
 They'll wound their flesh, as warriors meet,
 With yells and whoops, never to yield !” *
 Thus, well informed, the young King found
 Ute Antelope without a sound.

SCENES XXXI.

THE SUDDEN ESCAPE.

That night those slaves thought not of sleep.
 King Konkaput came still and lone
 To his young friend, who watch did keep,
 Named the near danger now made known ;
 How the sun-dance would be next day,
 And was to be in aid of war ;
 So doubtless during the display
 Some sacrifice would be sought for ;
 That when they'd flayed their own red flesh
 They'd no doubt cap the climax dire,
 And from their slaves the ones most fresh
 Would be by force bound in the fire ;
 That as had been, in other days,
 Their victims might, in vengeance bound,
 Be tortured, too, in untold ways,
 While warriors whooped and danced around ;
 That their best prospect must be, pray,
 And then to practice as their prayer ;
 So he asked wisdom in the way
 And skill to escape the savage snare.

* The Boston Congregationalist published in 1879 a full description of such a Sioux war-dance, which actually occurred that year.

He told his Maker all his mind—
 As he had showed his mate, to share
 The care of heaven for human kind—
 And prayed assistance to prepare
 To fly as on the winged wind !,
 A young squaw, by name Opeeche,
 Robin-red-breast, heard their converse
 And made known her hearty pity ;
 Then in words most kind and terse
 Told them of the way before them ;
 Gathered softly, like a sutler,
 Such stout food as would restore them,
 Proved both a baker and a butler,
 As in silence she fast served them ;
 And most thoughtful packed their things,
 Till her nobler nature nerved them
 With these words : “ Now use your wings ! ”
 [In this Sioux’ praise much should be said :



Her hair and head
 As if “half bred,”
 Though neat and good
 Were of full blood,
 And ne’er a brave
 Did so well save
 A captive slave.
 This noble squaw
 At one time saw
 A pale-faced dame
 Who captive came,
 And her distress
 She sought to bless,

And in the course of many days
 She so admired her mind and shape
 She imitated all her ways,
 And planned her sure and safe escape,
 And won almost angelic praise.]

The Utes then take a loaded gun
 And ammunition suiting it,
 And seek for steeds that fastest run,
 With all things in a wise outfit ;
 And swift prepare two, ~~used~~ in war,
 And fly toward the Mountain Gate,
 As if their steeds wild eagles were,
 Nor do they fear—nor foe, nor fate.



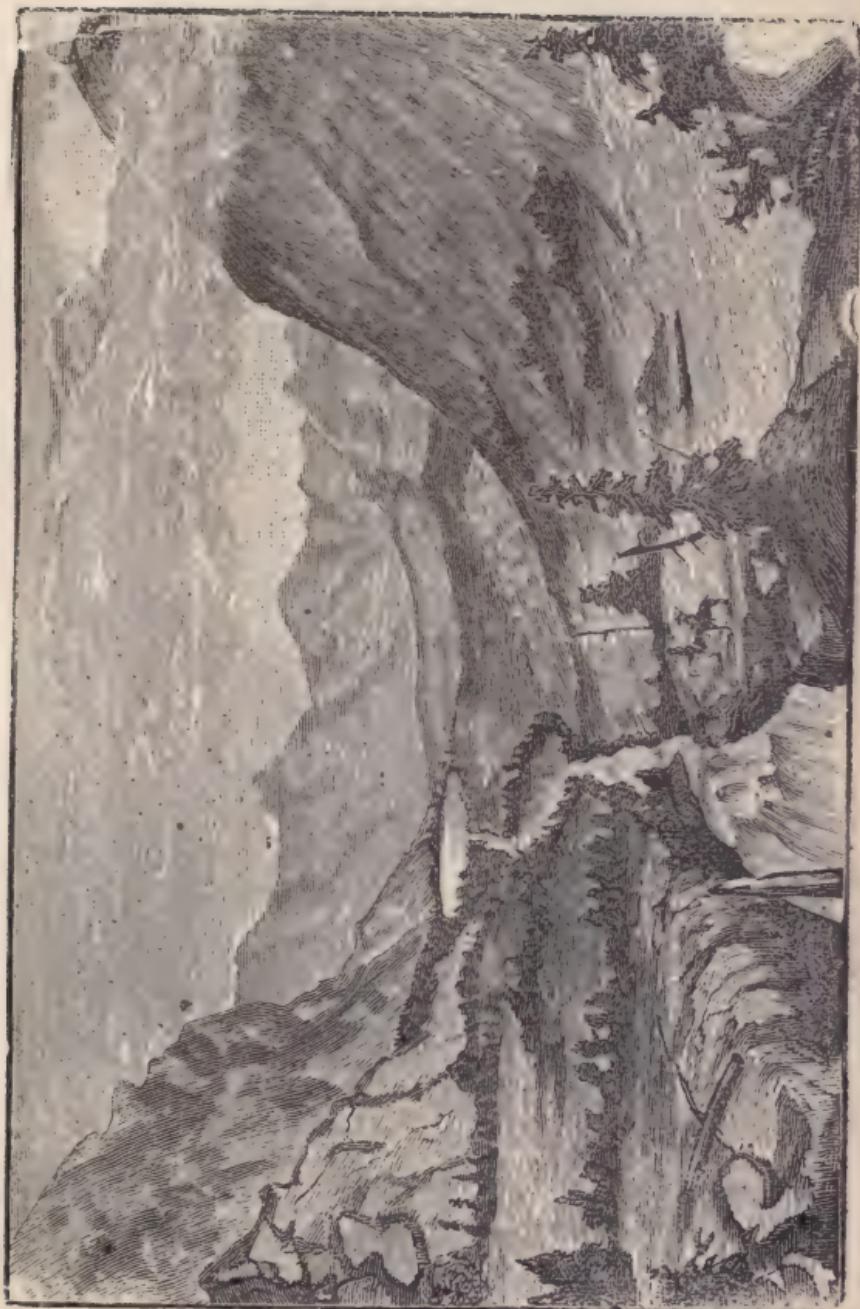
Their horses plunge
 o'er hill and plain ;
 They lasso new ones
 as they need ;

Bend them by might to bit and rein,
 And on and on, still on, they speed—
 The heavenly legions in their lead.
 The Great Spirit ne'er spent all
 His pitying, interposing power ;
 And when King Koukaput did call
 For aid to escape that awful hour
 In so sublimely simple prayer,
 His Senoblaze sent down to bless
 And take them in his tender care,
 Delivering them in their distress,
 With all a Father's tenderness ;
 And it may be that saints were there to see.

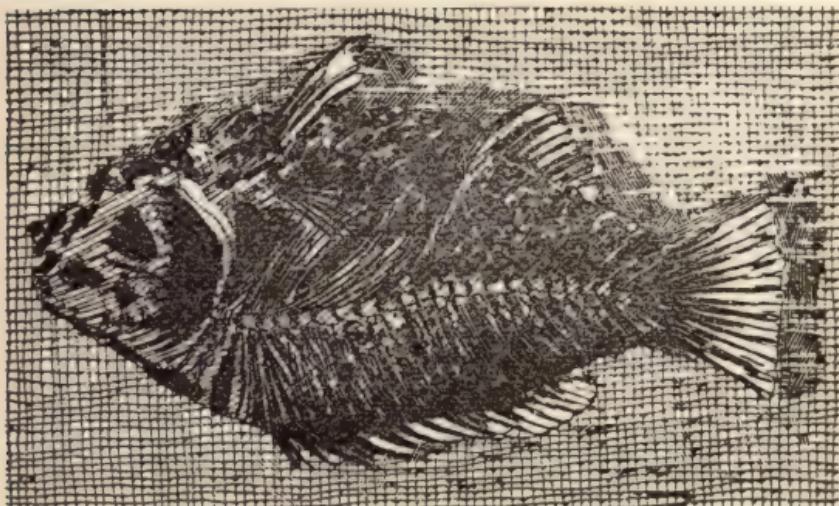
SCENES XXXII.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN GATE TO THE OCEAN COAST.

The gateway of the mountains grand,
 And Hell Gate, called—that horrid pass—
 Near where now Helena doth stand,
 Beneath a sky of spangled glass,
 Young Antelope and Konkaput
 Now traveled, trusting, most the night,
 Until they bode no evil but
 The risk they might not move aright.



As prayer and provender do not
 Delay wise travelers on their way,
 They seek oft some secluded spot
 For beasts to graze, themselves to pray—
 King Konkaput learned this from Clark,
 Who taught “to labor and to wait,”
 And used, sometimes, to stop and hark
 As if some voice he heard in strait.
 They loitered so in lovely scenes,
 That man and beast might breathe and rest ;
 They marked what each new omen means,
 To see if they were cursed or blessed.
 They even noticed how the sea
 Once waved about and overhead,
 And felt an awful majesty
 Of power was near where'er they tread.



These untaught Indians also saw
 In rocks and winds whate'er they wish
 And found here fossils with felt awe—
 The shapes of shells, outlines of fish.
 And in these solitudes alone
 They marveled at these mysteries

Which pointed now to power unknown,
That worked here through wide centuries.
Yet none of these kept the young King
From pressing on in his pursuits
Of her whom he kept worshipping,
His own betrothed, the Queen of Utes.
And though they had to hunt for game,
With an old gun they took from Sioux,
King Konkaput still sought her name
'Mong squalid tribes, and for the news.
Shawsheen, if she be saved alive,
And borne on by that caravan,
Must be where Indians still survive,
And yet with the frontier white man.
"The grape-vine telegraph" 's not grown
To such size there that they can see
A single native that has known
The slightest clue where she can be.
The Flat-Heads seem such home-bred fools
They hear not, hope not help from these ;
But Walla-Wallas want white schools,
And try the pale faces to please ;
So thither they wend first their way,
And, with a march of weeks, they make
The "Walla downs" one cool, wet day,
Where hills the ocean breezes break.
Here Konkaput, in haste, inquires,
By hybred tongues, his best in tone,
For the fair damsel he desires—
But of her name no hint is known !
The Umatillas then he tries—
Of white or red they've not a word ;
Though grand his search, their great surprise,
Assures, of Shawsheen they've not heard.
He wanders then where Willamette
Her silver stream hastes to the sea ;

There seeks again some sound to get,
 To break the seal where she may be.
 But all is silent as a tomb,
 'Mong Indians, white men, English, French,
 And fruitless as a barren womb
 His inquiries, which naught can quench.
 He wanders even in wildest night
 With hope to hear one helping word,
 And seeks all haunts to have a sight
 Of even her corpse—all hope's deferred !
 He seeks next here, the sea side near,
 At sundown, and "Shawsheen!" doth sigh,
 Turning his ear in turn to hear
 If echo shall Shawsheen reply.

He stands alone where all is still,
 Except the waves that seem to weep
 And throb as with his anxious thrill,
 And dictate pulses to the deep ;
 He sits here silent near the sea,
 To hear its southing,* hollow sound,
 Till in its measured minstrelsy
 He fancies Shawsheen here is found.
 But Antelope becomes oppressed
 With pity and their poverty—
 They have nowhere their heads to rest—
 He wonders what the end will be ;
 Next wanders to a neighboring wood
 And digs them clean a den or cave,
 In which to store stipends of food
 And seek his love-sick King to save !
 It was indeed a wild beasts' den,
 In which a bear once reared her cubs,
 Hidden away from haunts of men,
 By shelt'ring rocks and shady shrubs,

* Pronounced suffing.

And hemmed in by both sea and hills,
 A place almost on Adams' point,
 Which nature with fond beauty fills
 When native suns the scenes anoint.



By months—a year—this is their “Berne,”
 Though journeys to the neighboring whites
 They take by turn, tidings to learn,
 And Konkaput his cause recites,
 And day by day still more desires
 To know who's seen his maid Shawsheen—
 At length poor Antelope expires,
 Of pity for his King and Queen !

ANTELOPE BURIED BY KONKAPUT.

Then Konkaput, compelled by fate,
 Feeble in health, and faint at heart,
 Lifts mournfully his lifeless mate,
 With none to pity or take part ;
 And stepping light, lays him in state

Beside the sea—beneath a tree—
 Sad duty, and so desolate !
 Then sigheth he : “ Except the sea,
 Soon none there’ll be to bury me ! ”
 How lonely now his life alone !
 • No wonder if he wander ’round
 And make the rocks repeat his moan,
 Till like insanity they sound !
 Or speak he language not his own ;



Repeating maxims most profound,
 And naming annals he’d not known,
 But heard from beings hovering round,
 Or thrills electric from the Throne !
 Or if o’er stepped its bound his dream,
 And a somnambulist he seem ;
 Or he a suicide shall be,
 Self-buried in the boundless sea—
 The solemn sea !

SCENES XXXIII.

THE LAST LONE INDIAN'S SOLILOQUY AND SUICIDE.

Most Indians have been heard complain
 That there will soon no more remain,
 And in their fancy they portray
 The last lone one to pass away ;
 And Konkaput, the kingly Chief,
 Impersonates this sad belief,
 As in Point Adams' setting day
 Upon some cliff we hear him say :

“ ‘The last lone Indian,’ here I stand !
 Eastward is my father-land ;
 Westward rolls this wide, rough sea,
 My final resting place to be.
 Behind me stand stone mountains brave,
 And ’round primeval forests wave ;
 ’Tis here I stand and lonely wait
 To find “the last lone Indian’s” fate !
 The faithful Sun there hides his face
 And blushes to behold my race ;
 That Sun—my sire’s great God was he—
 Paid daily visits dear to me ;
 And now in this descending day
 Is still the last to pass away,
 Of those endearing, early joys
 That our brave chieftains willed their boys.
 O'er distant heights are scenes too dear
 To be forgotten, even here.
 A savage can’t forget his home,
 Though forced by fate afar to roam—
 A savage ? Yes, he has a heart
 That hates from all that’s his to part ;
 He can’t forget his fearless sires
 Nor all destroy innate desires !
 When both red men and white combine
 To tear from me myself and mine,

And from my life my love to tear,
My swelling wrath doth move and swear
Resentment, even to all my race !
But nay ; to passion give no place !
With kind amaze, composed I'll gaze
On the dear scenes of other days !
Through this fair land our fathers lie
In well skilled mounds that mold the sky ;
I've roamed oft times with reverence due,
Vast marches made those mounds to view.
And then in wildered mood I've walked,
And to myself in silence talked
Of the departed ancient dead,
Where now the "pale-faced nation" tread.
My sires have often told me, too,
Of noblest red men that they knew ;
Complained that Logan's grave is plowed,
That no one knows where Philip bowed,
Or where Tecumseh's tomb is now ;
Or where Black-Hawk is lying low,
And where our Great Chief's children go
No pale-face notes, though well he know !
My fond Ute father has his grave
Where Twin Lakes waters weep and wave ;
And the dear one who gave me birth,
Whose mother-smile smoothed all my mirth,
Whose hand my venison prepared,
Nor shunned to lift each load I shared,
Whose jealous eyes with instant joy
Were happy in her happy boy ;
Who wished my soul to see the way
To sun-lit heaven, where setting day
Hath peace and plenty all embraced
In depth of wood and watery waste,
And oft expressed the fond desire
That does for aye my bosom fire,

That when I die I might there fly
And be her constant company—
That one, dear one, was buried, too,
Where the same pine tree peaceful grew ;
And when I sat beneath that tree,
My mother ! I did mourn for thee,
And for that princely fallen pride
That sits in silence at thy side !
I mourn for all mementoes dear
That memory mingles there and here !
Lamented dead ! most dearly loved !
How sadly has my sore heart roved
Away, afar, for one ye prize,
Most lovely in my longing eyes,
Whose cruel fate, heart crushed I feel,
With no kind hand to break the seal ;
It is for her and you I heave
My hopeless sighs, and hapless grieve !
Oh, when I think of Indians slain,
By those who do our dust disdain,
How can I but for vengeance plead
And bid fierce indignation lead,
Until the last red blood is shed
And mingled with the trampled dead ?
I will eternal vengeance swear,
And with my war-cry rend the air !
Ye craggy peaks, thou ocean wave,
Repeat my oath, prepare my grave !
To desperation I am mad !
Revenge enough we never had ;
Revenge ! revenge ! revenge, or death !
I'll breathe revenge in my last breath,
And bid death groan above my grave :
“Swear to avenge the Indian brave !”
But hold ! My passion burns too high !
I'll rest, and ask the reason why

Old hunting grounds no more remain,
 And white men move above my slain ;
 Why o'er them run their public roads,
 Where heartless teamsters haul their loads ;
 And reverently will I survey
 The reasons why we're swept away !



My fancy sees a rising smoke
 Beneath a long since leveled oak ;
 A rude tent's there, yet royal, poor,
 The Kings of Isle, San Salvador !
 Distinguished men, from o'er the main,
 There meet and speak from ships of Spain,
 While the poor Indians all adore
 And wish their angel forms ashore—
 And are made slaves—forevermore !

And next, new wanderers o'er the wave,
 Good Pilgrims, came, to whom we gave
 Immediate welcome with our maize,
 Which cost real toil to rudely raise ;
 Who soon usurped our native soil
 And sped our hunting grounds to spoil,
 Our fathers' graves to foully mar,
 And forced us to ill-fated war !
 But Science—O, that subtle name—
 The patron of those pilgrims came,

And changed our maize* to murderous rum,
To blast all hopes and blight our home ;
And ores, yet useless in our eyes,
Their shafts of death would shortly rise,
Till where we feathered arrows threw
Like bolts of flame their bullets flew ;
And where we moored our bark canoe,
Enchanted forests, steam-boats grew ;
And where we traced our winding trail
They'd send direct a daily mail ;
And where we forced our single file
They would construct a wide canal,
Or thought in weeks we'd traveled far
They send per day their peopled car.
'Tis thus they fought us, thus we fell—
Their Science does the secret tell—
'Twas not their valor more than ours,
Nor yet their prouder civil powers,
But simple Science tells the tale
Why they had fortune, we did fail ;
Till where our Chief's slow message went
Their mandate is by lightning sent !
Then, had my race employed her power,
We, too, had prospered till this hour ;
And forest wilds, our fertile fields,
To us had given their golden yields ;
And happy sires and home-bred sons
Had prized their farms as precious ones,
And mastered arts which make them thus,
And owned Him good who gave them us ;
Who grants us, as the gifts of God,
The hills and brooks, the heavens broad,
The brilliant moon and brighter morn,

* General Harney, the veteran Indian fighter, said to a committee of Congress once: "Whisky has caused most of our cruel Indian wars. Liquor dealers ought to be hanged or shot, and I would cheerfully detail an officer to attend to the duty if I had the authority, to protect the Indians against them."

The grazing herd and growing corn,
 The cultured heart and Christian home,
 The Sabbath church and sacred tomb,
 And sinless heaven, where strife and blood
 And fleshly lust harm not the good !
 Instead of red men murd'ring red,
 Destroying life where'er they tread,
 Existing half intoxicate,
 Always grumbling and ingrate,
 We had been raised to hope and heaven,
 Our part among good people given ;
 And practicing the arts of peace,
 Had so secured our race increase.
 Then here, I urge my humane charge :
 The white race, with resources large,
 Have not employed sufficient pains
 To civilize our savage brains,
 And help us, hence, to prosper here ;
 And in their nobler heaven, so near,
 To stud like stars their stainless crown,
 And reign with them to their renown.
 And oh, the bliss, that so in bloom,
 Shall bear fresh fruit beyond the tomb,
 If wise men here would rise to raise,
 Whole tribes of red men to their praise ;
 They'd buoy them up, though ill and base,
 To grow in science, truth, and grace,
 And pass to those imperial plains
 Where knowledge, pure, progressive, reigns.
 O spirit land ! 'Tis but to know
 The way to thee, to thee I'd go !
 A soul still bound within me sighs
 To scale these rocks and range the skies,
 Till, wandering far, at last I find
 That deathless heaven for deathless mind !—
 It may be there I'll meet Shawsheen,

Above, quite fairer than Ute Queen !
'Tis lonely here to live alone !
To die ! where rocks repeat my moan,
And ocean waves bring back the sound,
As o'er the beach the billows bound !
I'm wishing now to have her wave
Afford my funeral and my grave ;
For here I find no friendly hand
To have me buried on the land !
And if there were, the woodman's near ;
His bickering ax sounds even here :
And this last spot he soon will claim,
Where now I starve for want of game !
Come, waiting waters, wild and clear !
You I can trust to keep with care ;
O, pathless sea, so peaceful thou,
Receive this last lone savage now !
But hold ! What's that I hear ? Hark ! hark !
I see a form—forlorn and dark !—
I hear a heaving, human heart ;
Has some one come to take my part ?"
A negro slave came slowly near ;
His heart beat high and fast with fear ;
But soon he cries : "Stop ! stop there, stranger !
Why will you on ruin rush ?
I am, too, a forest ranger ;
Crimes most cruel me would crush ;
Then let us each the other cheer !
Lord of mercy ! Jesus, hear !"
The Ute laughs back : " You are too late !
Now see the last lone Indian's fate !"
So saying, fiercely, down he fell,
Where the surges beat and swell,
While the slave beheld their breaking
O'er the wild youth, wave on wave,
Till he felt like undertaking

There with him to find a grave.
 But he said : "No, I'll not do it !
 For I fear a second death ;
 Suicides I'm sure must rue it,
 In their deeper depths beneath.
 I'll not let this poor wretch perish ;
 He may also have a wife,
 Children, even, to love and cherish !"
 So down he dives to save his life ;
 Strangling, wrangling, up they come—
 And make the slave's hut soon their home.

SCENES XXXIV.

THE ROUGH SAILOR STORY TELLERS.

Konkaput we last saw casting
 Himself down into the deep,
 Sadly asking everlasting
 Waves his requiem to weep ;
 And we saw a slave, as lonely,
 Saving the poor suicide ;
 For this service asking only
 To be thence his guard and guide.
 As a brother, he besought him
 To accept his helping hand,
 And forthwith the negro brought him
 To a hut near by the strand.
 A fit place it stood for storage,
 Where some sailors, wrecked at sea,
 Had bestowed their far-fetched forage,
 And still lingered anxiously.
 These had found and fed this negro,
 As a fainting fugitive,
 And had made him useful also,
 As a cook to help them live.
 So to these, this slave, Zinziba,
 Brought young Konkaput with care,

His brow as bridle as a zebra,
The brine and sand still in his hair;
Laid him on a bed of oak leaves,
Fed him, too, with meat-soups well,
Clothed him warm with his own coat sleeves,
Begging him his woes to tell,
Till the Ute told them his story;
Everywhere his heart had been,
Since that battle field so gory,
Seeking for his stolen queen.
His thread of talk was touching, thrilling;
The "tough sailors" sat around,
Each his pipe impulsive filling,
Listening in a spell profound.
Though his English was half Utish,
They were eager for each word;
Though "rough sailors" oft seem brutish,
His tale every bosom stirred.
Then each "tar" told o'er his story,
Where he'd been and what he'd seen;
One had fought on fields of glory;
One had found men false and mean;
Two had twice been wrecked in tempest;
Two had left at home loved wives—
All had lately in good earnest
Leapt in ocean with their lives!
So, a sort of kindred feeling
Kindled through the company,
Hastened the Ute's early healing,
And all mingled happily.
There was hunting, there was fishing,
There was cooking meats and stews;
There were watching, waiting, wishing—
Wishing sails—all sorts of news!
Time enough for novel-telling,
Real, romantic, as may be,

Laughter swaying, like the swelling
 Breakers on a bounding sea.
 But Zinziba was most zealous
 For such tales as seemed all true,
 And one day he said—half jealous—
 Will you hear my story, too?
 It is thrilling—hear it through :
 Let me tell it ; it is true !

SCENES XXXV.

SLAVE ZINZIBA'S ZEALOUS STORY.

Down the sailors sat demurely,
 Heard Zinziba now discuss
 Whether our oppressors surely
 Execute God's will on us.
 Then he said : This humane savage,
 You've considered well his case ;
 Now I'll tell your nation's ravage
 Of the kidnap negro race.

ZINZIBA DESCRIBES THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Let that be the Atlantic ocean,
 Let this be lone Africa's land ;
 Listen to that strange commotion,
 Creeping up and down the strand !
 I can see a Saxon slaver
 Coming slowly toward the coast ;
 In her brutal work she's braver
 Than hell's base, belligerent host !
 Look at her ! O, look and listen !
 For I tell no fancied tale ;
 Look ! her masts in moon-light glisten ;
 Note her soiled and nameless sail !
 See ! she's moving shoreward, slowly,
 In the moon-beam's misty ray ;
 See her ! look ! She's crouching lowly,
 Like a lion for his prey !

Ah ! she now is casting anchor,
Beneath God's beholding gaze !
And her Christless crew all hanker
To set black-men's homes ablaze !
The slave marts* have all been emptied,
And no bondmen can be bought ;
So some tribe—none seems exempted—
Has been named and now is sought.
Look, how their advance is lighted
By such huts as this in flame,
While the friendly inmates, frighted,
Fly, like hunted, fleeing game.
Can't you hear now fetters clanking ?
Chiming in with children's woes !
Aye, right quickly now they're ranking ;
On, right on, the chain gang goes.
Look again ! Lo, there's another !
(O, that Zion had such zeal !)
But, mark you, there's an old mother

* Henry Clay, before the African Colonization Society, said in Frankfort, Ky., December 17, 1829 : "The African part of our population, or their ancestors, were brought hither forcibly and by violence, in the prosecution of the most abominable traffic that ever disgraced the annals of the human race. They were chiefly procured in their native country as captives in war, taken and subsequently sold by the conqueror as slaves to the slave-trader. Sometimes the most atrocious practices of kidnaping were employed to obtain possession of the victims. In these modes husbands were torn from their wives, parents from their children, brethren from each other, and every tie cherished and respected among men was violated. Upon the arrival at the African coast of the unfortunate beings thus reduced to slavery, they were embarked on board of ships carefully constructed and arranged to contain the greatest amount of human beings. Here they were ironed and fastened in parallel rows and crowded together so closely, in loathsome holes, as not to have room for action or for breathing wholesome air. The great aim was to transport the largest possible number at the least possible charge from their native land to the markets for which they were destined. The greediness of cupidity was frequently disappointed and punished in its purposes by the loss of the moieties of whole cargoes of the subjects of this infamous commerce, from want, suffering and disease on the voyage. How much happier were they who thus expired than their miserable survivors!" These were the words of him who said : "I would rather be right than be President."

Burned alive!—How do you feel?
 See, her son is now returning
 From the jungle, whence he came
 Just in time to see her burning,
 In his own hut all aflame!
 O, what horrid thoughts came o'er him,
 As that distant, dazzling light
 First blew up so high before him,
 And seized all his anxious sight!
 Now what anguish, near the ashes,
 And his mother's burning bones,
 As upon his fancy flashes
 Her dear grief and dying groans!
 He's a madman! and 'tis midnight!
 Not a soul is seen around;
 But through melancholy moonlight,
 He lists something like a sound
 Which, his heightened senses hearing,
 He makes haste more clear to hear,
 Neither foes nor numbers fearing—
 What has he to do with fear?
 Lo! he sees his little brother;
 So like him, yet less in size;
 New advance makes known another—
 His young sister next he spies.
 Shall he stop and stay behind them?
 Let them all be led away?
 If he should, he ne'er shall find them,
 Though he search them many a day.
 Now, more crushing thoughts crowd o'er him,
 That his long lost father, too,
 May be in that ship before him,
 Held in bondage by the crew!
 Now he moves in frantic measure,
 Till he comes so near the train,
 They seize him as their sure treasure,
 And hold him fast with a huge chain.

“THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.”

Then the kidnappers who caught them
Bind on ship-board firm and strong
The full captive cargo brought them,
And set sail, both sad and long,
Till at length the verdant mountains
Of “Columbia” came in sight,
Then her fertile fields and fountains,
Still less distant, lent delight.
Soon the luckless slaves they’re leading
Out, in shackels, on the shore ;
But each blighted heart is bleeding,
For the names they’ll know no more.
Now they’re marching, in the manner
Of starved swine from stinted styes,
And beneath Columbia’s banner,
Fanned by fettered bondmen’s sighs,
To the slave pen—there hope dies !

SCENES XXXVI.

WHAT THEY MET THERE IN THE SLAVE MART.

When into the pen they drove them,
So like cattle sent for sale,
A few balls of rice they hove them ;
But of this they’d often fail.
The boy’s brothers here both perished ;
Though their sisters—there were three—
Whom in fever’s fire they cherished,
Sank in passing o’er the sea.
Then the market place they entered ;
And the “Slave Mart” slowly thronged
With fierce bidders, who first centered
Where the last caught slave belonged,
Till a trifling, lustful trader
Turned attention unto one

Who stood just as nature made her—
 And with her bids were begun.
 There he clinked his unclasped coffers,
 And with mean, immodest mirth,
 Made for her his unmatched offers—
 Bought the prize of princely birth ;
 And then bought the boy with others ;
 Just the ones he chanced to choose—
 Friends were severed, sisters, brothers—
 But my sire had none to lose !
 So he sighed o'er others' sorrow ;
 For they knew their march was near,
 And all dreaded much the morrow ;
 Every face seemed full of fear.
 In the morn the horn was blowing,
 All around the trumpet rang,
 And the chain gang cheerles going—
 Full five hundred filled the gang !
 With dreadful oaths half drunken drivers
 O'er hill and plain, through sun and rain,
 Cross sweltering sands and swelling rivers,
 Forced their tramp toward fields of cane.
 My own parents, paired as leaders,
 Head the hand-cuffed caravan,
 Favored some by the slave feeders,
 Because they were the "leading span."
 "Well matched leaders, mighty loving,
 The first two thus bought in pairs ;
 They'll be breeders well worth having ;
 Worth thousands each will be their heirs !"
 Thus men-stealers talked to stifle
 Sense of wrong they sometimes have ;
 While with ropes and whips and rifle
 They forced their fellows toward the grave.
 When these captives came to station,
 Several planters sought the place,

While a hopeful resignation
Made more fair my parents' face.
They were therefore bought with banters,
By two different men at last,
Two well pleased adjacent planters ;
So their case seemed kindly cast.
Once a week, it was on Sunday,
They might meet each other then,
If at early morn on Monday
They would go to work again.
There were there, too, some wise teachers
Who taught open Sunday school,
And my parents heard some preachers
Who read to them the golden rule.
But one Sunday, I remember—
We were five when all at home—
It was early in September,
That my father did not come.
I sat watching, with my brother,
To look for him in the lane,
Where he used to meet my mother,
And then greet us all again ;
For, bless God, he'd got religion !
And ran home to help us read :
Yet, remember, in that region,
Reading slaves all masters dread.
O, 'twas blessed to behold him—
He was an uncommon slave !
But for this his master sold him,
Sold him to a silent grave !
Such a Sunday night of sorrow
I had never seen before :
Mother sent me on the morrow
To inquire—evermore !
All the word we heard about him
Was, "the nigger has been sold."

Though we could not live without him,
 “His master’d got a heap o’ gold!”
Soon, too, we were sold asunder ;
 Some went south, and some went west ;
Each was left for life to wonder
 What was done with all the rest.
We were sold away from “mamma,”
 All as yet of tender years;
I was sent to Alabama,
 At but five, in bitter tears.
How I wept the world ne’er heeded ;
 How I felt, no friend could know ;
What I wanted, what I needed,
 Was some great heart where to go ;
There to bury all my woe.

SCENES XXXVII.

THE SLAVE STILL TELLS OF SUNDERED TIES.

My new home had now one warm heart—
 An old wench that used to weep
 For her children—sold for most part,
 Where she could no traces keep.
 Still she had one daughter growing,
 Of whose sale none could presage :
 She, by nature bright and knowing,
 Was apparently my age.



I was sent to
 picking cotton ;
 She, too, worked out
 much the same,
 And those long days,
 ne'er forgotten,
 Won at length
 our wedded name ;
 And our Heavenly
 Father sent us
 Wisdom to enjoy
 his word,
 That when little ones
 were lent us,
 We should lend them
 to the Lord.

I can't tell you who there taught us,
 Nor this item do you need ;
 But 'twas not the man that bought us,
 Taught us both to write and read !
 He sold our teacher to a villain,
 A libertine he knew was bad,
 Which made all hands seem mad and sullen—
 Such wrongs will make both mad and sad.

Then soon I saw he meant to sell me,
 Whence I knew his reasons why ;
 Nor his terms would he yet tell me,
 Lest I try myself to buy.
 Soon "a gentleman of honor"
 Bought my body and my soul,
 But left my wife with woes upon her
 Christ's own cross could scarce console—
 A secret note soon told the whole.
 She remained 'mid cruel mercies
 Of the man that meanly sold
 Our slave teacher, where the curses
 Of God's wrath must rust his gold ;
 But my "Senator" assured me
 I might on his word rely,
 For he'd even now procured me
 Ways for me myself to buy.
 So, in hope, I hid my sadness
 O'er the scene of my last sale,
 And to Congress went with gladness ;
 And "hereby there hangs a tale"—
 My new master was the "Member ;"
 I, his servant, as you see ;
 And one long night in December
 He "went wild" and wagered me.
 A real reckless, ruthless rambler
 Won me in two wicked games.
 My new master now, the gambler,
 Knew a score of scoundrel names ;
 But his best one was "Hugh Borgia,"
 And he bragged about his "books"
 And his journeys "down to Georgia,"
 And was glad of my "good looks ;"
 But said such was Southran's loathing
 I'd please best if dressed more plain ;
 So, he cleft off my man-clothing,
 And clapped on me a gown and chain !

Then I rushed to the Rotunda,
Pouring out with pondrous breath,
In a voice like very thunder :
“ Give me liberty or death !!! ”
Then I shook my chain and shouted :
“ Hail Columbia, happy land ! ”
Till my shout the Senate routed,
And I saw them startled stand ;
Then both high and loud I uttered :
“ *Hail Columbia, happy land ! ”*
Then I clanked my chain and muttered :
“ **HAIL COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND ! ”**
Then I snapped my chain asunder,
Flung it on the marble floor,
And while all looked on with wonder,
I rushed out the round Rotunda
Through the westward open door
And they never saw me more !
Though they searched the city o'er
 And the country, as of yore,
They have never seen me more !
Here, King Konkapat, excited,
Still exhausted, still delighted,
Said: Reveal the whole, I pray ;
How you hid yourself away ;
How you came so far away—
But I'm dazed and sore distressed,
Weak with wonder, I wan't rest ;
Like the moon sunk down the west ;
Take us rest, then tell the rest !

SCENES XXXVIII.

FROM THE CRY AT THE CAPITOL TO THE CAVE OF KONKAPUT.

Through the night the Ute now rested,
 Then his interest he attested
 By request there be repeated,
 The account, that sketch completed :
 So Zinziba, ever zealous,
 Told them all, as he shall tell us:

(ZINZIBA ENDS HIS STORY)

There's no story need seem novel
 That is true as honest art ;
 Washington has many a hovel
 Which contains a Christian heart ;
 And to such I hied for shelter,
 Was kept safe to Christmas eve,
 Saw police run helter skelter,
 Knowing not whom to believe.
 But I am a splendid dreamer,
 And my dreams read like a book ;
 In my sleep, a New York steamer,
 Called for a skilled colored cook,
 So next day—and nothing doubting
 I'd soon be the boy they sought—
 I set out, 'mong newsboys shouting :
 “Th' escaped wench is not yet caught!”
 I soon sailed as simple stoker
 In a steamer, to New York,
 With as jaunty a mate and joker
 As e'er came from Erin's Cork ;
 Found the “Californian” ready,
 When we passed her at the pier ;
 As I stepped forth, stout and steady,
 The mate called : “Cap, your cook is here!”
 Several trips to San Francisco
 With this captain, wise and kind,

Bland and cool as Count Bodisco,
Made my place much please my mind ;
Till one day some gambling ramblers—
Such as won me once at cards—
Came on board, real southern gamblers,
And watched me with their warm regards.
So I started and sought station
“Underground” to Oregon,
Toward that free and friendly nation,
Which I’ll find soon, farther on.
Thus I found this fellow mortal,
Suiciding in the sea,
Passing down through death’s dark portal,
Where I almost wished to be !
O, thou deep and dear old ocean,
Well it was that thou didst weep ;
Ever desolate—devotion—
Thy undoubted heart is deep !
And this land, on which we languish,
Full of cruel beasts, can feel,
And fain bless our bleeding anguish,
Which no heart nor hand can heal !
I would sooner die than sever
The dear ties more strong than death :
But who knows such deaths shall never
Bear to burdens worse beneath !
Self destruction, so delusive,
Is the worst of wicked crimes ;
God-defiant, self-abusive,
'Tis the terror of all times,
If there be eternity.
O my friends, why do you fear me !
I am telling what is true ;
Then still hear me, come all near me,
Though my story is not new.
I have been of all bereaved—
Of my sire, myself, may say ;

All life long have been aggrieved,
 Here may be caught on any day.
 I am hunted on these mountains
 Like a partridge of the wood ;
 Faint, I dare not seek for fountains,
 Starved, can go nowhere for food.
 If I may but reach the borders,
 Find Canada's friendly home,
 I'll soon earn and issue orders
 That my slave wife thither come !
 Then our little son and daughter
 Shall take wings and with her fly,
 Over lands and o'er lake water—
 We'll be free, all, by and by !
 'Tis this hope that nerves and thrills me ;
 And that freedom is not far ;
 Sometimes fear of capture fills me—
 Hope deferred's hard by despair !
 This love struggle's long and fearful,
 Ill beset by fates and foes ;
 And its chances, cheerful, tearful,
 Are worse filled with fears than woes.
 But the sweet and bitter mingle
 Till the best of all 's untold ;
 I could tell you tales that tingle
 Every heart that will behold—
 Fathers, mothers bought and sold !
 I could show you a slave shanty,
 Where oppressors have heard prayer,
 Scant in learning, language scanty,
 Yet that haunts them everywhere ;
 And I've heard slave-holders saying,
 “ There are stations in free States
 Where our friends 'railroads' are laying
 ‘ Under ground ' with all 'through rates.' ”
 Chattel women with their children
 Are well carried, without cost,

Safe across Niagara's cauldron,
In which all their chains are lost ;
While the roaring of that river
Drowns the baying of blood hounds,
And the free are free forever
In Great Britain's hunting grounds !

[Said the Ute : "O how you cheer me!"
But Zinziba said : " Still hear me!"]

What is made by blaming white men ?
Some are good and some are bad,
And much less is made to fight men ;
Such means surely make more sad.
Come starvation, cold, disasters,
The worst burdens that will be ;
I've far more, then, than my masters—
My Heavenly Father holds me free !
We must wait on God and good men,
Till redemption's time shall rise,
When the great men and the good, then
All shall hark to hear the cries
Pleading loud from each plantation,
As they echo from the skies
And resound o'er all the nation,
Mingling wails of martyrs' woe
With God's grander indignation,
Saying : " Let my people go !
Or your realm I'll overthrow !"
I see rising subject races,
Waking up to improve well
Earnest plans in useful places,
With the fruits of toil to sell.
Then high braves and hated half-breeds—
Reached and rescued by my race—
Shall do loving and real life deeds,
Shall even grow in Christian grace.

As you rise with me, young red man,
 So will dawn a wiser day ;
 As yourself, though once a dead man,
 Shall have wealth in heaven's own way ;
 So both red and black together,
 Will enjoy one jubilee ;
 Come what will of wind and weather,
 All the world will yet be free ;
 And may we survive to see.

Royally the Ute arises,
 Listening to Zinziba's rhyme,
 Till the savage saint surprises
 Even rough sailors at the time ;
 All unite in undertaking
 To shed light upon the right ;
 For a brighter day is breaking—
 Lo ! the future's full of light ;
 See how seraphs cheer the sight !

SCENES XXXIX.

THE SAILORS HAIL A SHIP AHOY.

The six rough tars then sat around,
 All sympathizing with the slaves,
 Until the place seemed holy ground ;
 When, lo ! behold above the waves,
 A white sail, sitting on the wind,
 And rocking o'er the ocean's rim,
 A little toward the land inclined,
 In deep horizons, hazy, dim !
 O ! something must attract that sail,
 That it shall the wrecked sailors see ;
 A signal fire might soon avail—
 Lo ! it is lighted instantly !
 Even their hut itself is used ;
 It flares up bold as beacon flames —

Naught, indeed, could be refused—

Now soon they see two vessels' names.

"The Alaquippa, of Savannah,"

Was painted plainly on her prow;

They saw, as sinking, "The Susannah ;"

She bore "New Bedford" on her bow.

Since from that city seemed the sailors,

They hardest tried that ship to hail ;

But she's borne off 'mong the whalers,

And out of sight soon sank her sail.

But the Savannah's Alaquippa

Was for a swift, mad slaver made ;

Was classed as a clean windward clipper,

But hired to try Hawaiian trade.

As she beholds that burning shanty,

Sees it's some wrecked sailors' sign—

Although the harborage is scanty—

She designates her kind design.

She turns her sail toward the signal ;

Bears her length along the beach ;

And so near the bluff's diag'nal

That a cable-rope can reach.

But mark ! The slave flies 'mid the flurry—

Escapes, with Konkaput and fear ;

Nor have the sailors, in their hurry,

Exposed his chance by parting cheer !

Well the life-boat, buoyed with laughter,

Bears the tars, both one and all ;

Nor heard the slave and Ute thereafter

What kind of fate did them befall.

Some saved utensils, tools and food

They left, forgotten, on the shore ;

God chanced this for his children's good

Till they could get themselves some more..

So now the savage said : "Near by us

Has Nature carved out a nice cave,

And that shall shelter soon supply us,
Holding such things as we can save.
Indeed, it's like an old 'cliff dwelling'
Made in the sides of Rocky Mountains,
Where swift, pure streams below are swelling,
Fed by the near and nameless fountains.



There let us go and live together ;
Take all the things the sailors left ;
And, in whatever kind of weather,
We will not be of all bereft."

Zinziba sighed : "But, I'm a slave!"
Yet they went there, both slave and brave,
And as they came into that cave
Found it had grown "still as the grave!"

SCENES XL.

THE RESCUED GAMBLER IS THEIR GUEST ;
SICK IN BODY, SEEKING REST.

The Ute and slave went slowly (hear them !)

Talking, walking, laden, going,
Where will fiercest wild beasts fear them ;
Where the weeks and waters flowing
And much chastened thoughts to cheer them,
And both blasts and blossoms blowing,
Shall wait on their lonely waiting—
Both, forsooth, about the same,
Each to each their lives restating,
Helping God to give them game,
While he rules all things relating ;
Even, called hither, hunters came,
Aye, borne hither, Borgia came,
A man now nobler than his name !

A wise and skilled surveyor, sick and worn,
Sank in his march, one hot mid-summer morn ;
Then sought a welcome in the savage cave,
And there was served and watched by his own
slave ;
Till he was healed, a happy man and hale,
By such fidelities as seldom fail ;
And then and thus he spoke of all the wrong
He'd done the tribes to which his hosts belong.
He said : "My benefactors, do not fear
For any words of mine you now may hear.
I am a 'Southran,' from the Sunny South ;
My birth and home were near Savannah's mouth,

Where cotton, rice and corn, and sugar cane
 Are raised, and ships sail forth upon the main.
 I've been a slaver of the deepest die ;
 John Newton ne'er was so unjust as I.
 He sailed for captives of the Congo race,
 But was recaptured by reclaiming grace ;
 Nor owed he half so much to heavenly care
 And human patience, piety and prayer.
 I've wronged and ruined those who did me good ;
 Have sometimes sacrificed their sinless blood ;
 Even my own blood is coursing in the veins
 Of some whom I enslaved and put in chains.
 I gambled also for most guileless men,
 And put them fettered in my filthy pen.
 One time in Washington I played and won
 A Nubian princess' first born, noble son ;
 And so well bound, well bred, well read was he,
 He quoted Henry's cry for Liberty ;
 And though I saw him but a single day
 I heard him both for me and freedom pray !
 I never can, until my latest breath,
 Forget : 'God give me liberty or death !'
 He burst his bonds, like tow, in open day,
 In the Rotunda, and then ran away."

"And, you've not seen him since?" Zinziba asked :
 "I may have seen him, sometime, but so masked
 I did not know him ; more, I made him wear
 A wench's gown, he was so good and fair ;
 I wished to have him act as chamber maid,
 For he had friends of whom I felt afraid.
 But this disguise embarrassed me the more—
 By what he really was and what he wore.
 Although I searched for him with ceaseless care,
 I heard no hint of him, nor here nor there ;
 Yet he was with me, always, everywhere,
 And pressed upon my heart his hands in prayer

At length I said : 'I am myself the slave !'
I sighed and groaned for silence in the grave !
But soon I sought to be from sin set free,
And by redeeming love reached liberty !
I realized Christ's claim to creature things
And that He promotes slaves to priests and kings ;
So every soul, from saint to seraphim,
Receives full title to himself from Him.
For Him I set my stolen servants free ;
For Him desired their noblest destiny ;
And did, to make them all free men indeed,
Wreak human laws to help them learn to read.
I sold plantations, ships and silver-plate,
To buy and start them homes in a free State,
And gave the best I had choice goods to buy
For them ; for they had then worse fare than I !
I knew the navigation of the seas,
And so I learned surveying soon, with ease ;
Hence, came to Oregon by 'Gunter's right'
With chain and compass and theodolite,
To help define this distant, fair domain,
Of mountain, wood, and wide, well watered plain ;
And here I found your hermitage so kind,
With all so suited to a sick man's mind !
Aye, I could almost ask your auto-card
To match with those of Monks of St. Bernard ;
For though I served in the Satanic war
Against the Seminoles, but slaves fought for,
And cursing savages, my cold heart said :
'No Indian's ever good till he is dead,'
And I have sinned against your kin still more,
Such plans and deeds I deeply now deplore !
Forgive me, brothers ! May God bless you both !
I'm bound to every race by birth and oath ;
So I, with Voke, join heart and voice to say :
'God speed the right, and haste the happy day,
When Afric's long enslaved sons

Shall join with every injured race,
 To celebrate, in blended tongues,
 The gladness of redeeming grace ;
 When North and South, from place to place,
 Emanuel's kingdom shall extend,
 And every man in every face
 Shall meet a brother and a friend !'
 My love to others all the more extends
 For your compassion ; ye've preserved my life !
 Ye are my brothers ! my brave Christian friends !
 In me ye've blessed, indeed, my distant wife !
 I shall delight to show all kindness due
 For special deeds so kind, displayed by you.
 Reluctantly I'll leave your lone retreat,
 Where I have found both medicine and meat,
 Where friends in need, such friends indeed, have
 been ;
 Far more to me than hosts of armed men ;
 Where simple nature seems so noble, too,
 And we can learn how little here will do !
 Indeed, I wonder how this world affords,
 So good a building, without bricks or boards,
 So large a landscape with so little lost,
 So many comforts at such meagre cost,
 Such shade in summer from the sheltering hill,
 Such even warmth in autumn's wintry chill,
 Such varied wisdom, viewed in every way,
 Such wise display and wonderful array,
 That where we stand one might well wish to stay ;
 And my departure now desires delay.

SCENES XLI.

A DISCLOSURE ERE HIS DEPARTURE.

“The Fugitives’ Retreat”—so fit for rest,
So blameless all, and to the sick so blessed—
This “home” that divine Nature had “dug out,”
With playful beasts and plumed birds about,
Where blithesome squirrels bark at the bluejays
And neighboring fountains purl through nights
and days;
Where fish and flesh and fowl are amply fed,
And lives so lovely elsewhere scarce are led—
This Borgia left, but said: “Before I go
Mine hosts, please tell how you were mated so,
And if you’ll trust me further to intrude,
Explain why you sought out this solitude;
For ye’re not outlaws nor ignoble souls,
Who’ve fled the courts to where no law controls;
Be frank, I pray, and tell your prudent friend
How long your stay has been, and where ’twill
end.”

Here Konkaput, replete with curt reply,
Says simply: “I am here, I can’t tell why;
And when you start the question, why we stay,
’Tis answered well: We can not get away!
I have no other where to lay my head;
My kindred and my country, too, are dead;
And with no kin nor country, left alone,
This is the only spot I seem to own;
And this, no doubt, though a secluded den,
Will soon be seized by your surveying men;
For Indian tribes have been all trodden down
Beneath such franchise and by Heaven’s frown,
Else have absorbed their ills of body, or
Have wasted one another in their war;
Before pale-faces proved a feeble prey,
Till our poor wild men have most passed away!

And I have seemed as if sent here alone
 In search of one whose life or death's unknown ;
 Whom stout hands stole off from the burning
 stake,
 Where savages mad sacrifices make ;
 And where those hands have borne her, what
 may be
 Her lot, I've sought so long in vain to see !
 I linger here in hope to share her life ;
 For she, as Queen of Utes, should be my wife !
 I've left among the rocky highlands steep
 A few wild braves, who brigand watches keep,
 And would, no doubt, indeed for her and me,
 Both fight and seek to find and set us free ;
 But in my search I've seen such savage strife,
 I loathe the bitterness of bestial life ;
 Where boys are bred barbarians from their birth,
 And woman's thought the weakest thing of earth.
 Where wives* are prostituted for a price,
 And children are destroyed by unchaste vice,
 Till Indian blood is blasted with decay—
 Of wickedness, the prey in every way—
 It is enough to make one sick at heart,
 And sigh for desert life till he depart !
 Behold this negro—the best friend I have ;
 But for his grace, you sea had been my grave ! ”

* Brigadier-General Carleton said to a committee of congress, 1865: “Prostitution prevails among the Navajos, Maricopas and Yumas, Cherokees, Seminoles, Potawattamies, Pawnees, Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Kiowas, and their children are enfeebled. The attendant diseases of prostitution have tainted the blood of the adults, and by inheritance the children have become emaciated in body and mind.” General Sprague says to the same: “In thus striking at the very basis of procreation is to be found the active cause of the destruction of the Indian race.” And Senator Nesmith, sent to inspect the tribes on the Pacific coast, which Konkaput is supposed to have seen, said: “Their favorite occupations were, gathering berries, catching fish, prostituting their women, gambling and getting drunk.” (See Congressional Report, 1867.)

Here speaks Zinziba, with a special zest :
 My Master Borgia, how you have been blessed !
 I've heard your story with astonished heart,
 With trembling fears my trickling tears would
 start,
 When you described me in that wench's dress,
 And praying heaven my master's heart to bless !
 I beg God now to bring my wife and brood,
 Where you may give us home and guard our good !

(Borgia.)

Why "Zin!" why "Zebe!" this really is not you !
 (Said Borgia here;) and yet it must be true,
 That lo, indeed, I see this longed-for day—
 And my redeemer in my run-away !

(Zinziba.)

Yes, Master Borgia, I must be the man—
 'Twas really I that for my freedom ran :
 And be it understood, I would do good
 To all earth's brotherhood, if I but could !

(Borgia.)

'Tis so, I see ; when I was sick and sore,
 And you so kind to me with care, 'twas more
 Than once impressed upon my watchful thought
 That you were that lost slave I long had sought ;
 And now, Zinziba, both for Zion bound,
 We'll sing: "The dead's alive, the lost is found!"
 Yourself, your family, are henceforth free !
 The lord himself shall seal your liberty !
 I am most sure our Maker has the means
 To bring Zinziba's brood, and break the chains.

And as for Konkaput, this kingly Ute,
 I heard of your Queen squaw upon my route,
 And that she was not taken further west,
 Nor was again restored to her wild nest,
 Among the Eagle Eyries 'round Pike's Peak,

But east, for "special culture," so they speak !
The story told me on the range was this :
A Cheyenne chief had caught and chose as his
A Rocky Mountain squaw, Ute maiden rare,
And forced her first to almost fell despair ;
Then sold her to the fierce Arapahoes,
They to the Sioux, (or so the story goes),
Until at length, all tired of one still chaste,
And told her at the stake her troth to test.
That she was brought and bravely stood the shock ;
For, standing by the stake, still firm as rock,
She faced the faggots and then faced her foes ;
But at this instant, (as the story goes),
Some pioneers were passing on their way,
Who heard of her, before the fatal day,
Hastened forth to hail the nearest fort,
And gave the commandant the grave report.
This consternation caused, at once, of course,
Whence soldiers were dispatched in special force,
Who bore her from the burning stake, alive,
And sent her East, such culture to receive ;
Where educators care for every race,
And where she was procured a proper place
With patrons who will every want provide,
And be the best of counsellors beside.
This rare report reached me upon the range,
And is so striking—aye, so very strange !
And yet so likely to be largely true,
That I'm happy to have told it you ;
And if this be indeed your beauteous maid,
Your meeting may be yet by my own aid.

Here Konkaput, convulsed with joy, replied :
"How glad, indeed, I am I have not died!"
Nor Zinziba his new-born hope could hide.

SCENES XLIII.

FROM HERMITAGE TO COLLEGE HALLS.

The scenes here change, as if some chance
Had turned the wheel another time ;
For as the autumn days advance,
And mountain sides seem most sublime,
Hugh Borgia's business bade him hence ;
But, by his wise and high intent,
Two proteges, at his expense,
His way-mates o'er the mountains went.
By land and stream he led their way
To the established lines of stage,
Wherein his purse provides to pay
Their passage, each one as his page,
Till all arrive in West Reserve,
Where pure philanthropy prevails,
It's sweetest natures never swerve,
And no fair effort ever fails.
But here Zinziba's zigzag name
Suggests the kinks seen in the course
Of other fugitives, who came
And fancied freedom theirs, perforce ;
For in his town of Wellington, *
A pleasant and propitious place,
Dispatches came from Washington
Arresting several of his race.
Yet Borgia, by support of Heaven,
Fulfilled throughout his faithful oath ;
The goodly promise he had given
To bond and Ute, to aid them both.
Young Konkaput, the Ute and King,
Commands at once his loving care ;

* Wellington is a town in northern Ohio, where several fugitive slaves were sought, and those who assisted them were thrown into prison. This town was adjacent to Oberlin, where is the famous abolition college.

The "Burg of Didymus" would bring
 Such Indian boys to be taught there :
 Hence, at "Twinsburg" would Borgia call ;
 And if Shawsheen were sheltered near
 In Mission School or Maiden's Hall,
 Her name and fame would be known here.
 But naught is heard, nor hint nor word,
 Of the Ute captive, or Ute race ;
 And Konkaput, with hope deferred,
 Pleads to be sent some other place,
 Where he can meet with cultured mind ;
 He can not bide wild boys in cage,
 For he is to clear thought inclined,
 And manly, far more than his age
 It was hence planned in Providence,
 That he should for Shawsheen proceed,
 With little pause and less expense,
 Where youth *reflect* as well as read ;
 So the sad wanderer soon went
 Where Oberlin's* immortal fame
 Lives in that lasting monument,
 A Christian College in his name.
 There mingle almost every race,
 In happy class and classic hall,
 To give and get both wit and grace,
 In notions that ennable all—
 Yet here Shawsheen's a name unknown ;
 But still he stays to write and read,
 And lives a silent life and lone,
 With one dear friend, a friend indeed.
 For he is drawn for special drill
 To "*Tutor Mercer*," twice a week,

* Oberlin College was named after Father Oberlin, a distinguished Swiss philanthropist and scholar. The place was some fifty miles from Twinsburg, where Rev. Mr. Bissel had his school for Indian boys.

To try his composition skill
And learn like Cicero to speak.
Here Konkaput was soon expert ;
One essay was esteemed so wise
That it was published for desert
And promptly won an honored prize.



Though lean of flesh and lined with care
'Twas grand to see him on the stand,
The vast assemblages command,
By manly thought and modest air :
(This sketch seems cut by some one there.)

His paraphrase of Pushamata,*
 Greeting the great La Fayette,
 Was musical as a cantata,
 As those who heard him ne'er forget.

KONKAPUT'S PARAPHRASE TO LA FAYETTE.

Fifty snows have passed away
 Since you drew the willing sword,
 Helping of your own accord
 Washington to win the day ;
 Fought with him fair Freedom's foes,
 For her shed your generous blood ;
 Hand to hand with him you stood,
 Sharing all his country's woes.
 Now you come to see once more
 Lands that honor you and love,
 Grateful peoples to approve,
 Whose children cherish and adore.
 We have heard with hearty mind,
 In the densest forest shades,
 And along the everglades,
 Of your efforts for mankind.
 I have burned, with warm desire,
 Here to take you by the hand ;
 As your loving brother stand,
 And help kindle Freedom's fire.
 We are met ! I'm satisfied !
 The first time, as 'tis the last :
 My day of life will soon be past :
 The Great Spirit be your guide !—
 On that week this Sachem died ;
 And for him great statesmen mourn,
 As the Indian corse is borne
 To their buried brothers' side.

* Pushamata was a pious Choctaw Chief who went to the city of Washington to see La Fayette, and was buried there with military honors in the National Cemetery.

SCENES XLIII.

KONKAPUT'S APPEAL UPON GOD'S GREAT QUESTIONS.

"Where art thou?" "What hast thou done?" "Where is thy brother?" "What doest thou here?"

Jehovah's first questions, so full and concise,
Though ages ago, are still earnestly asked :

"Where art thou?" still echoes from earth's Paradise,

And "Where is thy brother?" can never be masked.

I hear God, now, coming in the cool of the day,
And asking "Where are you?" in time and in place.

O, heed ye his presence and searching, I pray,
Nor hide ye in fear from the light of his face.

He knows where you are; and he wants you to know,

And consider the claims of your country and age ;

For naught more important to mortals below
Can ever their thoughtful attention engage.

"Where art thou?" "Where art thou?" I hear him now say,

On the face of the globe, in the forces of time ;
No age and no nation surpassed yours to-day ;
And here to live rightly is royal, sublime !

"What's this thou hast done?"—from the Omniscient One—

Is God's inquisition for our earliest sin,
The "What" of our deeds, whatsoe'er we have done,

Is ringing forever, from where they begin.
Both "What hast thou done?" and "What doest thou here?"

Ring out from the regions of all the deep past;

"What?—doest?—thou?—here?" for aye sounds
in the ear,

Since our lives and our labors live on to the
last.

We tread on the springs of eternity's hours;

We strike upon keys that forever shall trill;
And hold in our hands Heaven's holiest powers,

When the wish of our hearts is the Heavenly
will.

"What—done?"—for thyself?—"What" at home?
"What" abroad?

"What—done" for thine age? "What" for
ages to come?

"What—done?" for thy neighbor, thy nation, thy
God?—

What? Done? is the question; the answer is
dumb!

"Where?—Where is thy brother?" and who may
he be?

All ages and races together are tied
In this land of the brave, and this home of the
free;

Here all men are brothers, to live side by side;
And over the ages, and over the seas,

A union of hearts and a union of hands,
Must bind with the bonds of benignant decrees

Till brothers are all men, in all times and lands.

We have on our tables the harvests and tools
Of far distant peoples, who have also ours;

We have in our hearts, our homes and our schools
The products of ages, their precepts and
powers.

As deeds of the past are all potential still,

And the races and ages related as one;

As our works are for aye, for weal or for ill,

What we do, every breath, is for some brother
done.

"Who?" "Where is thy brother?" I breathe it again—

The Saxon, the savage, the sovereign, the slave,

The singing, the sighing, the suffering, the slain—

Their life-blood cries "Brother!" from even the grave.

"What done to thy brother?"—to my doomed race?

I'll show you: On yonder fair sun-setting shore,

The last and lone Indian from his little space,

Is plunging the ocean, to rise never more!

Could I lift from his bed his poor lifeless frame,

And hold it to Heaven in sight of your face,

I'd ask in humanity's—in Heaven's holy name—

Have you felt like a brother to my forlorn race?

"Ye waste us, aye, like April snow,

In the warm sun we shrink away:

And fast ye follow as we go

Towards the setting day—

Till ye shall fill the land, and we

Are driven into the western sea."

SCENES XLIV.

THE SEARCH AGAIN FOR FAIR SHAWSHEEN.

King Konkaput in college halls
 Came off with honors in full shares,
 But still his constant nature calls
 The name Shawsheen in thought and prayers.
 Her longing look that morn he left
 With the fur traders far to go,
 Still haunts him, like a home bereft,
 Attended with her later woe.
 The saddest grief that sadder grows,
 And taxes fancy's farthest scope,
 And wakes imaginary woes,
 That break the heart of buoyant hope,
 And make a lover lone and mad,
 And prematurely wan and old,
 Is the suspense—the saddest sad !
 When the loved one is stolen or sold
 And still no tidings can be had !

His friends have written far and near
 To find some trace of her, if but
 She lives, her mode of life to hear,
 And to encourage Konkaput.
 He searched the catalogues that came
 From East and West, from South and North,
 To find therein her favored name ;
 But failed to see and bring it forth.

He left the seat of learning then,
 Intent on finding still her fate,
 And, favored by forwarding men,
 He traveled into every State
 Which has young women's institutes
 That would admit within their walls.
 An Indian girl—the Queen of Utes—
 To higher culture in their halls.

He went even down to Tennessee,
And found in Nashville two, by name
And nature such as she might be,
Whose finished terms were of first fame.
He elsewhere saw a young Choctaw,
Some Seminoles and Senecas,
Admitted with white girls to draw
From wells of learning—all with praise ;
But none of these had ever heard
Of his Shawsheen a single word.
“So still Shawsheen no one has seen !”
He sighed ; then to New Jersey came.
An Omaha, quite like his Queen,
Had here won almost world-wide fame ;
But still Susette* is not Shawsheen !
Her features he can ne'er forget,
Though many changes must have been
In her appearance since they met.
But yet this beauteous bright-eyed girl
Who gained each prize above her class,
With eyes of jet and teeth of pearl—
Indeed, a lovely Indian lass !—
With the full proverb, *sanis mens*
In sano corpore et Christo,
Makes his old longing more intense
His noble Shawsheen’s fate to know.
It startles him, while standing here,
To learn of Brainard’s Crosweeksung,
That Indian Mission, once so dear,
To which fond hopes had failing clung ;
Of Edwards, too, who near there died,
Whose Stockbridge page illumed the age,
E’en while engaged as Indians’ guide
Their savageness to help assuage.

* This Susette Bright Eyes returned and became a great benefactress to her tribe.

He hither hastens to the scene
 Where that sage teacher * had so taught
 The aborigines, as men,
 To be, and act as mortals ought ;
 And here he feels a fiery zeal
 To be a famed philanthropist,
 And force men both to think and feel
 With reas'nings they cannot resist.
 His admiration of such men
 Ennobles more his native mind,
 And everywhere his search has been
 Such men he found supremely kind.
 This also his affections won,
 Until—as consorts come to look
 The more alike as they move on—
 So he these wise men's likeness took.
 He went to hear old Lyman Beecher,
 And so admired his make and plan
 That he resolved to be a preacher,
 And soon did look some like that man.
 His straight black hair, that Ute Chiefs braid,
 Grew soon to wave in graceful curves,
 And every one who heard him said :
 "We hope he'll win what he deserves!"
 He won good will in every way,
 And sympathy in all he said ;
 While deeds of duty every day
 His path to higher purpose led.
 His search for Shawsheen seemed in vain,
 Though not in vain that search had been ;
 He now could seek his tribe again,
 And teach them more to live like men.
 He'd tell them how whole tribes have died
 For want of wisdom to be wise

* Jonathan Edwards taught the Indians in Stockbridge, Mass., while he was writing his great work on The Will. He afterwards died in New Jersey when President of Princeton College.

And for their practices and pride,
Which does all better paths despise.
With this fond aim now well defined,
He further studied with wise men,
To store and strengthen more his mind ;
Then went where various tribes had been,
And asked both State and Church to aid
Him in his glad and glorious aim ;
And everywhere warm friends he made,
Who fondly added to his fame.

He saw how some New England tribes
Are only known by ancient name
And their extinction he describes,
And, blushing, tells who were to blame.
Nonantum (Newton), and Natick,
Where princely Elliot used to preach,
He searched, till every sense was sick,
To find one who the tongue could teach
In which the Bible was first set
In type in our vast hemisphere ;
That Indian Bible he found yet,
But none could read it, far or near !
“A sad memento this doth seem !”
Said Konkaput’s soliloquy ;
“The Indian race, here, like a dream,
Hath vanished, even from memory !
Yet that book was then a blessing,
Winning many heathen heavenward,
Healing doubts the most distressing,
Putting kindness on high record ;
When I saw it, how I kissed it
For its reading once by red men,
Even by some who did resist it,
And declined among the dead men.
King Philip *cursed* this Book of Christ,
And fought His philanthropic faith,

And smote th' Almighty with his fist :
 So died a most symbolic death !
I must return to my own tribe,
 And teach them better ways of life ;
These Scriptural duties I'll describe,
 And lure them up from lust and strife.
I'll win their life, if not my wife !"
 So saying, he soon set his face
 Toward the Rocky Mountains far,
 To animate his own Ute race
 To better works than beastly war—
 To mend mankind, and not to mar !

SCENES XLV.

FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST TO THE UTE CAMP.

The passage from "the rock bound coast"
 Up toward the Rocky Mountain heights
 Taxed our young hero's temper most,
 By its long distance, days and nights ;
 But all the way he studied well
 "The Indian Question," first and last ;
 He stood where famous chieftains fell,
 And learned the future from the past.
 He went, too, 'mong the Cherokees,
 The Choctaws and the Chickasaws,
 And in their states finds much to please,
 Their bibles, learning and best laws ;
 And then, his soul surcharged with truth,
 And fired with Christian faith and zeal,
 He hastes, with ardor of his youth,
 T' uplift his tribe with love's appeal.
 At length he finds on the frontier
 His once good friend, the Ute Guero,
 From whom his own death he doth hear,
 In language brief we cite below :

“Arrow,” he said, “and Pangentwa,
 Had fought the fierce hordes of the plain,
 To capture back their King’s young squaw ;
 When Doctor Pangentwa was slain.
 But Arrow proved a prince indeed !
 He worsted the Arapahoes,
 Then marched his force with might and speed
 Against the Cheyennes and the Crows.
 Meanwhile, white soldiers came and fought
 The fierce Apaches and the Sioux,
 And took Shawsheen, the squaw they sought,
 And sent her home with the good news !”
 He said: “She was to be our Queen ;
 But Konkaput, our young King-Chief,
 Went in her search, nor was since seen ;
 His death is now a fixed belief :
 But still the Utes have made advance ;
 Peace is approved with Apaches ;
 Their gallant chief, by them called ‘Chance,’
 Has sent, by two brave attachés,
 The crown Shawsheen gave our young King,
 With word ’twas a wise wizard’s will
 They should this thing to Arrow bring ;
 So he received and has it still.
 He’s hence our chief, both young and brave,
 A mighty man in war and peace,
 With his great rival in the grave,
 Whose own betrothed doth acquiesce.”

(*Konkaput.*)

And was Shawsheen, of whom you speak,
 Restored the Utes with all her rights ;
 With no attempt her troth to break,
 By savage Sioux or soldier Whites ?

(*Guero.*)

To this Guero, with guile, replies :
 Yes; she was rescued from the stake,

Where she was bound in sacrifice,
 Ere her betrothal she would break !
 And when she was to us restored,
 She pined, and well nigh perished quite,
 The distant spouse she so deplored,
 And sighed his name by day and night ;
 So that a doctor to her came
 And healed this trouble in her head,
 By incantations of that name,
 As if of one already dead.
 By this she really found relief,
 And with the doctor one day went ;
 When he was chosen a Ute Chief,
 With her the keeper of his tent.
 She thus became the wife and squaw
 Of this Ute doctor with ado,
 Who lives by medicine and law,
 And practices, at will, the two ;
 "A man of medicine" and might ;
 All fear the "meda" * to offend,
 And few are safe before his sight
 Who do not all he does befriend ;
 For he traditions' trails can see,
 And tells the tribes what ones are true,
 And with a fiery frenzy free
 Declares for all what each should do.

(*Konkaput.*)

Does Arrow claim that crown as his,
 The sign that he is the Ute Chief ?
 And do the Utes delight in this,
 Nor o'er the absent King show grief ?

(*Guero.*)

Their grief is great ! Their Chief is dead !
 The wisest youth the world has known !

* Meda, medicine man.

But, as I have already said,
Young Arrow now is on the throne !

(*Konkaput.*)

And should their King come back again,
Would Arrow yield to him the crown ?
Or cause his rival to be slain—
By some assassin, smitten down ?

(*Guero.*)

Why, all confess he will not come !
He went away as one insane ;
From the Twin Lakes, his native home ;
He's dead ! He can not come again !
Besides, Arrow's proclaimed him dead ;
And all have mourned him, man by man.
Arrow is honored in his stead,
And rules as well as any can.

(*Konkaput.*)

But let's suppose that King's alive ;
That searching for his Queen, in vain,
He should some day, yet safe, arrive—
Would he be slain? or King again?
Pray tell, would not your noble tribe
Unite to shout : "The lost is found !
The dead's alive !" and loud ascribe
His greater right to ancient ground ?

(*Guero.*)

We can't "suppose" that he still lives !
Shawsheen herself now deems him dead !
Our love for him no license gives
For treason to our tribal head.
Arrow's a hero, standing high,
In all our hopes, in every heart ;
We all would for and with him die
Before we'd dare from him depart !
Besides, Great Father President
Has called Arrow of Utes the King,

And since to Washington he went
 He has new thoughts—knows everything.
 As warrior, he has warrior's wild ;
 As hunter, he knows every haunt ;
 As Chieftain, he owns every child ;
 On him we wait for all we want !

(*Konkaput.*)

Pray, have the Utes no ancient pride,
 Which, verily, they would evince
 Upon the heir-apparent's side,
 If he should prove himself their prince ;
 Who had departed—but not died—
 And been hard searching ever since
 To find the Princess, promised bride,
 By the best helps, at best but hints ?

(*Guero.*)

Ah, much for Konkaput we mourn !
 Our people all admired his power ;
 The one bright son of Piesse born,
 The rarest Rocky Mountain flower,
 That, like some plume in loftiest place,
 Seemed waved sublimely in the wind ;
 Or some tall pine tree's princely grace,
 So elevated was his mind !
 No one can know what he could do,
 If he's not dead, but should declare
 As tribal Prince, and prove it true ;
 In royal person reappear,
 So proud, imposing, self-possessed,
 That he should be as he hath been ;
 For Utes, to feel that to be blessed
 They should have him, more than Shawsheen.
 I've loved him like my very life ;
 Been with him, both at home, abroad ;
 Have seen him silence hate and strife
 By giving law, as if from God.

I pause here, wondering at his power !

If, coming from captivity,
He should appear the present hour,
I cannot say what change would be.

(*Konkaput.*)

How would you feel if he were found
Now, fond of knowledge nobler far
Than that of Chiefs yet most renowned,
Able to win more than by war ;
Would you espouse his cause, and aid
To wake the people's wiser pride,
Nor from him shrink, nor be afraid,
But, if you died, fall at his side ?

(*Guero.*)

I surely would ! He was so good,
Well grown, and war-like in the way
That stands the test when understood ;
His wisdom would half win the day !
He's fair and square ; in fact, no "squaw"—
As Utes declare all cowards are ;
His life seemed like some higher law
Put in the world for peace and war.
I said, he left like one insane ;
But he prepared, much to his praise,
A plan to get Shawsheen again
By peaceful, wise and prudent ways ;
These failing, then he bade us fight,
To save each captive held a slave ;
Said : Senoblaze would bless the right,
And bring deliverance to the brave,
Even though some perish in the grave !

SCENES XLVI.

HERE KONKAPUT REVEALS HIMSELF.

So full assurances of faith,
 Such frank affection of his friend,
 Who would devote himself to death
 To aid his efforts to the end,
 Was so inspiring to his soul
 The King could not himself conceal :
 His friendly nature kept control
 In this proud, fond and firm appeal :
 "Guero, dear Guero, most sincere,
 I take your word, and henceforth, know
 I'm Konkaput ! Your King is here,
 And bids you by my side to go !
 There was, in ages long gone by,
 A noble man, of mighty name,
 Who met his brother, mountains nigh,
 And to their tribes in trouble came ;
 Then led them forth with mighty hand
 Through e'en worse surges than the sea,
 Into a precious promised land
 Of life, and love, and liberty.
 Their tribes there stood, tried by the storm
 Of heathen wrath, and reared a race
 Of men appointed to perform
 The greatest miracles of grace.
 So we've met here, with mountains near,
 That we may go to greet again,
 With earnest faith, without a fear,
 Our kindred tribes of the red men,
 And break their chains of darkest night,
 And lead them forth to promised lands,
 That live and blossom in the light
 Of Christian counsels and commands.
 I loved Shawsheen, as you well know :
 My love's led me from sea to sea,

Through many wants and thrilling woe,
Fain to behold where she might be.
Though my fair Love at last is found,
Rescued, restored to her own race,
And has been welcomed, safe and sound,
You can not see how sad my case !

My own is not my own, I hear,
For Konkaput has lost his crown ;
And my fair maiden, too, I fear,
Can never more become my own.
Well, in my wanderings far away,
I've seen what sentiments succeed ;
What better way all who obey
Will nobler gain what good they need !
This Christian knowledge is my crown !

If the Utes honor this, and own
That righteousness which is renown,
I'll through this means maintain my throne ;
Though still by Arrow they shall stand,
His sister's wreath he still retain ;
A worthier crown will I command,
If right may yet reveal my reign !

I crave a Christian culture, too,
In her whom I may have for life ;
Though I have been to Shawsheen true,
Now, she will never be my wife ;
And it is well ! We must submit ;
Perhaps we ought not ever meet—
To learn what is most loyal, fit,
I hence would seek for Wisdom's seat ;
There find what's right, then follow it !
So, forth, dear friend, from this frontier
Take me where Arrow has his tent !

We will his worth and wisdom cheer ;
To his supremacy assent ;
But, with ideas omnipotent,
Will urge the Utes to educate,

And arts of industry invent!"
 At this, they twain, together went,
 To greet the Utes, who proved ingrate;
 • But 'ere they start the young King sent
 To Mercer note of his intent,
 And forecasts of his coming fate!

SCENES XLVII.

KONKAPUT'S MESSAGE AND APPEAL TO MERCER.

Ere Konkaput had crossed the line
 'Twixt savages and civil life,
 He sent this note in terms benign
 To "Worthy Mercer" and his wife,
 Saying: "I have such hope to see
 The savage turned into a saint,
 A true friend, noble, trusty, free,
 With visage purged from vile war-paint,
 That I am ready even to die
 To hasten down the heaven born days
 When my wild race will rise on high
 And help the world in heavenward ways.
 I can't unfold the care I feel,
 The courage found in Christian faith;
 Yet I must make you this appeal:
 Do help me save my Utes from death!
 I feel the spell o'er mount and dell;
 From your Ute friend, farewell, Farewell!"

Then, Guero acting as his guide,
 And burdens bearing at his side,
 They onward wend their upward way
 Full many a league, full many a day;
 Till glad they reach the Eyrie Glen,
 Secluded from sight of men.



GATEWAY TO GARDEN OF THE GODS.



They see an eagle by her nest
 Ere long to take upon her wings
 Her young to bear them off at rest.
 This to the Prince such promise brings
 Of his kind Heavenly parent's care,
 Who had disturbed his nest before,
 And now in love would safely bear
 His inexperience, teach to soar,
 Like eagles toward azure skies,
 That he like them again would rise
 And through the Garden Gate-way go
 To greatest heights and look below.
 So, wishing once more to survey
 The realm of nature's grand array,
 They passed thence up onto Pike's peaks ;
 And then inspired, the Ute King speaks,
 So overwhelmed with what he saw
 And filled with poetry and awe,
 He seemed himself a sublime thought,
 A human tongue of heaven taught,
 That the whole scene be so expressed
 In blessing others he be blessed.

SCENES XLVIII.

KING KONKAPUT'S APOSTROPHE UPON PIKE'S PEAK.

A grand and growing vision this! It spreads
Before my eyes, turned either way I will!
Here hoary mountains have uncapped their heads,
And fairest sunbeams bend around to fill
The landscape with a lofty, loving thrill—
A sense of wonder at the scene sublime,
Of mountains above mountains, even until
I seem enlarged, as if to live in time
And space primordial, from creation's prime:
And thence I see the mountains, beasts and men;
The world with all its wonders; yonder sun,
And yon pale moon, and all that is or e'er hath
been,
Or shall be, worked up by the Will of One
Great Spirit, grandly speaking, and 'twas done!
These proud and azure peaks that pierce the air,
The winding rivers that between them run,,
The frosts, the forests, and the foot hills fair,
The heights and depths that Heavenly One and
Will declare.
Great God of nature, source of good supreme,
Who madest the world, and walkest on the wind,
And shinest with the sun's resplendent beam—
Though far less bright than thine own brilliant
mind,
In whose fond forming hand we feel and find
The world, upholden from the Heavens above,
And kept by impulse, beaming, pure and kind,
And living, thrilling, throbbing with thy love—
This wide-spread picture doth thy power and wis-
dom prove.
I seem as nothing, Source of Nature, now;
Foot-hills, and plains and peaks in beauty vie,

While from above the bending heavens bow
 To blend as one thy blessed majesty,
 And halo all the human eye can see,
 With the best glory of the sun's glad beam,
 Into one most amazing mystery—
 Where sights so grand are grander than they seem,
 And strains of silent music most melodious stream.
 Yet what I see, yon eagle looks upon
 More grandly, o'er the tallest mountain height ;
 He soars above the distant, dazzling sun,
 As if to live upon its affluent light,
 And of the sun's own eye to catch the sight ;
 Then on, and on, he soars and sails away,
 Defying height in all his daring flight,
 Till, like a speck he seems of the sun's ray,
 And dies of distance in the depths of undim'd day !

O that I might thus soar above the earth ;
 In my uplifting seem myself the less,
 And lead the world to long for loftier worth;
 On sires and sons this princely scene impress,
 So blend with sunbeams this sad earth to bless ;
 Soaring away from every wanton sight,
 And, drenched in sunlight as my living dress,
 Or, losing self in the surpassing light,
 Illume earth's darkness and allay distress ;
 So, sinking self from sight in light and height,
 As thus to make earth's chill and breadth more
 cheer and bright.

Behold I stand now 'bove my native hills !
 I view once more their varied landscapes o'er ;
 My throbbing brain—enthralled in beauty—thrills
 While memory weeps o'er men I'll meet no
 more !

Here Ca-Ni-Ah-Che stood in days of yore ;
 Here Clark, Kit Carson and kind Fremont came ;
 Here famous leaders stood, full long before,

With him who conjured first my kingly name ;
Aye, in this place stood he whom I deplore,
Whose warrior name was not unknown to fame :
His race I haste to bless, rather than curse or
blame !

I would now lead from nature up to God

My wicked race of wayward, war-like men,
Along the paths the Prince of Peace hath trod,
And consecrate to Him each mount and glen.

My steps, O Lord, I bend where thou hast been,
And give my life, with every gain and loss ;

And if I fail, would fall in some such scene
As this, or that where thou hast laid thy Cross

So high and clear, so holy and so clean,
As driven snow, with not a speck of dross :
So, into Heaven from Pizgah's heights I'd pass
across !

SCENES XLIX.

TO FREMONT PASS AND THE HOLY CROSS.

Guero, as Konkaput's kind guide,
And owning him of Utes the head,
Makes haste to seek that mountain's side
Where Arrow hath his cohorts led,
Till the broad landscapes held Mount Bross,
Mount Lincoln and Rosalia's rim ;
Thence toward the heights of "Holy Cross,"
That in the distance rises dim.

They traveled where Fremont had trod,
Through plains and parks, 'mid throne-like
peaks,
And gained at length the "Mount of God,"
Where Calvary to this continent speaks !
They two are there for the first time,
And wait on bluffs, above all wood,

Beholding scenery, so sublime,
That high the cross in halo stood.
Here paused the prince, in awe profound,
His sense inhaled the heavenly scene ;
While sunset radiance sits around,
And sheds its rich resplendent sheen.



Then, as this paled and passed from sight,
The round whole moon made haste to rise,
With beaming locks of borrowed light,
That scarcely hid the hovering skies.
The mountain stood a massy stem,
As if to hold the earth above,

Or bear th' Almighty's diadem,
 That dazzles with divinest love !
 Here Guero gave himself to sleep—
 But the Ute King, all eye, all ear,
 Heard heavenly daimons,* holy, deep,
 Say : "Lo, 'tis good, Lord, to be here !"
 He saw how saints, from Heaven sent,
 The crucifixion still record,
 And talked of pitching there his tent,
 To look with them upon their Lord.
 High o'er him, too, he saw the "Swan"
 Around its ancient "Cross" entwined,
 Which other lands now looked upon
 And in their hearts its hopes enshrined.
 He thought, also, how continents
 All raise some cross of Rome or Greece,
 That pious men and penitents
 May pass into the ports of peace.
 So this mark set in mountain side
 Was, as "The Southern Cross" at sea,
 A gift of God to serve as guide
 And call him hence to Calvary.
 It was a symbol so well set
 In solemn silence on the side
 The mountain summit, that it met
 His want and seemed the world to chide,
 And set forth, too, the solemn fate
 Of such reformers as foresee
 Self-sacrifice essential yet
 To make foes friends, and set men free.
 So, prostrate here in suffering prayer,
 He groaned, as in Gethsemane :
 "God spare the Utes given to despair ;
 Let my life be their liberty ! "

* The Greek *daimon* (demon) meant disembodied spirits good or bad.

He groaned again in agony
 Till helped by angels out of Heaven,
 And all the martyrs' ministry
 Seemed in his grief as succor given.
 He felt the oft-told, fearful tale,
 That darkened lives despise the light ;
 That ignorants will even assail
 Their own redeemers unto right !
 And hence forebodings, full of fears,
 Confirmed his faith that he could fall
 A victim young to vice of years,
 To help atone—like martyrs all !
 And sighing for all sympathy
 That martyrs need, when near the stake,
 He touched Guero most tenderly,
 The weary man at once to wake.
 Just then the peak, with power of art
 Divine, revealed the rising day,
 And bade them early both depart ;
 To the wild camp pursue their way !
 A light repast, like "feasts of love," *
 Of melted snow and bread and meat,
 Prepared them for their early move,
 And soon they saw King Arrow's seat.
 But their dim path was difficult
 To feet unused to find that trail,
 And doubtful the desired result ;
 For several ways were sure to fail.
 At length Guero liked best to go
 Before his master to begin
 The parley and their purpose show,
 Arrow's good will to guide and win.
 His Prince, well pleased, this plan approved,
 And waited, sheltered from the wind
 And glare by rocks, while gladly moved
 His cautious guide with purpose kind.

* The Methodists use bread and water for their love feasts.

Here Konkaput composed a hymn
 That might be sung in many scenes,
 Suggested by some seraphim
 Who know what man's salvation means.

THE HOLY CROSS.—BY KONKAPUT.

The loftiest thing in human thought
 Is God's redeeming love,
 Which He from heaven in pity brought,
 Descending from above.
 Unto the cross, uplifted high,
 In ages long ago,



THE CREST OF MOUNT HOLY CROSS.

He came from heaven to do and die,
 And lift us from our woe.
 He came incarnate, God in Christ,
 To join our crown and cross :
 Redeeming love, who can resist !
 To lose that love, what loss !
 As God in man, great, meek, and good,
 He died that we might live ;
 And, rising to His brotherhood,
 Learn how our lives to give.

When He ascended out of sight,
 He set this symbol there,
 So clean and white in the clear light,
 And haloed in His air ; . . .
 Upon the topmost waves of time,
 He set this signet high,
 On mountain summits most sublime,
 And in the lofty sky.
 O most serene and blessed sight,
 And simple as sublime!
 I look on thee, and with delight
 Repeat my reverent rhyme,
 And hallow thee with all my heart
 To guide where'er I go ;
 And when from earth I soon depart,
 Make me white as thy snow.

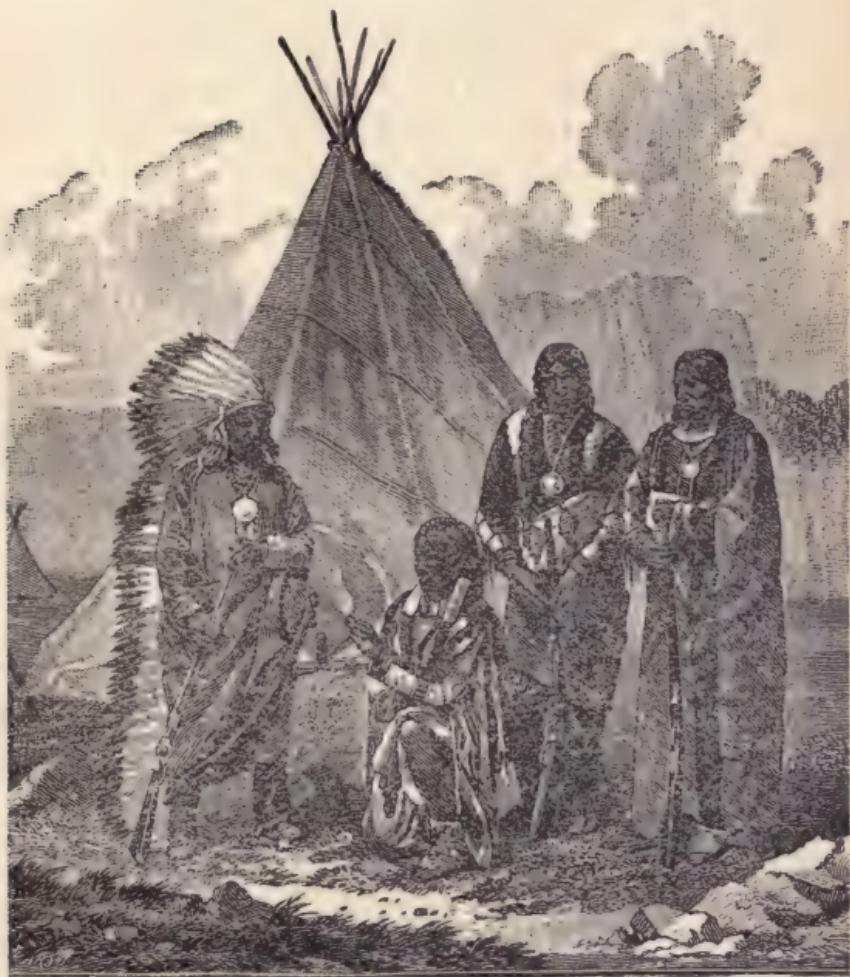
SCENES L.

THE STOLID TREACHERY, AND A TREMENDOUS STORM.

As Guero came to the Ute camp,
 His courage failed, and cringing fear
 Converted to the veriest scamp
 The Ute still deemed both staunch and dear.
 His meanness sold his master soon
 To Arrow's bold, ambitious will,
 For he agreed, that very noon,
 With comrades chos'n their Chief to kill ! *
 These, seeking back the sheltering rock,
 Soon reached their King in his retreat—

* Indians have opposed fancied usurpation more than efforts to teach religion. King Ouray was once visited by a young chief, named O-Se-Paw, who threatened to lead the tribe : and as he rode away the King ordered him shot, and the Indians approved. Still, they are superstitious now as in the days of Columbus, and fear the Great Spirit. Hence they have seldom killed religious teachers. Their opposition to Konkaput was political more than religious. What the White River Agency wanted, as we shall soon see, was more of religious truth from God, and less trust in their indolent and treacherous nature.

(The time with whites was two o'clock),
So they sought rest upon his seat.
The air was warm and winged away,
By simple buoyancy's ascent;
Till condensed moisture cooled the day,
And 'round the mountain's summit bent.



Soon hurrying clouds the heights command ;
Fierce lightnings leap forth through the air ;
And hiss and howl on every hand,
And lay strange hold on even their hair.

The scene—blent awful and sublime—

Seemed solemn as a judgment day—
When Jesus on the tops of time

Is come in clouds to claim His sway !
King Konkaput, with calm delight,

Declares to Guero, God in Christ,
Who, to foil wrong, defend the right,
Doth Nature's forces now enlist.

He says : “ This, subtle, sacred thing,
That glares thus in that awful gleam,
Shall yet to earth bright solace bring,
Like the Immanuel's living beam.

Soon wires will wind around this world,
And make all lands like living men,
And thoughts with lightning speed be hurled
Against bad errors that have been ;
Till threads of steel with Christ shall thrill
And summon all men to his seat,
Arraign the world just as he will,
And make mankind in converse meet.

So, as reverberating *sound*
Brings echo after echo near,
And grave alarms shake all the ground,
And our own heart-beats we can hear—
So, on those threads of solemn thought
Shall sounds from every social scene
Be from all lands together brought,
And all men know what all men mean.
That lightning's flash shall yet illume,
Without the thunder's wail, all things,
Till not a prince shall dare presume
To contemn Christ, as King of Kings.
So clear on clouds of Heaven I see
This Christ of God in goodness come,
That if so be He summon *me*,
He'll take me into Heaven, His home ! ”

Thus counseled them their kind Ute King !

Amid that mighty mountain storm,
While lightnings flash and thunders ring—
And prostrate falls the prayerless form
Of Guero ! lifeless on the ground !

His comrades cringe before his crime,
And pray their Prince, with awe profound,
To ask for them still further time !

SCENES I.I.

"HE CAME TO HIS OWN AND HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT."

They tried in vain to raise the dead :

Guero was waiting for his grave !
All Indian men have had much dread
Of death by lightning, of a brave ;
And these survivors, therefore, seek

The camp, by snow-clouds hid from sight,
With spirit broke too much to speak ;

They're even frenzied in their fright.
So Konkaput alone can give

A good account of Guero's end ;
Hence Arrow suffers him to live,

For this last kindness to his friend ;
But greets him as a "stranger guest,"

Incredulous of kin and creed,
Refusing even to be blessed

With knowledge waiting on his need.
He called a council in the case,

And put a vague, perverse appeal
To the rude passions of his race, . . .

"The fair usurper's fate" to seal.
He spoke with special emphasis,

That thrilled the thoughtless savage throngs
Of what the Ute holds yet as his,
His fancied rights and enforced wrongs,
And coolly claimed the continent—

In sure fee simple to the soil ;
 The world was his where'er he went,
 With none to spare what he would spoil !

KING KONKAPUT REPLIES TO ARROW'S CANT.

Then their true King in tones thus kind,
 Says : "Friends of Konkaput, give ear !
 A moment lend me all your mind,
 And what I say with candor, hear !
 King Arrow's words I will admit,
 Concerning both our wrongs and rights—
 So far as facts are found to fit.

But I have seen far better sights,
 And have in me much higher mind
 Than to roam wild o'er rock and wood,
 And hunt and kill just what we find,
 And get or hope no higher good.
 The parks and woods through which we pass,
 And poorly hold that put in hand,
 Where elks grow fat on herbs and grass,

With simplest care would soon command
 The best of fruits for Utes and beasts ;
 Like corn and wheat, and apples, too,
 And we could feed on constant feasts,
 And fare as well as white folks do.

Instead of wigwams, we'd in time
 Have large and happy lands and homes,
 And laws protecting life from crime
 Of every vagabond that roams ;
 Yes, we'd have *homes* instead of haunts,
 And well stocked farms instead of foes ;
 We'd put on hats and coats and pants,
 And vests and shirts, and socks and shoes.
 To temples we would turn those pines ;
 With precious arts that wise men use
 This mountain would be changed to mines,
 If you'd be wise and civilize ;



KING KONKAPUT'S LAST APPEAL.

But if you will live like wild bears,
 And, wandering waste unbounded wealth,
 The Whites shall seize the whole in shares,
 Nor can you stamp their acts as stealth.
 I know man's title to the ground
 Is first, indeed, from the Great Spirit,
 And is a question so profound,
 So high, so mighty, of such merit,
 Abuses of it will abound ;
 That after God—the owner, giver—
 Men soon become its buyers, sellers ;
 As if their heirs may own forever;
 But where are now the old cliff-dwellers ?
 And how bought we their lands and waters ?
 And what our claim upon these mountains,
 To deed them to our sons and daughters,
 With all their forests, fields and fountains ?
 God first gave man a fruitful garden,
 And placed therein to plow and keep it
 The first of men for its first warden—
 Now, to sow grain and go and reap it,
 When it doth grow as God doth bless it,
 Is like his plan when he first planted
 That garden field given man to dress it
 And have therewith whate'er he wanted.
 So had we proved our soil productive,
 And met the ends God had in making,
 He'd see no hand, howe'er seductive,
 Filch that land by forceful taking.

But there was once an ancient Canaan
 Which sacrificed sons in the fire,
 And that peoples' life did soon expire !
 Though severed far by time and ocean,
 That teaches what all times require—
 That is, survival of the fittest ;

That races live by living rightly.

Those long since dead, like those now latest,
All held life's tenure loosely, tightly,

As they regard real good the rightest ;
That men to hold ground must improve it,

In aid of comity and kindness ;
Both learn what's right, and learn to love it,

Nor blast the soil by sin and blindness.
I know we're wronged by knaves and robbers,

By lecherous men and by mean liars,
By men unjust and base stock-jobbers—

And of these facts are no deniers ;
Yet this is so, since ye are so

Unsuited to your times and places,
And what you need is that you know

What ill and good await all races.
Some Indians wronged have thereby risen ;

The persecuted Cherokees
Have now a land almost elysian,

With prospects that more highly please.
Still every point King Arrow stated

Would seem two-sided, to be sure,
And men with pride may be elated,

Yet still appear perversely poor.

(TWO MODELS—CIVIL, SAVAGE.)

I have two models in my mind :

One is a well taught Choctaw town,
Where all the people are so kind,

Each has a house and farm his own.
There homesteads, churches schools are seen,

And business hums like hives of bees ;
There children play upon the green,

And birds sit singing in the trees,
And naught seems miserable or mean.

There's in my mind this other scene—

A Ute tepee—here, at this time !

The contrast is like that between
Christianity and cruel crime.
Oh ! the centuries of dishonor
In such low and savage lives,



Doing in no deed nor manner
That by which the white man thrives !
We're now living on the bounty
Of earth's most enlightened nation,

That has pleasant homes of plenty
Beautiful for situation,
Paying us for every acre



More than red men ever paid,
And—in spite of liquor, lucre—
Is in earnest in our aid.

I have two pictures which I got
 In some far eastern Indian schools—
 One is a lazy looking lot
 Of what folks might mistake for fools.
 The other picture is of pearls—
 Once the same cringing, sorry crowd—
 But now good Indian boys and girls,
 Of whom you would yourselves be proud !
 They first were diamonds in the rough—
 Fine ornaments, not formed as yet—
 But now they're nice and bright enough ;
 The same and yet a different set :
 In four full moons this change was wrought—
 A change full worthy to be sought.
 Here in my hand I hold a Book ;
 It has the written words of God—
 Who lately so these mountains shook.
 As on these peaks his footsteps trod !
 If you could look on nations now—
 On the degraded and the good,
 Their difference, as facts would show,
 Is, how this Book is understood.

This Bible makes barbarians wise ;
 Is read by wise men every day ;
 It aids all reading men to rise,
 If they'll believe it and obey ;
 It lends clear light to darkest lands ;
 It leads to wise and worthy lives,
 And, by its Gospel and Commands,
 Makes happy households, husbands, wives ;
 It changes savages to saints,
 And joins their tribes into just states ;
 It heals the world's wicked complaints,
 And now on my Ute nation waits !
 I'm come, dear Utes, to educate
 Your children in the school, the Church ;

To start you toward a higher state,
Assisting you the truth to search,
And "learn to labor and to wait."

We must have patience, persevere,
In efforts to arise and shine.

I have Apache samples here
That are inspiring and divine,

Whose children once seemed low and vile,
But are, as I did just describe,

So much improved at school meanwhile
They'd truly ornament our tribe !

So here I'm come, King Coloro's son,

To lead you up to civil life,
Resulting, sure as rivers run,

In more of strength and less of strife ;
Till you'll have towns, useful machines,

Like clocks for time to click its haste,
And cars and mills, increasing means

The world to use, but not to waste.
To all King Arrow's argument,

I render this condensed reply :
The whole vast Christian continent

Is given by God to industry ;
Enriched by mines and ripening grains

More useful than Utes ever saw,
Till righteousness eternal reigns

Through learning, labor, love and law !
I'm here to help you now to read,

That you may hear the voice of Heaven ;
I love you all ; I do indeed !

And for your good my life I've given !
I am your King, and yet have come

To cherish and to cheer your Chief ;
I'll help you each to have a home ;

I'll give you all God's own relief !
Believe me ; 'tis true Bible-men

That wish your good in every way ;

The bad and vile alone have been
 Disposed to harm and lead astray ;
 O, take this Book of Blessings, then ;
 Let Heaven's sweet love have perfect sway ! ”

THEIR KING THEY KILL.

As Konkaput thus plead the cause
 Of savages so saved by grace,
 And laid down Heaven's divinest laws
 That reach and lift the lowest race ;
 Just as he spoke of work and wealth,
 And of that Book's life-giving breath,
 One with stiletto, drawn by stealth,
 Stepped up and stabbed his back to death !
 And as the strokes with life-blood streamed,
 All rushed around with savage yell ;
 Yet like some Christ the young King seemed !
 As he defenseless, dying fell,
 He groaned in prayer : “ Great God, forgive
 This deed ! They know not what they do !
 I die for them : O, let them live,
 And learn to trust in what is true ! ”

When this was said, the King was dead !
 If they could know they've killed their King,
 And learn to take the laws he taught,
 His reign of righteousness would bring
 The ceaseless sceptre he had sought ;
 Then Christ's own crown to him is brought !

SCENES LII.

TWO INDIAN FUNERALS AND THE RELICS FOUND.

Two Indian funerals to attend !

The thoughts of thunder and the dead,
Of Konkaput, their King and friend,

Who seemed so sage in what he said,
Made the tepee of tender mind,

Caused a few consciences to feel
Compunction of the keenest kind,

And Arrow could not his conceal.

He, therefore, bade that his best horse
Should die and share with the deceased—

To help remove the sore remorse
That breathed of murder in his breast.

His favorite dog he forced to die,

And lie down with the lonely dead,
To bear them kindly company

When they should leave, like shades, their bed
And trudge on through eternity.

He took from Konkaput with care

Some papers, moist and stained with gore,
Which he presumed were either prayer

Or wise enchantments that he wore ;
For it would seem he did so wear

These charms brought, cherished, to his breast,
They were so fondly folded there,

In very lining of his vest,

To be, of all his keepsakes, best.

King Arrow not a word could read ;

So he forthwith wished some pale face
To help his Indian heart, indeed,

The true intent therefrom to trace.

He put them in a parchment pouch

To keep them covered, dry and clean,
Till some wise voice would soon avouch

What manuscripts so choice must mean ;
And soon we have another scene.

SCENES LIII.

FRIEND MERCER'S ENTRY ON THE SCENE.

“Nathaniel Mercer,”—now well known,
 As “tutor of the young Ute King,”—
 Was not a man to live alone,
 When a good wife is a good thing ;
 So he had wed a bride whose blood
 Did flush deep red upon her face,
 When by her spouse she speechless stood
 And read the call to save his race,
 Which Konkaput compactly wrote
 And sent them from the Ute frontier ;
 And now, inspired by that note,
 Upon the scene they both appear,
 In hope the savages to save—
 As the dead King had begged them do—
 And brought with them their daughter brave,
 Yet no more brave than bright and true.
 She was a choice and winsome child,
 Like “Father Mercer,” meek and fair,
 With laughing ways, not loose nor wild,
 But as elastic as the air ;
 On whom her hours had easy whiled,
 As she seemed in their songs to share ;
 For smooth-faced seasons fondly smiled
 To culture her with kindly care—
 A jasmine vine with virtues rare.
 So father, mother, Jessamine—
 Three philanthropic, faithful hearts—
 Appear with purpose on the scene ;
 They've sought the Utes, to teach them arts
 And useful industries betimes ;
 They're come for the experiment,
 To crowd out cruel lust for crimes
 By careful toil and true content ;
 For this—no more—friend Mercer meant !
 To teach them work he chiefly went.

Just at this juncture, thus they came,
To raise from ruin the rude race ;
They'd heard somewhat of Arrow's fame
And left the plains to find his place.
Mercer had made one desert smile
And breathe with fragrance bright and fresh ;
So now with good he would beguile
Such flocks and herds of human flesh.
He met the tribe's chief mountain train
In their demure and slow descent
To go into the parks again ;
And with them thitherward he went.
At first he found naught of his friend,
No trace of his so tragic fate ;
Yet dreamed that some most dreadful end
Would on himself and his await.
He ne'er had talked an Indian tongue,
Nor might now plan how to make plain
The whole-souled cause to which he clung ;
But slowly feared his friend was slain.

At first a clue ; for some such clothes
As Konkaput's, King Arrow wore ;
And in their Anglo-Indian oaths
Some swaggering Utes about them swore,
In such a way, by words and signs,
That he suspected some foul play.
He watched, with dread, some dire designs
Upon his life, both night and day ;
But they made signs that he was safe :
They'd lay no hand upon his life,
And charged that he should no more chafe
With fear for his dear child or wife.
Although they lived as without law,
And strongly conscious of their strength,
They watched their guests with guarding awe,
And longed for intercourse. At length,

Arrow's heart ached to hear them read
The papers found on Konkaput ;
But shuddered so to show the deed,
A sense of shame sealed his mouth shut.
The wardrobe Arrow had well worn
Seemed Konkaput's, or such as his ;
But soon that Bible, soiled and torn,
Preserved and full of prophesies,
With margin notes, well named and made
By Konkaput's own careful hand,
Was one day down by Mercer laid,
And, as it stood upon his stand,
Though speechless, their friend's death displayed.
Then Arrow brought the papers he
Took wet from Konkaput still warm,
In parchment put so tenderly,
And cherished as the dead Chief's charm ;
And when their contents became known,
All joined in weeping ; Jessamine
Declaring, with devoutest moan,
"Such words and deeds were so divine,
The Ute King died as to atone !"
Then Arrow owned the dreadful crime,
With piercing wails of penitence,
Confessing, also, at the time,
King Konkaput's inheritance.
Then for their King all sigh and cry :
"O Konkaput, our King and friend,
Alas ! and thou didst live and die
For others' good, even to the end !
Thy life a loving ministry ;
Thy very death a victory !"

SCENES LIV.

THE PAPERS FOUND ON KONKAPUT.

The papers Arrow called "a charm,"
 Taken from Konkaput when dead,
 Stained with his blood, still moist and warm,
 Were mostly letters, Mercer read,
 From Trapper Clark's most trusted friend
 To tell this benefactor's fate,
 And some that did the Ute's fees send,
 When he was east to educate.
 One said : "Clark's dying love and grace
 Pleaded the cause of the 'Ute King,'
 And prayed for every abject race—
 He went to Heaven thus worshiping !'
 Two others were from Zinziba,
 Who did in Lincoln's cause enlist ;
 And from the gambler, Borgia,
 Who fell as a philanthropist—
 Of these just read, this is the gist :



ZINZIBA.

[HIS LETTER TO KONKAPUT.]

"Near Wagner's Fort : Dear friend so long,
 Where slavery and gaunt famine's wolf
 Were hunting us with hate and wrong,
 And we lived in loved ones' behalf ;

I write to tell you I am here ;
 That soon we move to make attack
 On forts that full of fates appear,
 And may be I shall ne'er come back.
 If I shall fall, proclaim to all,
 I dared as a doomed martyr die !
 I came for conscience to the call
 That all my race be free as I,
 And when the flags of freedom wave
 In triumph over slavery,
 The enfranchised slave shall from my grave
 Reap a diviner destiny."

Zinziba—so the story runs—

Thus fought and at Fort Wagner fell ;
 Whose widow and their little ones
 Were cared for by their country well ;
 While Borgia, a bold dying man,
 Wrote from a "Rebel Prison Pen,"
 Scratched with a nail on an old pan,
 And copied thence by other men :



HUGH BORGIA.
 (The Gambler Reformed to a Philanthropist.)

[BORGIA'S BENIGN APPEAL.]

"Ho, all ye peoples, be it understood,
 There is no greatness but in being good ;

There is no pleasure like the Christian plan,
 Which makes men better by belief in man,
 Treads here the path the Prince of Peace hath
 trod,
 And makes men wiser by the will of God !
 There's no security in civil life
 Where strong with weak struggle in wasteful
 strife,
 There's no good government against the right,
 Nor where the weak are so by wicked might ;
 For, sure as faith, all races shall be free,
 By sweets of love or swords of liberty !
 Then let oppressors learn this prudent path :
 'Provoke good will to men and not God's wrath !'
 Yea Lord, in this I yield my life to thee,
 And hope from Heav'n the ransomed earth to
 see,
 Rejoicing in thy realm so just and right :
 O, Lord, let there be light ! let there be light !'
 So Borgia passed into eternity.

SCENES LV.

THE PENCILED NOTES OF KONKAPUT.

King Konkaput kept in his coats,
 And round his Bible, a small roll
 Of poems, pencilings and notes,
 Which said what subjects cheered his soul.
 One was a record of renown
 That showed how many wandering tribes
 Now live in houses of their own.
 Another paper then describes
 The way he hoped his tribe to win
 From vagabondage, beastly vice,
 And every savage source of sin,
 Before his own presaged demise.

Such data seem almost divine ;
 They indicate his heart indeed,
 For on each leaf Christ's love doth shine
 So clear and bright the blind can read.
 It says : " I'll teach my Utes to toil ;
 Will turn their wishes toward the plains,
 To seek for fields some fertile soil,
 That we can fill with fruits and grains ;
 I'll teach their youth to read and write,
 And give their souls God's saving love ;
 Yes, my poor Utes may yet unite
 With good below and God above ! "

The notes were notable indeed,
 For their far-reaching thought and facts,
 Relating both to human need
 And heartlessness of human acts.
 The poems, full of pith and power,
 Were, some, as apt as earth e'er saw ;
 And one, adapted to the hour,
 Was on the death of Colonel Shaw,
 And writ t' unfold how poor " Zeeb " fell,
 His future witness to foretell.



COL. ROBT. G. SHAW,

A noble Boston boy, who was buried under twenty of his colored braves that fell with him in their charge on Fort Wagner, S. C. He had said: " If I am killed, these colored boys will honor me ! In history they'll rise and be my witnesses."

SCENES LVI.

"THESE BE MY WITNESSES."

Sweet witnesses are such, to swear,

By all the blood drawn from their veins,
By all the power of faith and prayer,

By all the debt of stripes and pains,
By all the lust and crime confessed,

By wrongs ancestral, rank and deep,
With fearful ratio unredressed—

Enough to make an angel weep—
That brave black men, brought here by theft,
And long degraded down as slaves,
Can not by treason be bereft
Of their birth-right as Freedom's Braves!"

Rare witnesses, to rise and stand

Within the Nation's Judgment Hall,
As if with bayonet in hand

To drive "Dread Scott-hood" to the wall;
In Halls of Congress to appear

And plead, like Christ, their living cause,
From age to age, and year to year,
Demanding just and equal laws;
And each quadrennial to stand—

That sable score, with solemn air—
Before the White House, to demand

That equal rights reign always there!
High witnesses are they, henceforth,

Against all tyrants, till that day
When proud oppressors, South and North

Shall hear the Judge of all men say:
"In that ye have not done to these,

My poorest brethren though they be,
The deeds of pity that I please,

Ye have not done them unto me!"

In every age and everywhere

These martyred men shall rise and tell

The world to keep with willing care
 The famous spot whereon they fell !
 Shaw's witnesses, to share his deed,
 Held in reserve in his own grave,
 To rise in every time of need
 And plead the cause of every slave ;
 In poesy to rise and sing
 The sublime meed of such a doom,
 When future freedmen fondly bring
 Their cherished chaplets to this tomb ;
 To rise in history and crown
 His young and beauteous Saxon brow
 With moral grandeur, that renown
 Before which Fame herself shall bow !
 Christ's witnesses ! The King of Kings
 Will own their worth in all the earth
 And breathe a beniz'en that brings
 Hope's blessings to my heathen birth.
 For, if the negro race now rise
 And come to life in Christian lands,
 A sublime motive this supplies
 To my red race of roving bands.
 Heaven speed the day, and haste its dawn,
 When races, white and black and red,
 Shall all, in well-drilled legions drawn,
 March for the Truth with mingled tread.
 My Indian race must not decrease !
 Whatever to me may betide,
 I'll teach to practice arts of peace
 With good my goal and God my guide.
 Though long race struggles rend the land,
 I'll face the future without fear,
 And still undaunted will I stand
 And hark my Maker's voice to hear ;
 For God is good and good is God,
 And wisdom its own way shall win ;
 My race shall bow before His rod

As children chastened for their sin.
And my poor Utes must yet appear,
Exalted by Heaven's aiding hand,
Advancing upward year by year,
Till in both Church and State they stand ;
Aye, children taught in church and school,
Shall lift their hopes to life and Heaven,
And have their rights, and help to rule—
The greatest good to mortals given !
Far down the future I do see
Ute children's children cherishing
The fruits of Truth on Freedom's tree,
With all oppressions perishing !
The pale-faced nation soon shall know
What rights and wrongs are in array,
Nor wish our weakness, want and woe,
Nor war to wipe us all away !
But millions wasted to make worse
Shall be well used to make us wise,
To convert every vicious curse
Into progressive enterprise ;
Yes, the Ute race will yet arise
With a wise effort to be free ;
Men agonize to earn their prize,
And lives well lost win liberty !
The future's bright before my eyes !

SCENES LVII.

ARROW'S REPENTANCE AND REFORMING POWER.

Those letters from the lifeless form
Of Konkaput—that seemed to be
Stained with his blood, still wet and warm,
So freely shed to set them free—
Gave Arrow a grand range of grief ;
For his best friend, when but a boy,

Kind Konkaput, their Christian Chief,
 He had dictated to destroy,
 Through "bitterness of unbelief!"
 The relics all, as read, were rare,
 And took such hold upon his heart
 That he soon came to Christ in prayer,
 And thence pursued a Christian's part ;
 Led forth his tribe with useful laws,
 As their great Chief, chastened with grief,
 Their wisest Sachem ever was,
 Of Indian diplomats, the chief,
 Proclaiming Konkaput's own cause,
 Now born of his benign belief.
 He sought out haunts in peaceful scenes,
 Securing him a civil home,
 Where peaks confront, and intervenes
 A royal park where Utes might roam,
 And yet where he might have his field,
 Hire helpers for his harvesting,
 And thence his worthy sceptre wield
 O'er all the Utes, as their own King,—
 His squaw, Chopeta, cherishing.

A later sort of legend saith :
 At that sad season of the years,
 He went, indeed, until his death,
 To wet the turf with his warm tears
 And sound abroad his broken sighs—
 (Like David by Chief Abner's bier)—
 Where Holy Cross could hear his cries,
 And peaks to peaks echo replies :
 "My nation's hope was made known here !
 A wise Ute King was once killed here ;
 My Konkaput was martyred here !"

SCENES LVIII.

THE MERCERS' MISSION.

Mercer, both manly, bold and meek,
 Unto his heathen brethren brought
 The needed arts they never seek
 And tirelessly those arts he taught.
 He went forth with them, even where
 The trappers plied their peltry trade,
 And then induced these Indians there
 Awhile, indeed, to lend their aid.



“TUTOR MERCER.”

Ditches were dug for watering fields ;
 Fields were platted, plowed and sown ;
 Young harvests rose in ripening yields,
 And every worker won his own.
 Houses appeared among the hills ;
 Hammers were heard resounding high,
 And meadows, shops and flouring mills
 Were soon beheld by passers by.

The desert blossomed as the rose :

Domestic birds and beasts abound ;

He sought for friends 'mong savage foes,

And fancied all is peace profound !

Mistress Mercer's frugal mind

Helped Ute women here to sew ;

Kept them to papposes kind ;

Taught them household duties, too.

Jassamine, that joy of girls,

Turned a teacher in a trice,

And, more precious far than pearls,

Made Ute misses neat and nice.

She loved children, too, from choice ;

Won their love by winning ways ;

And ne'er bird had sweeter voice

Than hers sounding heavenly praise.

Her little garden was aglow

With fragrant wild flowers, fresh and fair.

Pond lillies white and pure as snow

And heliotropes exhaled in air ;

Wild roses with their welted ring,

So rich in rare simplicity,

A fit corona for a King,

Vied with each tamed variety.

And as Ute braves are passing by,

And take slight squints at the white squaw,

The Indian women wonder why

They don't such admiration draw—

A sweet bouquet is her reply.

Here let us drop the legend veil ;

A "key" is left us to unlock

The untold future of their tale

That may full many a maiden shock ;

For fiction is less strange than facts,

And truths of a rude, treacherous race

Are read the best in their real acts :

Next, these we'll try in truth to trace.



CHALK CUT OF PAWNEES AT CARLISLE, 1889.

THE KEY OF KONKAPUT,

OR

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

THE FATE OF THE MEEKER FAMILY:

THE MASSACRE, CAPTIVITY AND RESCUE;

ADAMS, OURAY AND SHAWSHEEN,

AND

"GOD BLESS SUSAN."



NATHANIEL C. MEEKER.

THE KEY.

SCENES LIX.

BREAKING THE SECRET.

The long bound secret let us break !

The scene of Shawsheen's sacrifice,
And her salvation from the stake

No supple legend now supplies.
An army officer asserts

That by his force the brave squaw's fate
Was changed from death to her deserts—

But his account *he* can best state :
He says : "On Cache Poudre's plain,
Where stands a patronymic town,
A brave Ute girl, bound to be slain,
Was found, in rank of first renown,
And rescued (as before we read)

When round her rose the ring of fire,
And she was deemed as good as dead,
The victim of most vile desire!"

This soldier hence called her "Susan,"
A Jewish name that meaneth "joy,"
And sent her with a courteous man,*

Who did his best despatch employ
To reach the far-off Ute tepee ;

Found there her nearest, dearest friends,
And for them set the captive free,

Supposing there her history ends.
"Nathaniel Mercer," Meeker now,
The type and father of that town
Which places high in rank the plow,
As loaded harvests long have shown,

* Interpreter Curtis accompanied the rescued captive to her own overjoyed people.

Became official "Indian Friend;"
 And, with his wife and daughter, he
 Went off to the "White River Bend"
 To teach the Utes true industry :
 With this man's fate mere fictitious end—
 Nothing's so tragic as real tragedy !

SCENES LX.

'THE MASSACRE OF THE WHITE MEN.'

This man, with masterly attempt,
 Made houses, gardens, orchards, farms,
 On which "poor Indians" poured contempt ;
 Incapable of civil charms.
 His wife, a refined woman rare,
 Was regular as Order's rule,
 And her young maid was meek and fair,
 And scolded not in her Ute school.
 His employés were excellent,
 Well purposed people every one ;
 True coadjutors, kind, content,
 And doing well what could be done.
 Upon their homes the Heavens smiled ;
 Beneath their hands bright harvests waved ;
 And every one—man, woman, child—
 Was with the Indians well-behaved.
 But on a soft September day,
 When peace seemed sweet as Paradise,
 And light, like a loved halcyon, lay
 Upon the dale, savage device
 Leapt on this laboring of pure love,
 Pillaged and sack'd the sacred scene,
 Martyred the men, ere they could move,
 And strewed their corpses on the green.
 There Meeker, Thompson, Shepard, Post,
 Eaton, Eskridge, Dresser, Price,
 A prostrate, hallowed, precious host
 Of martyrs by most brutal vice,

Were gathered from their gory bed
Where fire and ball had felled them all,
And garnered down as goodly dead
Beneath the cotton-willows tall ;
While far away their forlorn wives
And children rode in cheerless pain,
With threats to torture out their lives
If they ceased not to mourn their slain ;
Yes, mothers, children, the fair maid,
Were captives of that caravan
Of red men, who had made the raid
Upon a preconcerted plan.
The lazy, lousy libertines
Forced female virtue, so forlorn,
Adding to murder all the sins
Of Adam's race since sin was born.
'Tis due to truth that we declare
Rape, arson, murder, theft, all, crown
This raid of pampered red men there—
And history doth hand it down !
Language but fai's us to lay bare
The base design thus to destroy
A first class effort, kind and rare,
To lead the Utes to peace and joy.
The noble story 's stated new :
"I would have saved you : ye would not!"
"Alas ! they know not what they do!"
Falls still the groan that's still forgot.
The army, all America,
On hearing the intelligence,
Are dumb, amazed ! at this display
Of diabolic ignorance ;
While human sympathy's suspense
Seeks solace from Heaven's holy seat,
And goeth up to gather hence
Mercy for such emergence meet !

SCENES LXI.

MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER AND THE YOUNG DEFENDER,
FRANK DRESSER.

Good Josephine—God bless her!—

In the attacking hour,

Spoke to her young friend Dresser,

These words of point and power :

“Here, Frank, take Price’s rifle !

Your duty must be clear,
For ‘tis no time to trifle ;

The fiends are hovering near ! ”

Then, with this weapon rested

Upon the window sill,
His timely aim he tested

A killing Ute to kill.

The stalwart Indian, wounded,

Fell instantly, stone dead !

The foe was thus confounded,

And the women safely fled.

Now see them flying, crying,

Into the copse near by !

In sight of dead and dying,

Hear, too, that savage cry !

The flashing bang of rifles,

The flying up of flames,

The sacking whoop that stifles

All mention of their names,

While Frank is bravely covering

The women’s swift retreat !

Then wounded, weak with suffering,

He flies with thorn pierced feet,

Into the bustling sage brush,

But stands by woman still,

Till all the Utes, enraged, rush

Crying “kill him ! kill ! kill !!!”

But to the women, “hold ! hush ! ”

As them they held, he hasted
From sight among the sage,
Till weary hours were wasted—
Each hour an anxious age !

Then in dim twilight, dreary,
He slyly scanned the slain,
Then went forth sad and weary,
Weeping with grief and pain,
And reached—no way-side tavern,
No house upon the heath—

But a cold, late dug cavern
To lie down lone in death ;
To spend last hours in sorrow,
With friends all far away !

He may not hail the morrow ;
He'll die ere dawn of day !

The fatal wounds were flowing ;
The keen-point cacti stung ;
And while the night was going
His rest was anguish wrung !

He'd sought help from the soldiers ;
He'd hoped to reach his home ;
But stormed by Ute stadt-holders (?)

His hour of death has come !

His fleeting moans are muffled,
For fear the foes will hear ;
His mortal coil is shuffled ;
No mortal caring near ;

His coat and rocks as pillows,
His gun set at his side,
As one beneath the billows
So struggled he, and died !

SCENES LXII.

FRANK DRESSER'S FIGHT ALONE WITH DEATH.

That brilliant youth, thus brave and young,
Hid in a hole they had cut for coal,
And in this secret place there sung,
Or rather, sighed away his soul :
"Alas ! Indeed I'm here with death !
Lo ! I must die—must die alone ;
No parting word ! No pitying breath !
My fate is now to all unknown !
Ah ! did I say "Alone with Death !"
All die alone—alone with God !
Who brought me both my life and breath,
Where'er my truant feet have trod ;
Who lead me on from youth to man ;
Whose spirit oft spoke in my ear :
"This life at best is but a span,
And every day is dying here !"
Alone, indeed, with death and God !
I fall before their bidding fate
And reach the hand that holds the rod—
Though suffering here by savage hate !
I'm not afraid, O Death, to die !
The Savior of my soul I see,
By this lone bed whereon I lie,
A mighty Christ has come to me !
Farewell, this world of fearful war !
Farewell, even foes and far-off friends !
I'll join beloved ones just before ;
I'll dwell with ye when dying ends !
O Death, stern Death, where is thy sting ?
My body, not my soul's distressed ;
Thou dost not come as Terror's King ;
Thou kindly bring'st me to Christ's breast,
There now I'm blessed with painless rest !

SCENES LXIII.

FAREWELL TO FATHER MEEKER.

(Published first during the captivity.)

Mr. Meeker said : "I came to this agency with the full belief that I could civilize the Utes; that I could teach them to work and become self-supporting. I thought that I could establish schools and instruct both Indians and their children in learning. I have given my best efforts to this end, always treating them kindly, but firmly. They have eaten at my table and received continued kindness from my wife and daughter, and all the employés about the agency; and now the man for whom I have done the most has turned on me without the slightest provocation, and would have killed me but for the white laborers who got me away. They are an unreliable and treacherous race. Their whole complaint is against plowing the land, against work and against the schools."—*Father Meeker to Colonel Steele, September 10, 1879.*

Thou guileless martyr, friend of man and God,
Who hast defined our nation's duty now
So blamelessly and sealed it with thy blood—
That red men must be made to read and plow—
A monument is rising to thy name
Which never will be found to fade or fall ;
Thy tragic death has given thee deathless fame ;
Thy name's revered by all, both great and small.
'Twere vain to tell thee of the tearful voice
That mourned thy death and men, both night
and day :
Earth's sorrows would not make thy soul rejoice,
Nor wash thy guileful murderer's guilt away.
Though thou didst plead for life both loud and long,
Now a great nation grieves about thy grave,
Nor is it strange to say that nation's strong
And full of brilliant forms both firm and brave.
Large bodies slowly move to save even life ;
Yet heroes hastened as half out of breath,

And gallant Thornburg greeted first the strife,
 And daring men foretasted even thy death ;
Till a beleaguered band, for thine own sake,
 Did bleed and famish 'mid the bloody foe,
And sable men did such forced marches make
 Their fellow-soldiers' fate with thine to know.
'Twere vain to tell thee of the cruel vice
 Imbedded deep in the imbruted brain
Of hardened Utes, who, like the hidden ice-
 Berg floating in the billowy main,
Would bruise and break the worthiest bark
 That links all lands and labor into one :
Thou knowest too well the way they, in the dark,
 Deep wastes, do hide their wicked deeds when
done !

It were not wise to wait and watch the scene
 Where employés would plow and plant the
place,
That grain might grow and stand in living green,
 To cheer and cherish such a churlish race ;
Nor dare we speak in fancy's fearful spell
 Our thought of captives killed, or kept away
From aching hearts wherein they ever dwell,
 And feed our faith and fears whene'er we pray.
But, "Father Meeker," thee we bid farewell !

We need not think of thee as though now dead ;
Thy sweet resolves of good shall rise and swell
 Above the guilt that built thy gory bed,
And breathe forth blessings from the breast of
 Time,
Till Time herself shall drape this hurrying
sphere
With crapen weeds for man's last cruel crime,
 And catch with tenderest care his latest tear.

SCENES LXIV.

THE SIEGE OF OUR SOLDIERS.

The day they martyred Meeker,
The Utes attacked our troops,
With blast and storm far bleeker
Than ever shipwrecked sloops.
The night Dresser lay dying
The troops, besieged, lay bare,
And deadly foes, defying,
Kept regal guard in air!
From the bold heights above them,
They hurled down leaden hail;
So that to march or move them,
Or stand, were still to fail.
Those fortresses of Nature
The soldiers had to pass,
Were more than men of stature,
And "mighty men" en masse,
Or howitzers of brass.
Thence, like the thunder's lightning,
When pent up torrents pour,
Hid "braves" their heights kept brightening
'Mid rapid death shots' roar,
And if a soldier lifted
His luckless head in sight,
Swift bullets fast were sifted
Like shot from a tower's height.
Six days they so beleaguer
The "boys in blue" there bound;
While to besieged besieger
Seems hovering all around—
Their hole* dug in the ground!
Six days! Then safety entered,

* The soldiers dug a large pit, using the earth for embankment, but could neither go for water nor send forth a messenger; nor could they go in force to find their hidden foes without all falling one by one in the futile effort.

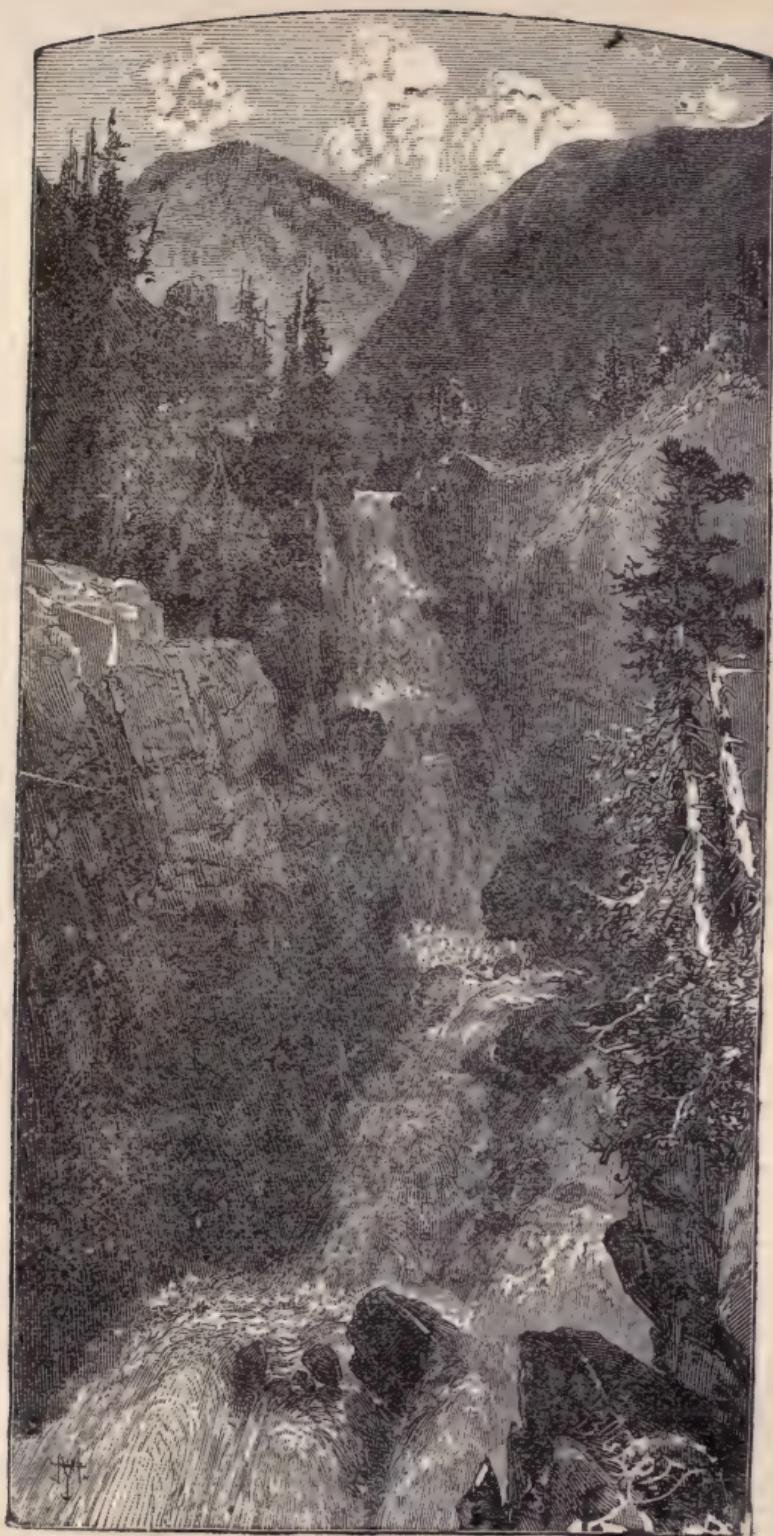
With shout and weeping song
 Where siege with death had centered
 And hours seemed ages long !
 Let us prolong that shout and song.

SCENES LXV.

THE SOLDIERS' SUPPLICATION AND SONG ENDING THE SIEGE.

The Sabbath morn, through brightest air,
 Heard troops forlorn breathing this prayer :
 "Thou Captain of Salvation,
 We can but come to Thee ;
 Who seest our situation,
 What our sad fate must be !
 Is there no help from Heaven ?
 Is there no aid on Earth ?
 Is there no succor given,
 To guide us safely forth ?
 Almighty Savior hear us,
 And raise this savage siege !
 O ! make these Utes yet fear us,
 And own the Lord, their Liege !"

While the besieged are praying,
 There comes deliverance kind,
 The bugle's calls are playing,
 And shouts waft on the wind !
 Then joins Merritt, the General,
 With Captains Dodge and Payne ;
 To mingle faith and funeral
 Of both the saved and slain ;
 And brave Lieutenant Cherry,
 And soldiers, cheer on cheer,
 Make Sabbath morning merry
 With songs we still can hear.
 For thus in soul they're singing,
 With weeping and delight,



Till rocks and trees are ringing
 And height echoes to height :
 "Sing praise for our salvation
 To Him by whom we live ;
 United adoration
 To God, our Savior, give !"
 The Lord, our Liege, hath raised the siege !

SCENES LXVI.

THE MARTIAL MOURNING OVER OUR MARTYRED MEN.

Those heroes rescued, heed !
 "The dead bury their dead !"
 How slow and sad, indeed,
 They march with muffled tread
 To lay beneath the sod
 Each fallen injured form,
 Whose soul had gone to God
 Out of that savage storm !
 Their duty to the dead
 Is seen in every eye ;
 In tears so timely shed ;
 In silence and in sigh ;
 In "volleys" * sadly fired ;
 In sacred service said,
 And talk as they retired :
 "These duties to the dead
 Suggest that yonder sun
 Hath not yet ever seen
 A massacre—not one—
 More base than this hath been !
 Ne'er a completer case,
 Of cruel, vicious crime,

* Mr. H. H. Hamilton, who went with the troops under Gen. Merritt, said: "The body of Mr. Meeker, found with a barrel stave in his mouth and a log chain round his neck, was buried with military honors, the soldiers firing a volley over his grave, and scarcely a dry eye was seen among the men who performed the sad duty."

Hath risen from any race,
In all the rounds of time!"

So said the sorrowing band,
That buried there the slain,
In such lone, savage land;
That they might there remain
And consecrate the ground
To grander life and growth,
Till benefits abound
To slay both vice and sloth!

SCENES LXVII.

THE PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

(Published during their captivity.)

While sad hearts are bleeding and hopes lying dead,
And silent harps hang where the willow tree waves,
. And the Angel of Song bows in sorrow his head
Where the Muses sit mourning o'er fresh martyr graves,
A suspense far more painful, concerning the fair—
The mothers, the maid, in captivity led—
Makes fancy, affection and faith fill the air
With visions more vivid than ever were read.
The faces maternal, majestic with love,
And glowing with patience, so glad in the past;
And the virgin, with virtue all values above,
At first look the same as when we saw them last;
. But visions of hardships they've vainly endured,
And scenes the most thrilling which they have passed through,
With naught to sustain them but faith well assured,

Rise up with rough voices to change the rare view.

The mothers seem bearing the burden of years ;
The maid 'mid events more weighty than time ;
But tersest emotions that marshal their tears,
Still sit on their faces in sadness sublime.

While the wild men's mean vices the visions more change,

And the look and the laugh of the lawless phalanx

Smite the fancy with facts all so fearful and strange,

That my faith quite recoils from the face of their ranks.

Yet affection will follow, and fancy still flies

To the wild men and women there wandering away,

While their pale Christian captives point up to the skies ;

And with them we gain strength in God's presence to pray :

God pity the captives ! In their weakness and woe

Give strength for their want ; and, O, straight-way restore

Their face to our friendship, for suspense make us know

Their cruel captivity soon shall be o'er !

SCENES LXVIII.

JOSEPHINE MEEKER'S FEARLESS MOTTO.

This valiant scene's since come to view,
 In the lone captives' life :
 Chief Douglas once his firelock drew
 And, brandishing his knife,
 Threatened the Christian maid to kill
 If she should dare to flee,
 Or disobey his bestial will,
 Whatever that may be.



JOSEPHINE MEEKER IN HER CAPTIVE ATTIRE.

The muzzle's on the maiden's brow ;
 The dagger's lying there ;
 Our fancy hears the rifle now,
 The bullet's whiz in air ;
 Nor breaks the shudder with a breath,
 Till she is heard to say :
 "I fear not Indians nor death!"
 And Quingnant* sneaks away.
 'Tis worth four weeks of waiting for ;
 It fills well a felt want ;

* Quingnant was this chief's name. He was called Douglas from his supposed resemblance to Senator S. A. Douglas.

It's almost worth an Indian war,
 To thus return their taunt!
 The Indian service, the whole line,
 From post to President,
 Might deem this motto as divine ;
 It seems from Heaven sent !
 Aye, every officer and man,
 When forced into the field,
 With a loud voice, leading the van,
 Should wield it as a shield ;
 For did not Adams also say :
 " I fear them not ! " This said
 He took their captives soon away—
 The living from the dead !

SCENES LXIX.

THE CHEERING COINCIDENCE OF CARLE ADAMS' COMMISSION.

At this sad point of sore suspense,
 That seemed more anxious every hour,
 The time, the instant, most intense,
 Oppressive, even beyond our power,
 A man of most illustrious name,*
 That is in nations far off known
 For keen diplomacy, here came,
 Defying death upon his throne !
 And with commission kind and wise
 Made haste, with Ouray's mandate high,
 To seek the captors in surprise,
 Demand the captives ere they die,
 And in his country's name require
 That rapine shall be punished well,
 And arson, seen in forest fire,
 And buildings burned where white men dwell.

* A German, Mr. Swanbeck, whose name was changed by law, became the General Carle Adams, who was sent by President Hayes to Ouray, the Utes' High Chief, to demand of him the release of the captives. This word came the very day "The Painful Suspense" first appeared in print.

High Sheik Ouray an escort sent
 As General Adams' aid,
 Whence he to Ute encampment went
 To get the captive maid :
 The order is : "The captives give
 To this white man's demand ;
 For who would let such outlaws live
 In peace, in any land !"
 This royal law, without reserve,
 Is sent without delay :
 But Princes must their rank preserve,
 Each Sachem have his say ;
 And so they parley for a pause,
 To talk the matter over,
 And see by what sage Indian laws
 To try this case of "plover."

SCENES LXX.

THE UTE COUNCIL ON THE RIO GRANDE; OCTOBER 21, 1879.

(A CASE OF PLOVER.)

The Council met in mad conclave
 To seal the captives' fate,
 And show the white man Utes are brave,
 Their aggrieved "Nation" great !
 The scene is on Grand River * laid,
 And in a beauteous vale ;
 Near, snow-capped mountains lift their head ;
 The Autumn sun shines pale.
 So very pleasant is the place,
 That solemn Nature smiles,
 While waiting for this wicked race
 To ventilate their wiles ;
 Who, smeared with blood, and smoke and paint,
 And clad in dead men's clothes,

* Platteau Creek a branch of Grand River, Colorado, is sometimes given as the place.

Spend five full hours in fierce complaint,
Adorned with English oaths.
Though soldiers North and soldiers South,
And martyrs in the rear,
And frost in front with famished mouth,
Their quarters close appear,
They say : "We've some eight hundred souls,
Los Pinos several more ;
And where the Uncompahgre rolls
Are hundreds just a score !
So we're a 'Nation,' you will see ;
We treat with you like men ;
Our captives can but women be—
With children, now and then—
Their sires and husbands though, we slew,
Because your soldiers † came ;
We burned your buildings, too, a few,
But claim we're not to blame !
Why, we once seized on all the soil
Between the bounding seas,
And working races did so spoil
We could do as we please.
But since we've sold—to save our lives—
So much of our estate,
Thereon the threatening pale face thrives
And well-armed warriors wait.
Yet white men have not paid us all
They promised they would pay,
And Reservations, really small,
You now would take away.
You won't allow us equal laws
That would good faith fulfill,
But violate our very squaws

† The approach of soldiers to support Mr. Meeker's authority was made a pretext for the massacre; for they said: "Father Meeker will not obey us, and so we had to kill him; and the soldiers, too, if they unbidden cross our borders."

And waste us as ye will !
You change our forests into farms,
And say : 'Now plow and sow !'
And if 'gainst this we take up arms,
You swear : 'The Utes must go !'
Do ye despise us every day,
Defy us to our face,
And fancy we'll like fools obey,
And bow before your race ?
What if we've caught a few white squaws,
Indeed, whom you demand ;
They're not a fraction in our cause :
We've claims on every hand !'"
Thus spake Persune,* that potent Chief
Who showed his sheltering shield,
When Douglas dared Miss Meeker's grief,
But yet to him did yield.
Then this grand Douglas gravely rose—
Not from the grave in fact,
"The Little Giant," to propose
Another "Kansas Act ;"
Nor a Scotch King to lead his clan ;
But who, with flag at mast,
Ordered his scouts to kill the man
Who carried "Meeker's last."†—
[That note so trait-like and so true,
So beautiful, benign,

* Persune, who took Miss Meeker away from Chief Douglas, is made the first speaker here, because he is supposed to have felt the first interest in retaining the captives, and was perhaps the most fit in fearless capacity to define and defend the whole Indian cause. He was clad in dead soldiers' clothes—"pants with stripe," etc.

† Meeker's last letter was to Major Thornburg, the morning of the massacre, saying : "Douglas is flying the United States flag. I will come with him and another chief and meet you to-morrow." Its last sentence was the question : "Did you have any trouble in coming through the cañon?" Cañon means a gorge, or deep, "dark valley." (See Ps. xxiii, 4.) Meeker met Thornburg the next day with a different Chieftain from Douglas.

It brings death's valley into view
 By its last closing line.]
 This chief—that outraged innocence
 With brandished steel and threat—
He stands with stolid insolence,
 The Ute high umpire yet.
 He says : "I've had great troubles sore,
 Till the White River's red ;



THE SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

But let my mountains bleed no more
 Nor soldiers send us dread.
 We've never made on women war,
 Nor sought it for their sake ;
 So, you must have what you're sent for,
 But must this promise make,
 That troops shall go, nor come again,
 Till water will not run !"—

Here Adams says : "They shall remain
Till my demands are done!"

Next the "good Indian," Gordon's guest,
Who slew, the following day,

His host's dear brother, going west,
And got his goods away;

The loafing curse, who last year killed
Poor Elliott in the park,

Because, forsooth, he simply willed
To shoot, and wished a mark,

And when his friendly victim fell,
His red tramps raised a shout—

A laugh full hoarse, like fiends from hell,
And then the Utes struck out;

Yes, that ignoble Ute speaks now.

Hear pseudo Colorow's speech—

"Against improvements anyhow,"

No matter where they reach !

He says : "Your railroads run off game ;
Your armies do also ;

The sight of you soon does the same
To elk and buffalo.

For this the mountains we must fire,
To fetch us game again ;

And then as prisoners you require
The proudest of our men.

And you have sent soldiers to bind
Us, chiefs, in felons' chains ;

To which no Indian is inclined,
While he has breath or brains.

Hence we have shed some white men's blood ;
But we are not to blame !

Ye would not do as we said you should ;
And we must get our game!"

Here rose Chief Jack—a charger he,
A Prince in war-paint proud,

Who shot good men so gallantly
And now is boasting loud—
He says : “Your dictates would degrade
Us Chiefs to childish whites,
But we've much fires in forests made
To reaffirm our rights.

You mean to make us maintain schools,
And break up ground for bread,
As if we were a race of fools
With nothing in our head.

But we are all Ute Indian braves !
For us white schools no good ;
We'd like white squaws to live as slaves
And fix our furs and food.

We will be kind to them, because
They can both sew and cook,
So square accounts ; we'll keep your squaws,
But burn up every book !
We're bound to keep the captives still
To bring us better terms ;
For that you've done us yet no ill
This policy affirms !”

Here Wapattits, and several more,
“All eager for the fray,”
Fly to their feet to “get the floor,”
And see what each can say ;
But he who first “Friend Meeker” shot
As the Mercurius stands
And cries : “I'd die upon this spot
Ere yield to these demands !
Why should we give up these white squaws,
Which we've let live too long ?
By all our best laid Indian laws
We've done to them no wrong.
And this demand is false, no doubt ;
They'll force us yet to fight ;

I know by sight what they're about ;
To smite this man were right !
Who fear ! Doth life seem now so dear !
Lo, does an Indian live,
Who dares not do this deed, for fear
White Father'll not forgive ?
Let red men all arise as one
And kill our common foe !
For Ute, Apache and Shoshone
All said : ' Meeker must go ? ' "
Here all applaud in high pow-wow,
And make the mountains ring ;
Till Adams' guard, one Shevanow—
And "every inch a King"—
Commanded, "Silence !" and then said :
" We Southern Utes want peace !
You guilty dupes are good as dead !
Our brotherhood must cease ! "
Then Johnson*.—childish doctor, Chief—
Whose faithful squaw stands fast,
Arises here in horrid grief
For what has lately passed ;
And from his rude, relenting breast,
He pleads with friendly phrase
That they must make these captives blessed
And some way win their praise.

* Chief Johnson was the "medicine man" who married Susan, and greatly to her chagrin and grief assaulted Mr. Meeker violently several days before the massacre, but afterward apologized and seemed penitent.

SCENES LXXI.

AN INDIAN WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.

Just at this juncture Susan * came ;
 And like a queen she felt
 In her rich robes ; yet, large and lame,
 With pistols in her belt,
 Her heart was tender as a child ;
 Her voice—a sister's love—
 Was wondrous sweet and wierd and wild ;
 'Twas bathed in Heaven above !



SUSAN—SHAWSHEEN.

With gesture suited to her word,
 She by both hand and heart
 So moved upon that savage herd
 That tears were seen to start ;

* Mrs. Meeker says : "The Council was a stormy one. After hours of violent speeches, Mrs. Johnson (Susan) burst into the lodge, in a magnificent wrap, and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. Her brother Ouray had so ordered, and she took the assembly by storm. She told the pathetic story of the captives, and advised the Indians to do as Ouray commanded, trusting to the mercy of the government. Gen. Adams then said he must have a decision at once. That settled it, and we were set free."—Greeley Tribune, November 12, 1879.

And while she made their cause her own,
The captives cried to Heaven,
And thrilled the centre of God's throne,
Till good escape was given.

'SUSAN'S APPEAL FOR HER OPPRESSED WHITE SISTERS.

She said : " How heed ye not Ouray ?
He sent this white man here
To bid you this demand obey ;
The Great White Father fear !
I do denounce all ye have done
To rouse his mighty wrath ;
For, behold now his war's begun,
And pouring down our path.
With soldiers north, now settling near,
And fierce men south in force,
All waiting word from you to hear,
How can ye take this course ?
Five hours your reckless words have run
Opposing even Ouray—
Till now the sad retiring sun
Doth take away the day !
Why would you wage unequal wars ;
With your white brethren break ?
Must I discover here my scars,
Borne from the burning stake ?
'Twas white men rescued me from red,
And saved my limping life ;
Then hurl your hatred on my head,
But spare the white man's wife !
How did they send me safe and far
To find my tribe and friends !
But ye take captives—as of war—
Whom 'The White Father' sends.
Nay : Ye have murdered their white men,
Who came to us most kind ;

And crime on earth hath never been
More cruel and more blind !
I've warned you oft against the crime
For which white men are sent
To live in prisons a long time,
Till they shall there repent !
I call to mind full many a scene
Which our traditions trace,
Where Indians have unrighteous been,
Brought ruin on their race ;
Where Christian wives and maids were kept
As lonely captives long,
Till swelling wrath arose and swept
Away both race and wrong ;
And now I warn you, do not let
Yon sun sink down in wrath :
You may be saved from ruin yet
By peace, your only path !

These captives, you can scarce conceive
How desolate they are !
Or how they for their kindred grieve,
And pine as in despair !
Their fathers, husbands, whom ye've slain,
Whose cries ring still in air,
All like a wandering wail remain,
An imprecating prayer !
I tell you, too, these pale-faced squaws
Are talked of tenderly
By far off friends, whose faithful laws
Shield life and liberty ;
And the Great Spirit speaks a woe
No stubborn Ute can stand :
'If you don't let these captives go,
At kind Ouray's command,
The Christians' God your guilt will know,
And fight on every hand !'"

As Susan thus their cause sustains,
 With valiant, loving voice,
 Glad Seraphs sing their glorious strains,
 And all the Just rejoice ;
 While bending Heavens around her shine,
 And the Great Spirit there
 Descends, with influence divine,
 In answer to the prayer



MRS. NATHANIEL MEEKER.

Of captives, crying in their tent :
 " O Christ, come down to save ! "

And soon in safety they are sent
 Away—as from the grave !—
 The mingling, tender, parting tears,
 As on their breasts she wept,
 Are treasured in God's golden years,
 And in His bottle kept. [Ps. lvi, 8.]

SCENES LXXII.

THE CAPTIVES' FLIGHT.

Along the old-time Indian trail
In Captain Cline's command,
Over mountain, hill and dale,
Behold the home-bound band !



Still trembling lest the untrue race
Should change once more their mind,
And for the fugitives give chase,
Just as their lust inclined.
Hurried by fear and flushed with hope,
The captives homeward fly,

Till they escape the savage scope
And Ouray's mansion spy.
Here "Father Meeker's" only son
Met mother, sister—saved!
The meeting is a matchless one,
Too glad to be engraved!
No words have power to illumine the page
Where such hearts meet and melt—
At Ouray's door, the savage sage—
The facts are seen and felt!
There kind Chopeta, calm and chaste,
Of Ouray squaw and Queen,
Receives them heartily, in haste,
With a wise woman's mien;
Then on and on with horses fleet,
They fly, till, run by rail,
The Greeley households haste to greet
Them with exultant hail;
And, home at last, the mother lies
Upon her bed of rest,
Watched by o'erjoyed yet weeping eyes,
And pillow'd on the breast
Of filial love full blessed:
In home's sweet haven rest!

SCENES LXXIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER,

The heroic captive held by the cruel Utes, September, 1879. Born in Hiram, Ohio, January 28, 1859; died in Washington, December 30, 1882. Buried in Greeley, Colorado, January 5, A. D. 1883.

Lay her down tenderly, lovingly, tearfully ;
For she hath well done, and suffered so well ;
Hath cherished sad hearts, so hopefully, cheer-
fully,
'Mid tortures more cruel than Christians can
tell ;
Hath met as a heroine menace so hateful,
With courage so queenly it won her a crown
Of life and good fortune that looks now so fateful,
We mourn her more deeply as we lay her down,
Enwreathed with fresh roses and fragrant re-
nown.
So faithfully joyous, so fearless, yet fragile ;
So constant and trusting, so kindly and true ;
So modestly skillful, with movements so agile ;
And genius and fancy, enjoyed in so few ;
With faith all triumphant, professions all truthful,
And motives unquestioned by master or maid ;
With few years full freighted, yet feelings fresh,
youthful,
Most eager to render her old mother aid—
How natural to wish now her death were
delayed !
But death owns all climates and all human classes ;
Exempts from his aim none—nay, aimeth at
all—
The children and chieftains, old ladies and lasses,
Kings, queens and victors—he vanquisheth all ;
And “there’s no reprieve from this notable war-
fare,”
Nor favor, physician, nor friendship can save ;

No brother, no patron, not President Arthur,*
Can rescue this maiden, so brilliant and brave,
For the pathways to glory all lead to the grave !
She is dead ! We have waited with sadness and
weeping
Till her corse its long journey, cold, silent,
hath come,
Where the kind widowed mother her watch still
is keeping
With a stricken sad heart in a strangely sad
home.
God bless the old lady ! Go speak to her prayer-
fully,
With sisters and brother, and all them that
mourn :
Then take the corse tenderly, carefully, tearfully,
Lay it 'mid flowers from stalks freshly torn,
And cherish her crosses with Christian hope cheer-
fully ;
Her spirit by the Angels to Heaven is borne !

DENVER, Jan. 5, 1883.

* Miss Meeker held an important office in the Interior Department, and died of pneumonia, during President Arthur's administration. He was very kind to her, and sought her recovery to health.

SCENES LXXIV.

THE DEATH OF ARROW, OR CHIEF OURAY.

Ouray, who was long a sort of Duke in the Indian land, never fully recovered from the shock he felt over the fate of the Meeker family. He died apparently from the effect of his mental depression a few months before the departure of their tribe to the Territory of Utah. His success as an Indian farmer and intermediate friend of the Utes and whites will be found in the "Ouray Times" of 1878.



Ouray, or as translated, Arrow—
 Bore fatally the late Ute war
 Of savage deeds and died of sorrow,
 Of pining spirit—pure despair,
 For his own trusted, treacherous tribe ;
 Yet Utes and whites unite to weep
 Before his bier, and fain would bribe
 Away death's deep and wasteful sleep.
 But like the lofty beetling pines
 That draw the bolts down to their base
 And shroud themselves on smoking shrines,
 He fell before his forest race

A sacrifice by sudden fate
That leapt like lightning from the clouds
And laid his princely life prostrate
Before his mourning, faithful mate,
And wrapt his form in wreaths and shrouds.
He had indeed at heart desired
That bounteous industry abound,
And often spoke, as if inspired
With grace, to teach to till the ground ;
And, justly chosen Agent-Chief
For our Republic to his race,
He had obeyed his best belief
And planned in faith to fill his place—
Till grandeur graced his dying grief !
O, son of nature ! noble soul,
In whom both races had abode,
Whole continents helped thy control
And aimed to pay the debt they owed ;
For Congresses and Presidents,
And Governors of good degree,
Combined to pay thee compliments ;
And all the world will honor thee
As nature's own inheritance !
God bless thy race because they're thine ;
Chopeta bless with cheer benign ;
And God bless Susan, good Shawsheen !

SCENES LXXV.

A FINAL SONG FOR SUSAN—FAIR SHAWSHEEN.

(HOW "GOD-BLESS-SUSAN" WAS FIRST
GIVEN TO HER IN SONG.)

My soul with pride still sings the praise
Of Nature's noble heroine,
Whose heart still holds her hallowed days
And works so wisely wisdom's ways,
That, amid demons, she's divine !

When "Father Meeker" had been slain,
His wife and daughter deemed as slaves,
And held in lust's most hateful chain,
In peril, famine, fear and pain,
She (Lord bless Susan) loves and saves !
Aye, GOD BLESS SUSAN ! I will sing
And fill the song brimful of prayer ;
Let breath of Heaven to her heart bring,
Like carrier pigeons on the wing,
The holiest love of Heaven to her !
For mid the brawny madmen's brawl,
When Adams' effort almost fails,
And adverse fate seems down to fall
On the poor captives, one and all,
Her princely eloquence prevails.
Poor Madame Price and progeny,
Miss Josie Meeker, maiden fair,
And the old widow, she sets free,
Leads them all forth to liberty :
So, God bless Susan ! be our prayer.
Let calm old age come to her late ;
Full long preserve her prime of life ;
Let her's be peace and love's estate
And the Ute nation on her wait
For strength of faith to cease their strife !
Let "Uncle Sam's" United States
With generous impulse join to prove
How men still feel the Meekers' fates
By the Ute monsters—mad ingrates !
And Susan's more than sister's love !
Let every nation, kindred, race,
Have knowledge of her noble fame,
And mark the power of matchless grace
In this kind Indian woman's case,
And GOD-BLESS-SUSAN ! be her name.

DENVER, September 28, 1879.

SCENES LXXVI.

KING PSEUDO "COLOROW" SECOND.

"OLD COLOROW IS DEAD!"

As our best people all believe,
The Utes expelled themselves by sin ;
Yet renegades yearn to receive
Kind welcomes back our bounds within.
One such "poor savage"—Simon pure—
King Colorow Second, sometimes called—
Was a usurper, we are sure,
Whom the "Ute Nation" ne'er installed.
This man that made fierce mountain fires,
And was, at best, as those who're but
The worthless sons of worthy sires,
And was no kin to Konkaput—
When last he came across the line
Of Colorado—his dear land—
That shall his ancient name enshrine,
He hurled afar his fire-brand !
Soon the whole State he startled so,
It seemed as if another siege
Were bursting up from worlds below,
And ambushed on each beetling ledge ;
Till willing thousands soldiers went,
Into this dire Ute Indian war, (?)
"A hundred thousand dollars" spent
For "Uncle Samuel" to pay for.
They felt such fear where troops once fell,
The Adjutant—one General West—
Wired hot these words : * "We'll give them hell!"
Reserving for ourselves the rest.
This seemed as if the "Western Sea"
Were deemed too good to be their grave,

* That was General West's exact dispatch sent to Governor Alva Adams, his appointer and patron, and is very suggestive of the spirit of wars of expulsion generally.

And that a bloodless victory
 Old Colorow's life alone could save ;
 And so he trudged to his Ute friends
 Where soon a fever sealed his fate.
 And thus the "Colorow" Kingship ends
 That named our new Centennial State,
 On which millions of white men wait ;
 And every year millions expends !

THE BARBAROUS RACE SHALL RISE AND SHINE.
 "A NOVEL BEAUTY."

A Washington correspondent in the winter of 1881-2 wrote : "At the Garfield tea party, held in the Rotunda of the Capitol, there was one beautiful stranger who excited every one's interest. She was tall, exquisitely slender and graceful, with fine, delicate features, a creamy complexion and eyes and hair like midnight. She was a Princess of the Cherokee Nation, with a soft, musical name of that dialect. She is wife of a wealthy Indian farmer and one of the most beautiful women in the world. She wore also just the dress an experienced artist would have put her in as most fit."

The barbarous race shall rise in beauty,
 Admired among the gay and grand,
 Created new by Christian duty,
 From last, first owners of the land.
 Like coral islands in mid ocean
 Shall even Ute abjects yet appear,
 Restored to life by love's devotion
 That toileth upward, year by year.
 We've seen some samples of the savage
 Transformed by truth and faith and trust,
 And rising from that fearful ravage
 That doomed whole races to the dust ;
 Some pleasing flowers plucked from the forest,
 And nourished but by native blood,
 Among all beauteous forms the fairest—
 Children of Nature and of God.
 No longer squaws of squalid foemen,
 In desolation doomed to roam,

We welcome you as wives of yeomen
Who cheer their heart and cheer their home,
And standing even by men of Honor
In the Rotunda of the realm,
The model wife, with wisdom on her,
That cheers even Statesmen at the helm.

How mighty is this movement moral,
That "turns a savage to a saint ;"
That builds its reef of beauteous coral,
Where ages past have poured their plaint,
Like tears of woe in wind tossed oceans,
Till silent, soft, serene and slow,
The toil untold of Christian nations
Doth build up beauteous from below !

SCENES LXXVIII.

AN ODE TO PAULINA, THE INDIAN PARAGON.

"The devout and loving wife of a young army Lieutenant, she died in child-bed, and was buried by her father, Chief Spotted Tail, with special ceremonies. She was, indeed, very beautiful in form and spirit, and her sufferings and death were occasions of general and intense sorrow."—(See Rocky Mountain News, September 4, 1881.)

O beauty rare, of rudeness born,
As fresh as air on wings of morn,
As free of care as echoing horn,
That farmers hear o'er fields of corn,
When maidens kind them homeward call !
As chaste as Pliny's cherished wife,
As loving as Lucretia's life,
And strangely adverse to all strife
As if thou 'rt grown the Graces* all ;

* The Greek "Three Graces" were Aglaia, "a shining one ;" Thalia, "the mirthful one," and Euphrosune, "the well-minded one." Brilliant, witty and well-meaning, therefore, must be the maiden or madame who impersonates them, and Paulina is said to have naturally possessed all these qualities in a remarkable degree. It is not strange the Lieutenant was captivated by her in spite of his own people's opposition. Yet the Christian Graces add a still nobler charm.

O child of nature, charmed by one
Who knew thine equals even none,
As bright and beaming as the sun
When glad Aglaia glows to run

The hour-glass rounds of earnest glee ;
Of Brightness taught—that brilliant elf—
And quick of thought as Thalia's self,
And well disposed, disdaining pelf,

As fair and fond Euphrosune !

O pure Paulina ! patient bride,
Like dead Faustina thou hast died ;
And buried near thee, by thy side,
Thine infant's life, to be thy guide

Where babes are borne, safely above !
May it not be the blessed Name
Of Him whose blood blots out all blame
Hath come to thee whence trothal came,

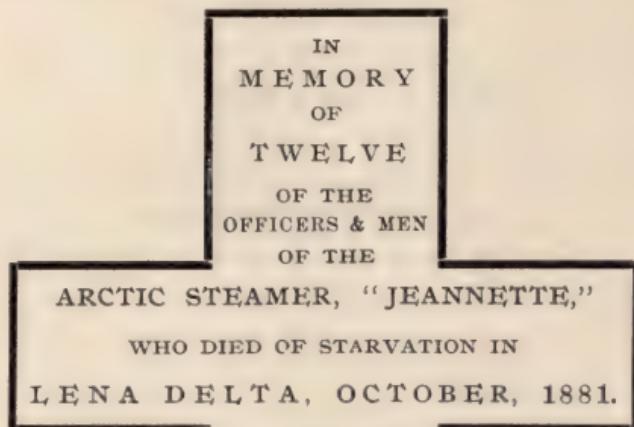
And God's embrace gives brighter love ?
Let heathen hearts beat hard in grief !
Let savage love seek sore relief,
From choicest grains garner the sheaf,
Bringing its gifts as garlands brief,

And lay them by thy bed so lone !
Let beauteous steeds close by thee stand,
Lie implements by either hand ;
But choicer be “the cherub band”
That comes to thee at Christ's command,

To bear thy babe before His throne
And seal it there thy Savior's own !

SCENES LXXIX.

AH-SAM BY THE ARCTIC SEA : THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS
AND LAST TO DIE AT LENA DELTA.



| | |
|----------------|--|
| LIEUTENANT | |
| G. W. DE LONG. | |
| DOCTOR | |
| J. M. AMBLER. | |
| J. J. COLLINS. | |
| W. LEE. | |
| A. GORTZ. | |
| A. DRESSLER. | |
| H. ERICHSEN. | |
| G. W. BOYD. | |
| N. IVERSON. | |
| H. KNACK. | |
| ALEXIA. | |
| A H - S A M . | |

“ A H - S A M ; ”

AND THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS’ DYING SCENE.

Ah-Sam, the name that's last enrolled
At Lena Delta, on the cross
That marked the monumental loss
Of twelve explorers, true and bold,
Is worthy of pathetic song

In honor of the human race
And of the cold and cheerless place
Where slept with him the brave De Long.

'Tis fit the cross's towering form
Should vindicate those valiant names
All radiant, as oriflammes,
From hearts in winter zones so warm
That half the world is set aglow
With admiration for the braves
Who, starving into storied graves,
Bore side by side such bitter woe.

That Ah-Sam leapt "the Chinese wall"
To find and love some foreign land
And in her lot of labor stand
And with her fearless heroes fall,
And have among their names his own—
Though last and least it there appears—
Entitles him to share our tears
When weeping o'er them all so lone.

Brave men, indeed, who dared endure
So many perils to explore
The frozen realms ne'er reached before,
In hope such knowledge to secure
As should enrich the races all,
And bear down into distant time
The service of their faith sublime—
Aye, brave men all, who thus can fall!

Nor have they died indeed in vain!
Nor did their expedition fail;
Though not a ship should ever sail
Upon the "open northern main,"
Or e'en attempt to find again
The long-suspected Arctic sea
In every season safe and free,
Unbound by the Borean chain.

It's worth a hundred lives indeed
To show a courage of such kind,
By several races so combined,
And under scientific lead.
Yet, mark how feeble Science is
Before such forces and such fates,
Where frost on famine, fiend-like, waits,
And Death demands all hands as his !

A little knowledge now might save
By turning hope to either hand,
Where they could ample food command ;
But this great lack led to the grave.
So little ignorance ! so great !
That from their hands near succor hid,
Doth oft to men life's means forbid,
And fix, alas, their fearful fate !

The saddest of all scenes to me
Is where De Long near plenty wrote,
Mid dying men, this dismal note :
“We breakfasted on willow tea ;
All joined in the Lord's Prayer, and cried ;
Alexy, Lee,” even nine, “are dead ;
Collins is dying !” the last read—
De Long, and then poor Ah-Sam died !
Not far from bread they're starved and dead !

What fearful pictures fancy paints !
In Arctic snows where their tears froze,
Their wet eyes close on all earth's woes ;
Their last life faints in feeble plaints,
And from that scene each breeze that flies
Along the coast of current years
Shall bring afresh those frozen tears,
And wake them warm in weeping eyes—
Where Ah-Sam lingers last and dies !

And labor, such as his, shall last,
 And to his race his humble name
 Shall lend a lustre of true fame,
 Till Hope shall e'en her halo cast
 That "work" shall somehow win the way
 For the poor, heathen Chinese race
 To find—a few—some fitting place,
 Even here, to start upward and stay !

SCENES LXXX.

CAPTAIN JACK'S FINAL KEY-NOTE FOR THE CONTINENT.

"Meeker say : 'Ute must work !' Utes say 'Meeker plow no more !' Ute no work, no like work ! Ute no school ; Ute hate school ! Ute fight ; Ute heap o' fight !'" [Chief Jack to Major Steele just before the Meeker massacre.]

The Nation's issue's now defined ;
 Ute Jack has uttered it just right ;
 All Indians not to work inclined,
 Have in their heads "a heap o' fight !"
 This key-note's for the Continent :
 The proud Centennial State proclaims
 With clarion voice and clear intent,
 In each of the Almighty's names,
 That savage men must civilize,
 Or meet the fate their murderers' due,
 For 'tis decreed that people dies
 That will not be both wise and true.
 The written axiom is real
 That "men shall work or shall not eat,"
 For passions make their worst appeal
 To those that would this law defeat ;
 And for our Government to give
 Its substance up to savage men,
 That they in laziness may live,
 But makes them worse than would have been.
 As in the late slave-holders' war
 Free labor and free schools did face

The folly they were fighting for,
 Till Lincoln freed the laboring race ;
 The Nation's key-note soundeth now
 The issue clear, both far and near,
 White, red and black must read and plow,
 Or race and place must disappear !

(AND THIS IS PHILANTHROPIC).

For let us see ; philanthropy
 Is love for all mankind as one !
 It longs to bless with liberty
 Each oppressed race beneath the sun.
 It ne'er the greater to the less—
 The good to ill—doth sacrifice,
 Except thereby to overbless
 With good from evil in disguise.
 The just for the unjust still die—
 (So Jesus died for justice's sake)—
 That all who hear their dying cry
 May of their precious mind partake.
 The cruel in their acts of crime,
 Indeed, may "know not what they do,"
 But in the turning leaves of time
 They so unavail and bring to view
 The evil deeds that vice hath done,
 That other lives look on aghast ;
 And so to wiser service won
 They live philanthropists at last.
 These with a zeal like Zinziba's,
 Or Konkaput, the kingly Ute,
 Or Borgia's benignant cause
 Or Susan's daring in dispute,
 Would give their lives, in peace or wars,
 To show what time shall ne'er refute
 That justice mends what malice mars
 Through Mercy, God's dear attribute !

HASKELL'S
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

FOREIGN, PATRIOTIC, JUVENILE,
DOMESTIC.

Contents of Occasional Poems.

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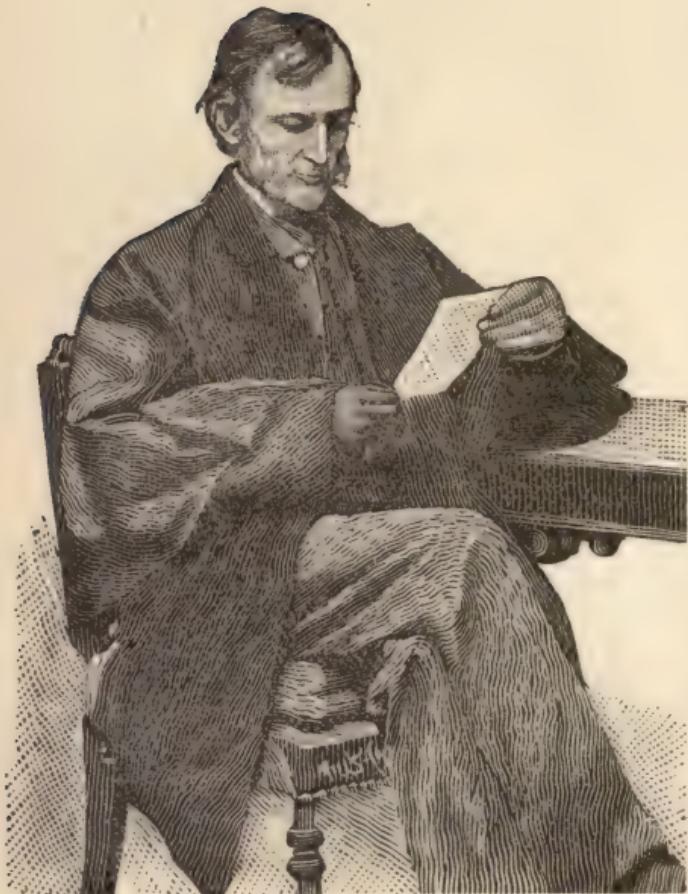
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(*For Contents of "Domestic," See End of Book*)





A. HOWADJI,
Soon to sail,
Reads his routes that not one fail.

ME RECEPTET SION ILLA.

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber, auctor lucis ;
Cujus signum, lignum crucis ;
Cujus claves, lingua Petri ;
Cujus cives, semper laeti ;
Cujus muri, lapis vivus ;
Cujus custos, Rex festivus.

In hac urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis ;
In hac, odor implens cœlos,
In hac, semper festum melos.
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela,
Non minutus, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Super petram collocata,
Urbs in partu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto !
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro !
Quantum tui gratulantur—
Quam festive convivantur—
Quis affectus eos stringat—
Aut quæ gemma meros pingat !—
Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus—
Norunt illi qui sunt intus.
In plateis hujus urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Moyse et Elia,
Præsto cantem Alleluia !

FOREIGN.

FROM JOPPA TO JERUSALEM—BY NIGHT.

This is an hour of rare emprise,
For which I've wandered far from home,
To reach this “Land of Sacrifice,”
Where deep, divinest memories rise,
Beneath the Palestinian skies,
Beneath King David's star lit dome—
For this, for this I roam !

The tall old Heaven stoops down to tel!
What thrilling scenes of old she saw ;
The heart of Heaven seems now to swell
As she recalls those empires well
Which rose and ruled, misruled and fell,
Beneath the sovereignty of law ;
Dear Heaven, do nearer draw !

The evening stars glide silently
Down the gilt edges of the west ;
The crescent moon, that used to be
Chief keeper of Chronology,
Is moving toward the “Midland Sea,”
So tired and pale in night robes dressed—
Dear Moon, lie down and rest !

Step on ye ancient evening stars
Toward the farthest occident ;
Go, meet my kin, kind Venus, Mars,
Where now ascend the Solar bars
Of morn, and Phœbus mounts his cars
To hunt his moving midnight tent—
Go, tell my kin you're sent !

But tell me, ere ye both retire,
 About the "Wise Men in the East,"
 Where Parsees purged their sons with fire
 And Ashtaroth attended Tyre,
 And ancient Jews waked fresh desire
 At "the New Moon" or "trumpet feast"—
 Their crescent ruled their priest !

The same old canopy it is,
 By ancient shepherds nightly seen ;
 And old Philistia, too, is this,
 Where Samson his shorn locks did miss ;
 Yea, I am in that land of bliss
 That stood once "dressed in living green,
 While Jordan rolled between !"

The lingering sun, so lately set,
 That age on age hath viewed this land,
 Those planets in horizon yet,
 And the fixed stars can not forget
 The places where Judge Joshua met
 Philistia's hosts at Heaven's command,
 Where holy mountains stand !

And as we pass the Lyddan plains
 And urge our way toward Zion's Hill,
 Where "the False Prophet's" pasha reigns,
 Inflicting penalties and pains
 At will—I'm glad El Kuds remains
 And Mount Moriah standeth still—
 I'll see them, if God will !

We've passed the old Phoenician trails—
 Beth-Dagan, Lud and Ajelon—
 (Along whose slopes and sleeping vales
 The jackalls greet me with their wails,
 Whose sires with fire-brands at their tails
 Did Samson's will)—and Gibeon,
 Where Hoshea held the Sun.

Bold scenes, almost beyond belief,

 Attend my way on either hand ;

Here Timnath sighs maternal grief

O'er Sisera, Jael's smitten Chief ;

Here also lived "the dying thief ; "

Here angels smote the Assyrian band,

 To free the Holy Land !

Here Abra'am pitched his ancient tent ;

 Here Joseph bore his brothers' wrongs ;

Here Canaan into darkness went ;

Here Israel's life and banishment

Brought out the ages' chief event,

 Foretold by seers in signs and songs—

 This land to Christ belongs !

Here, wrapt in chilling midnight air,

 His locks all wet with silent dew,

He spent whole nights in holy prayer

For those whose sins He chose to bear,

All races His redeeming care,

 All ages in His earnest view—

 All lands He also knew !

Here at Umwas* appear to me

 Thou Apparition, all divine !

As when the twain Thyself did see,

As when Thou wast in Galilee,

And walkedst on the willing sea,

 Make now Thy face on me to shine,

 O Savior, so benign !

As now I ride in hours so chill,

 The star-lit night, both long and lone,

The way side oaks unstirred and still,

A something holy seems to fill

My soul with such a heavenly thrill

 That I must now Thy presence own ;

 I'm lonely, not alone.

* Modern form of Emmaus.

O that Thou wert thus ever nigh,
 O beaming "Star of Bethlehem,"
 O blessed "Day-Star" from on high ;
 O "Morning Star," rise in the sky ;
 O native East now bring me nigh
 Thine ancient gem, Jerusalem !
 See, *Jeru*—peace, *Salem* !

O peaceful dawn lift up night's dome,
 And let thy beams on Zion be ;
 For lo ! I am in safety come
 In sight of that for which I roam,
 "Jerusalem my happy home,"
 With joy thy towering walls I see !
 With peace I come to thee !

THE BENEDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES ON ALBERT
 EDWARD AS ENGLAND'S COMING KING.

Four pale howadjis from the West,
 From fair Columbia's far off land,
 In simple costume coolly dressed,
 A friendly, patriot, praying band—
 Met to commingle hopes and prayers
 That peace and union yet may crown
 Their Father-Land, still fondly theirs,
 And give it still a just renown—
 Met in Judea's noted glen,
 Beneath the shade of "Zion's Hill,"
 Where kings and prophets long had been,
 Whose ancient lives seemed living still ;
 There, standing near Siloa's fount,
 Whose healing waters gently flow
 From rocks beneath the Holy Mount
 To "princely gardens" waste below ;
 And marking well each legend spot
 In Cedron's vale, on Olive's hill

So changed by Time, that ceaseth not
To execute the sovereign will ;
And counting up those ages past,
Whose tramp with all the pomp of kings
Seemed cursed and blest by seer and priest,
And hurried on by mighty wings
Till Solomon, whose peaceful reign
Bespoke a coming Prince of Peace,
Seemed risen to his throne again,
And at that hour to seek release
From day-long duties at his court
By hastening to his gardens rare
With prancing steeds and proud escort,
With youthful mien and features fair :
Just then—those pilgrims from the West
Described a real pageant glide
Along Mt. Olive's hallowed crest,
Adown its consecrated side,
Around Gethsemane it passed,
By "Absalom's Tomb" it slowly came
And reached old Joab's well at last ;
Then turning up the vale again,
Again it passed that patriot band,
And he who rode the honored steed
Seemed born with sceptre in his hand,
And each howadji's heart to read.
With brow uncovered to the sun
He bowed his head as to be blessed
By many million prayers in one,
That Heavenly grace might on him rest.
One pale howadji stood before,
(Would humbly of this service sing,)
Poured on his head the oil of yore,
And in God's name announced him King—
Young King of England, royal heir,
With empire of past ages made,

With honors none unblessed can bear,
 May God of Hosts give thee His aid ;
Regard thy reign and realm with care ;
 Tell thee, be strong to do God's will ;
Be worthy of thy time, thy birth,
 And so in His own strength fulfill
Thy rank 'mong rulers of the earth.
 I bid thee, in my country's name,
With many million patriot tongues :
 Add lustre to fair England's fame !
Preserve her rights, prevent her wrongs ;
 As Solomon, reign thou in peace ;
A Christian, in Christ's spirit reign,
 So shalt thou in thy realm increase—
In Heavenly worlds be crowned again !

And as these patriots from the West
 Breathe here their Occidental prayer,
That e'en the Orient may be blessed,
 And Freedom flourish everywhere,
May Briton to herself be true ;
 To Freedom's cause in every land ;
Award Columbia what is due ;
 In mutual aid and honor stand,
Till treason and oppression cease ;
 Till loyal liberty prevail ;
Till commerce on the wings of peace
 O'er every sea in safety sail ;
Till kings and parliaments unite
 To execute the perfect will
Of Him who must defend the right,
 Who is Columbia's Guardian still !

JERUSALEM, April 5, A. D. 1862.

THE ASCENSION SCENE.

A silvered silence in the sky,
Extending far o'er hills and dells,
Now bends her ear for some reply
Like soft vibrations from the bells
That throb their vespers up on high
When earth to heaven their echo tells,
And angel bands are drawing nigh
Whose every heart with rapture swells.

The bustling world seems breathless now,
The day and night are softly met,
Where evening weaves above her brow
The sun and moon o'er Olivet,
The tall, white-vested mountain top,
Like damsels trembling in the dark,
Seems moving, yet resolved to stop
And in the evening twilight hark,
As if the angel bands might drop
To earth some soft and sage remark,
Or Israel's thrones again were set,
And Cherubim stood o'er the ark !
The day and night are mingled yet,
And heaven and earth are met in peace ;
The past and future too are met
In silence o'er the day's decease,
And all is still on Olivet
As when some soul hath gained release !

As here we stand on Olive's height,
And all baptized in evening dew,
The old Dead Sea reflects her light
Christ's first Creation doubtless knew,
And the pale moon on Pisgah's crest
Lifts up the banner of her power,
While the soft twilight in the West
Sinks down in silence with the hour ;

And in the East and in the West,
Toward the South and toward the North,
Night's wings, like seraphs, flit and rest,
O'er the most sacred scenes of earth,
And half the Holy Land's in view,
And in a robe of silver dressed,
While all the world, both old and new,
Seems wanting, waiting to be blessed ;
A most precious moment this,
Foretaste of immortal bliss !

O, survey the sacred scene,
Where the broad horizon lies,
And recount what comes between
In our Master's ministries—
Hark ! O hear God's chariot wheels,
As if rustling angels' wings !
See the glory that reveals
Now the ascending King of Kings ;
For He's going to receive
Gifts for all the sons of men ;
Blessings more than earth can give,
More than ever yet have been—
And Elijah's fiery steeds
Far less grandly did perform
Than our Lord's ascension deeds,
Who raised the dead and ruled the storm,
While Heaven brings her highest meeds
And gives him welcomes loud and warm !

APRIL 6, 1862.

THE GOD OF NATURE AND OF NATIONS.

[Marsaba is near the Dead Sea on the northwest, and is 1900 feet above it and 587 feet above the Mediterranean. It is in the midst of some of the wildest scenery in the world, and is named after Saint Sabas, who was born A. D. 439, and lived here "in the mountains and dens and caves of the earth." The evenings, mornings and nights here are peculiarly clear and impressive to those practiced in astronomy or prayer.]

I.

An evening ride of scarce three hours long
Conveyed us from the Holy City's throng
Far down the empty, clifly Cedron dell
To where San Saba's anchorites still dwell
In monkish solitude, so well fenced in
Their convent seems like some stronghold of sin.
In tent life, near, was my first night's repose,
So sweet, to sing with morning stars I rose,
And nothing earthly could surpass this hour
Where God in nature so reveals his power!

II.

Night's mantle with its load of gems withdrawn,
The distant East puts on her glowing dawn,
O'er heights of Nebo, now, the eye of day
Lifts up its lashes, each a golden ray,
And bends them o'er this silent, sleeping glen,
Where God of old hath walked and talked with
men;
The early twilight's paling upward now,
Before the advancing morn, and here I bow,
In presence of my Maker's princely Son,
And earth and heaven seem blending into one.

III.

I look at Nature, Lord, then look at Thee !
For in the silent depths of night I see
The dwelling place where Thou dost hide Thy
powers,
These calm, clear, sparkling and advancing
hours,

Like living beings moving round Thy throne,
 "With eyes before, behind," in solemn tone,
 Cry "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord, our God,
 Almighty, live forever!" Earth doth nod
 Assent, and on her way, unwavering still,
 Revolves upon the unseen axis of Thy will!

IV.

I look at Nature, Lord, and look at Thee ;
 For in the night's departure there must be
 Full many symbols of Thy ways with men ;
 'Tis good to wake the heart and watch Thee
 then !
 The world still silent ; light and darkness meet,
 And mix their splendors round Thy burnished feet ;
 The stars fade out of sight as they arise,
 The day pursues the night in glad surprise,
 And Nature tints her veil to let men gaze
 On Thy bright glory through this morning haze !

V.

I look at Nature still, O Lord, and then at Thee,
 In every season, climate, land and sea !
 As winter teams his tons of snowflakes down,
 Thou, God, dost give the ground that clean,
 white gown ;
 When spring comes laughing through the southern
 air,
 Then birds and blossoms bless Thee everywhere ;
 As summer her first fruitage here bestows
 Thou, God, art mitigating human woes ;
 Thou bindest autumn's latest withered sheaf
 To teach : "We too are fading as a leaf!"

VI.

I look at Nations, Lord ! and look at Thee ;
 For Nations are but Nature's sentient tree ;
 Of Thy creation and incessant care ;
 All Nations Thy dependent subjects are.

And here where Godfrey and the Baldwins
reigned ;
Here where young David in strongholds remained ;
Where Abram, earlier, watched the overthrow
Of Sodom in her wantonness and woe,
Let any look at Heaven and history here,
And "Who would not Thee, God of nations, fear !"

VII.

So looking at Thy works, I look at Thee !
Thou art not Nature, nor yet History ;
But thou art God, and Nature is thy gift ;
And all her nations, also, seem to lift
My longings up through time and space,
Until I greet Thy throne of Heavenly grace,
Which Thou, in mercy, movest everywhere
There's a confiding penitent for prayer ;
Thus rising through Thy works, I joy to call
Thee Lord of Nature, Nations, and of all !

VIII.

I look at Nature, History and Thee,
Till in th' old orb of day, thy Deity
Doth shine too bright for eyes of men below ;
Thy voice I hear proclaim, as long ago,
"The Lord ! Lord God ! Most merciful and
gracious ;
Long suffering and of tender mercy toward us ;
Forgiving our iniquity and sin !"
And pardoned, penitent, I here begin
To feel so like Thyself in sacred things,
That I would soar to Thee on worship's wings !

APRIL 10, 1862.

A SONG IN SIGHT OF PISGAH'S PROSPECT MOUNTAIN.

BALAAM, THE SEER OF MIDIAN, BLESSING ISRAEL AND
PREDICTING THE MESSIAH.

To Pisgah's prospect mountains,
From Midian's wide domain,
Where fair Euphrates' fountains
Enrich the Aram plain,
Came Balaam, brave as Joab,
A King of Jethro's kin,
To meet the King of Moab,
And tell which side shall win.

For with great pomp, his princes, King Balak sent
to bring

This oracle of Pethor—himself a very King—
And took the prince and prophet to Pisgah's
highest peak
And bade him thence see Isreal and curses on
him speak.

This was the pungent issue, thus put before the
Prince,

To curse God's ancient people, that he might so
evince

Help for unholy heathen, sons of unhappy Lot—
By incest and intemperance—who had *his* God
forgot.

So on the top of Pisgah, where Moses stood and
died,

King Balaam said with courage, somewhat of
moral pride :

“I must obey Jehovah, for better or for worse ;
On whom He speaks a blessing I cannot speak a
curse.

If Balak's house were silver and full of beaten
gold,

I could not once accept it to tell what I'm not
told

From God, the Lord Jehovah ; He Israel hath led
In safety out of Egypt. Then hear what God
hath said :

From the highest peaks of Pisgah and o'er the
distant hills
I see fair tents of Jacob, whose rising star now
fills
My future, far horizon ; and he shall have full
sway
To smite Moab's four corners ; take Amalek away
And reign a prince forever. Ah ! who of us shall
live
When God, the Lord, shall do this ! Oh, God !
my sins forgive,
And let me die like Moses, my last end be like
his ;
And so at length be gathered where God's own
chosen is."

ANOTHER SONG IN SIGHT OF PISGAH.

THE LAST DAY OF MOSES.

"And Moses spoke in the ears of all Isreal the words of this
song."

"Give ear, O Heavens, and I will speak,
And hear, O Earth, my parting word ;
O Isreal, be wise to seek
Life's peaceful end in God, the Lord ;
For as an eagle stirs her nest
And bears her young upon her wings,
So hath the Lord both helped and blessed
Thee, whom to Canaan thus He brings ;
He is our Rock and He our Rest !"

So Moses sang : majestic Saint and Seer !
Who often talked with God as friend with
friend ;

And faced all dangers without dread or fear ;
And now, with eye undimmed, and at the end
Of six score years, he says : " My time has come !
God calls me up yon Mount Abarim's height
To look o'er Jordan and be welcomed home ;
To-day I pass away from mortal sight,
And own the Judge of all the earth is right !

Ye know my selfish sin that sultry hour,
When I would smite with my own weary hand
The rock, regardless of God's gracious power ;
So I must pass to see the 'promised land,'
The vision only is unto me given ;
To guide you there Hoshea hath been blessed ;
My brother Aaron passed from Hor to Heaven ;
He had, like me, his haughty sin confessed,
And now, like him, will I ascend to rest !"

So saying, while the rocks and mountains rang
With his beatitudes of prayer and love,
And blended Psalm the blest Hoshea sang,
He took his lonely way and went above
Abarim's sides and Nebo's brow, till clear
And high and basking in the sight,
He stood on Pisgah's peak without a fear,
And winged his life away to worlds of light,
While Israel waited, watching on the plain,
And wept. " We ne'er shall see his like again !"

OBSERVATIONS IN EGYPT,
AND THE SCENES OF MOSES' BIRTH PLACE.
(Written in Private Journal, March, 1862).

I wish, without poetic restraint, to take my readers with me now, for a few minutes, in my excursions in Egypt, and amid the scenes of Moses' infancy and most famous miracles.

Let us imagine ourselves in Cairo, the present Egyptian capital, and ascend the Acropolis to the walls of the citadel, a place of great historic interest on account of the murder of the Mameluke chieftains there by Mahomet Ali. From this citadel the traveler beholds one of the most productive and beautiful landscapes in the world. Besides the costly species of ancient oriental architecture near you and in the distance, you have vegetable nature spread out in broad acres to the very edge of the horizon in several directions. Far to the south of you rises a majestic date orchard over the ruins of Memphis—the Noph and National Capital in the boyhood of Moses. This graceful and truly grand palm forest intercepts the eye that would penetrate farther up to the ruins of Thebes, the far-off Dongola and the mysterious sources of the Nile in the now well-known Nazianzen. Southwest of us are those ancient piles, the Pyramids, brought by the clear sky and intense sunlight so near that we are greatly surprised by their apparent diminutiveness. And there, too, is that "Notable Nile" only three miles to the westward. On its bosom lies that beautiful gem, the Island of Rhoda, which in its deep blue verdure seems a genuine *lapis lazuli* encircled with yellow waters like a setting of tremulous wavelets of gold. Following the course of the river northward we have all Lower Egypt, like a vast emerald locket lying on the bosom of the horizon, set in the golden sands of two seashores, the Isthmus, the great

Sahara and embossed with Mukatom Mountains, on one spur of which is our standpoint. Tracing upon this scene the course of the canal we see shady avenues, neatly hung with boughs of sycamore, with towering acacias, and corn fields basking in the noontide sun, without a leaf curled or a spot barren. The serpentine course of the water, lifted by the patient buffalo at the tread-mills, suggests at once the source of this wonderful verdure and expanse of promise and beauty, the Nile, and this supernatural work of irrigation!

Let us pass now down to that stream where the damsels of Pharaoh's daughter were dancing when moved by the cry of distress from the floating cradle of the infantile Moses, and give vent to our emotions as we rest on the bosom of that mysterious mother of the wealth of all Egypt, both ancient and modern. And here we are now on the bosom of that marvelous river. It is the cool of the day in Egypt. The air is most charming and clearer than crystal. The waters are unusually placid. The current beneath us is vigorous but even. The banks are low, level and fertile, covered with the rich compost of sand and slime so essential to Egypt. Everything visible is suggestive of the value of this noble river to all that region. It was Herodotus who wrote thousands of years ago when beholding it, "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," and veracious as he was, he never said anything truer. She has literally made and rescued that land from the desert. But for her, the great Sahara would soon grasp Arabia by way of Suez. She also gives life and health to the people. She seems to be "all in all" to them. They water their fields, their flocks, their families with the Nile. They wash their bodies in the Nile. They wet their bread from the Nile. Their fortune and much of their faith they

derive from the Nile, as truly as they do their fish. They say: "No mortal hath searched out her sources." The Nubians and Abyssinians can only answer: "God knoweth it rises in the south." Recent discoveries only can tell you how she first quaffs at the brim of the lake Nazianze and darts away like a roe over the vast unexplored regions toward you. After receiving the last tributary she flows steadily northward twelve hundred miles to the sea, fills the many divergent canals for irrigation of the country and, under a tropical sun, pours apparently a larger quantity of water through the Rosetta and Damietta mouths at the Delta than rolls between the banks at the cataract five hundred miles above—making really one of the greatest wonders of the world, called by Humboldt "an example without a parallel!" It is no small thing then to rest as we do now on the bosom of so beautiful a creature as this ever venerable and always vigorous Naaiad of the Nile. Not long since she hung in white mantels of snow on the shoulders of equatorial mountains, but when the sun laid his golden fleece daily on their summits and the moon her coronet of silver by night, and distant skies were conspiring to enthrone her successor, she quietly withdrew in rivulets to the gorges, gathered swift reinforcements from sun-burnt cliffs, tumbling avalanches and syphonic torrents from vast lakes over-filled by the falling seasons, and then with a leap and a bound she claps her two hands on the Nubian hillsides, making the granite ranges of Scyenne to sing with her voice as of many waters, the bright-eyed gazelle and the star-gazing giraffe to dance to her music, the river horses to neigh, and crocodile newly adjust his scales in surprise, as they are dashed on unseen rocks in her currents; catches in her lap the loads of indigo, ivory, buffalo skins and bond

slaves, the hurrying commerce of the interior; dandles upon her knee many a “rais of the rapids” tossing his sail boat in the hand of her eddying tempest; dashes through the unrivaled fastnesses of Nature at Philæ, hanging on their black rocks her mists and white foam changed by sunbeams from truce to a *tri colour* of triumph for her vanguard—and dispensing all possible blessings to vegetables, beasts and men in her route, she distances all the remains of Ethiopian and Abyssinian antiquity; forgets to pay the honors due to the dust of the hundred gated Thebes and the ruins of Karnak, Erebek, Lycopolis and Luxor, and here she comes, laden with life, full to her brim, three thousand feet wide, mysterious in her origin, majestic in her movements, merciful in her mission—marching steadily on in her own beautiful highway, thrown up by the very dust of her feet; and from her rich panorama of well planted fields and wealthy palm forests, a fertile table-land instead of feverish valleys—she looks proudly down upon the sand banks of Suez and the opposite plains of Sahara, and presses their very winds into her service to facilitate her commerce, to deepen her channel and lift her annual pathway into still higher prominence, publicity and power.

When in the longest day of June she comes in the cool of the evening, marching down from the Lunar Mountains* and the hills of Nubia, and with republican pride weaves into her robes the White Nile, the Blue Nile, and the Red Tacadze, she lifts from her widening trail, like the opening fan of the peacock, the flowers, fragrance and fruits of three successive harvests, nor withholds her munificent gifts, nor reduces her wardrobe till the last of September, and then like a sower who has scattered precious seed

* The reader will note the date of the above writing and make allowance for all subsequent discoveries.

bountifully and broadcast, she slowly retires with her togam from the field to her bed of rest, going forth still every day in distributive rivulets among the farmers to water their rising corn and watch the sacred increase.

Marvelous benefactress of men ! How natural for the untutored natives to revere thy munificence—to almost worship thy mystery ! When all people are prone to substitute creatures for the Creator we do not call the ancient mind peculiarly mad for adoring thee, for building altars to thee and placing thy name in the scroll of the gods ! but we will give thee diviner honor by ascribing thyself and thy mission to that Being before whom the Naiobe of nations must bow as the author and giver of all benefactions ; in His name we now bless thee and think fondly of His favor in our own native land, where the grandest chains of stern mountains on earth send their numerous rivers of pure sparkling snow water over a wider waste, "The Great American Desert," and invite industry, invention and art to utilize the same till our deserts shall bud and blossom as the rose, and the beholding travelers from afar shall rejoice in the broader, ever brightening prospects of the irrigated acres of our once arid plains.

A REVISION OF TIRZAN EVENTS.

I.

Here Abijah, the son of King Jeroboam, fell sick, and Jeroboam said to Queen Ano, his Egyptian wife : "Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself and get thee to Shiloh ; behold, there is Ahijah, the prophet, which told me that I should be King. He shall tell thee what shall become of the child." And when blind old Ahijah heard the sound of her feet, he said : "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam, I am sent to thee with sad tidings. Get thee to thine own house, and when thy feet enter into the city thy child shall die."—I Kings xiv.: 1-14.

"Transgressors' ways are truly hard !"

The semi-Pagan King and Queen
Are called to pay concealed regard
To his first prophet's holy mien.
They both forbode their fearful loss
Before the stroke they strangely dread
Hath borne their beauteous boy across
The border land among the dead !

Mark what emotion moves the strong man's frame,
As on his house he sees Jehovah's hand !
He wants Ahijah's help—without his name
Made known. He scarcely dares his wife command ;
Implores her—though a Pagan—"Pray, make
haste ;
Find Seer Ahijah ; he said I'd be King ;
He lives at Shiloh—is God's prophet ; waste
No time, but from him speedy tidings bring !

Let him not know the lad's true name, nor mine ;
Take some fresh presents from a prudent man
In deep distress—demand response divine ;
He sees our future as no other can !"
So Ano, sister of Taphenes, went
With bowed head, a mother's bursting heart,
The way she was with shortest warning sent
Though master power had torn her mask apart !

The sightless prophet's prescience saw the case ;
 He calleth Ano, "Wife of Israel's King,"
 Before she sees his sad and sacred face,
 Then says : "'Tis evil tidings that I bring
 From Israel's God to thee and thine to-day !
 Thy guilty husband hates the God of Heaven ;
 Thy pious son shall pass too soon away ;
 To him alone of thine is burial given ;
 Thy child shall die to-day ; then do not stay ;
 Jehovah's judgments enjoin no delay !'"

II.

THERE'S MOURNING IN THE MANSIONS OF TIRZAH TO-DAY.

And Jeroboam's wife arose and departed and came to Tirzah, and when she came to the threshold of the door her child died, and they buried him ; and all Israel mourned for him according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Ahijah the prophet.
 —I Kings xiv.: 17-18.

In Tirzah there's mourning to-day !
 Queen Ano is coming in grief ;
 Presuming not even to pray,
 Her religion can give no relief !
 But heavily harrassed in heart,
 She sobs the dark sovereign decree,
 That says : "Thy sick son shall depart ;
 Thy husband left houseless shall be !"

From Shiloh to Tirzah—those beautiful towns !
 The Princess and Pagan pursues her prone way ;
 She passes her peasants in peasantry gowns,
 With dust on her head, her heart in dismay ;
 And just as she enters her palace of state,
 Still in her disguises, her dear son is dead ;
 Her husband, in poignant distress, is prostrate
 Upon the checked pavement beside the child's
 bed

Whereon dead Abijah—their beautiful boy!—
 Lies ghastly and ghostless, this moment deceased,
 And cheerless and childless their palace of joy,
 Whose only pure spirit has just been released!
 Soon weeping and wailing in Tirzah resound;
 And over the mountains and valleys with speed
 Dispatches run forth to the regions around,
 And Elders and Chieftains with cherishing heed
 Come burdened to Tirzah—"that beautiful town"**—
 With grief and good gifts there to garnish the grave
 Of the son of their Sovereign, lost heir to the crown,
 Whom gods, like gold calves, all combined,
 could not save.

The wiles of the wicked thus woefully foiled,
 All hasten in sorrow to Ahijah, the Seer;
 But, with consciences seared and characters soiled,
 In their treason and fear they refused still to hear;
 While with anguish distressed and expectance despoiled,
 Both the King and the Queen from their future recoiled!

* "Beautiful as Tirzah" was even proverbial in the Bible, and the ornamental pavement in the royal palace is proven by the remains still visible there. I discovered one costly specimen by the shying of my horse on my way from Tyre to Sidon. Shiloh was Tirzah's rival for beauty.

† Shemer originally owned the beautiful site of the famous city and capital of Samaria—named after him. That city of Samaria is in perpetual death, as predicted, and yet beautiful for situation, and magnificent in its ruins. This once luxuriant city of Jezreel is like Samaria, also, and the site of Naboth's vineyard is near by.

THOSE SEVENTY HEADS OF AHAB'S SONS. (II Kings, x, 1-10.)
(At Jezreel.)†

The sun shone still on Shemer's hill,
Samaria's proud acropolis,
When Jehu wrote, where Jezebel
Had left her citadel as his—
He wrote a note from Jezreel—
To the King's court with cun~~h~~ing care,
That they guard Ahab's honor well,
And for his sons a throne prepare.
But none would do King Ahab reverence—
They sent: “We, as thy subjects, wait thy
will!”
And as a most immediate consequence,
King Jehu wrote: “Then you at once must kill
All Ahab's sons and send their heads to me
By this same hour, and here, to-morrow eve!”
That night were with insane alacrity
The “seventy heads” made ready to receive!
The sun set sad and still on Shemer's hill,
Samaria's cruel, cursed Acropolis,
When the ambassadors their baskets fill
With heads, and haste from their metropolis,
Down through the costly colonnade
That Omri built to beautify the town,
By Baal's temple, made to test his aid,
Along the Elsraelon villas brown,
And set the sevety heads of Ahab's sons—
The seventy sons of Ahab, young and fair,
Down here at Jezreel's gates, upon the stones,
In equal piles—of pyramids a pair—
And at the dawn King Jehu saw the sight
With cool inquiry: “Who hath done all this?”
That morn shed crimson light on Shemer's height,
Samaria's pagan, proud metropolis,
And left o'er Shemer's bloom a shuddering
blight—
Left o'er Samaria's height eternal night!

ALONE WITH GOD WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.

When riding from Gaash to Mt. Gerazeem,

I came to a point where the plain path was two,
And the right way both branches did equally seem,
And no mortal was near to tell which one was
true,

And my wit only wot of one safe thing to do,
And that must be prompt as I very well knew—
To look unto God for the right!

So my poor, panting steed I tied fast to a stone,
And bowed by the way my flushed face to the
ground;

And my prayer I addressed to Jehovah alone,
Till there came to my ears a faint, tinkling
sound,
That made me inspect the horizon around,
When lo! like a speck toward Mt. Ebal I found
My tents hastening fast from my sight!

This coincidence came like a God-send to faith ;
For the bells could be heard only by the bowed
head,

And their vibrations moved with the suppliant's
breath

From the true Shechem path where the cara-
vans tread ;

Where the guercons were going with shelter
and bed ;

Thus the impulse to prayer and to Providence
led

To my cot and my tent for the night.

As I pillow'd my head on my poor Syrian bed,
And ponder the path I have trodden to-day,
I'm constrained here to write, what so often is
read,

How provender and prayer hinder not on our way ;
That young men and old, ere in wrong paths they stray
At the forks of the roads, should remember to pray ;
Aye, with God's wisdom unite !

In our pilgrimage here, which as tourists we tread,
If there be the two ways that divergently lie,
The one leading off to dark realms of the dead,
And the other to the regions of rest in the sky,
If asked for advice, I would ever reply :
Choose the right, nor in this on thy guess work rely,
But look up unto God for light !

Had I kept the wrong road, I had gone *from Naplous*,
Far away from my comrades, encampment and stalls,
To dismount after dark and take Bedween's abuse,
Or joined mountain wolves hounded on by jackals,
With no comrade in reach to respond to my calls,
Hence how faithful the voice that all viewless then falls,
Saying : Seek of God for the right !

ESTHER, THE QUEEN, AND THE PERSIAN WISE MEN.

Xerxes-Ahasuerus, who reigned from India to Ethiopia, made a feast to his princes, and when merry with wine he commanded to bring Vashti, the Queen, that he might show her beauty. But she refused. Then the King commanded officers to gather all the fair virgins into Shushan, the palace, that the maiden which pleased him best should be Queen. And the King loved Esther and made her Queen instead of Vashti. She had neither father nor mother, and the maid was beautiful.—Esther i: 4.

The grandeur of the gorgeous East,
 The splendors of the Persian court,
 The richness of the royal feast,
 The rigor of the last resort
 When Vashti spurned the King's vain call,
 The hatred of the Hebrew race,
 The choice of Esther Queen, the fall
 Of Haman—how these crowd the case !

No pen nor pencil can improve the scene,
 No “happy hit” by painter or by poet,
 Where Vashti was by vote no longer Queen,
 And edict ordered that all nations know it ;
 And what a fever, like a world afire,
 Was caused by King Ahasuerus' call
 For all fair virgins in his vast empire,
 That he elect the fairest of them all !

And when the King proclaimed his love and
 choice
 And took an orphaned Jewess to his throne,
 The providence of God with plainer voice
 Pronounced His ancient people still his own.
 When cruel Haman's dire decree came due
 And final slaughter all the Hebrews feared,
 Then Esther's uncle, Mordecai the Jew,
 A guardian of both Church and State, appeared.

He said : " Think not to save thyself alone !
Thy calling thou can't not in safety miss ;
For who can tell if thou hast reached the throne
For such a providential time as this ?"
And then it was Esther, the Persian Queen,
The orphan niece of Mordecai, the Jew,
Excelled all princesses the earth has seen
In all that's beautiful, and brave and true,
By inspiration high as e'er hath been,
Whence rose the mission of the real " Wise Men . "

KEPLER'S NOTION OF THE NEW STAR.

" Some regard the Star in the East as having been the conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. This idea was first proposed by the celebrated astronomer Kepler. These two planets were twice in conjunction that year. The first was visible in the east before sunrise in May (20) ; the second, October 27, at midnight. They appeared to the natural eye as a new and large luminary. This solution is recommended by its simplicity, definiteness and scientific basis." — Robinson's Greek Harmony.

" Our triune God communicated his substance to the adorable Michio (Messiah), who, veiling his triune majesty, appeared in the likeness of a man. The celestial spirits manifested their joy, and a virgin brought forth the Holy One. The most splendid constellations announced this happy event ; the Persians saw the splendor and ran to pay tribute." — A Chinese inscription of the seventh century : George Freeman Clark.

The whole stupendous starry host,
Which mind did out of matter make—
A gift of God's own Holy Ghost—
May well earth's " wise men " all awake ;
For oft coincidences rise
In science and its Author's Soul
Which scrutiny of earth and skies
Convinces are of one control.

So noble Kepler pointed out the night
When Jupiter and Saturn passed in line
And shone together in the East so bright,
They seemed to be a “new star” all divine.
When first they met it was the flowery May ;
In autumn harvest, then they greet again,
And note the Savior’s birth, both year and day
With stellar measurements that still remain.

Hence he well states the “wise men” saw a star
Of grander beauty than before had been ;
So broad and brilliant it was seen afar,
As if commissioned by the King of men :
Astrologers would to this star attend
With earnest, anxious inquiry to find
What great events from God it did portend
Of bane or blessing to all human kind.

The long captivity in Chaldee land
Of Hebrew learning in the holy line,
Left Messianic mementos at hand
To help the sages seek the holy shrine
Of Judah at Jerusalem that very year ;
And from the mornings of the vernal May
Until their greeting would again appear,
They had just time to journey all their way,
And Persian patience helped them persevere,
And now that “Eastern Star” is shining here !

THE STAR IN THE EAST—THE PIous MISSION OF THE
PERSIAN MAGI.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, behold there came wise men from the East, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him." "Balaam, the son of Beor, said: There shall come a star out of Jacob and a sceptre out of Israel, and blessed is he that blesseth Him." "Of whom Moses and the prophets did write—The Prince of Peace."—Matthew ii : 1; Numbers xxiv : 9, 17; Isaiah ix : 6; John i : 45.

How beautiful are new-born stars,
 When morn first rises in the East,
 And faithful Phœbus fires his cars
 To find a new day's natal feast,
 And earth wakes up, as if in spring,
 Her sweetest voices into song,
 To praise the Prince of Peace as King,
 And "wise men" lead the adoring throng.

'Twas thus—perhaps near proud Percepolis—
 When groups of Magi marked a growing light,
 Which seemed another world in search of this,
 A new-lit wonder in the wake of night,
 Until the damp and darkness disappear
 Before the bright advancing of the day;
 And He who made and moved the shining sphere
 Seemed to the wistful "wise men" thus in love
 to say :

Ye loyal priesthood of the Parsee's law,
 Ye denizens where captive seers did dwell,
 Behold the sacred star that Balaam saw
 When called to curse the tents of Israel;
 That "rising star of Jacob" still portends
 The promised "Prince of Peace" o'er all to
 reign,
 Whose realm o'er earth extends and never ends;
 Both land and sea are bound to be in His
 domain.

Westward His course of empire takes its way,
 And wise men well may watch its guiding star,
 Till purest worship to this Prince they pay,
 With gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh ;
 Then join your legends to the Jewish laws
 With pious zeal, O, Zoroaster's priest,
 And so espouse earth's Savior and His cause,
 And start the story of the new "Star in the
 East."

"HAVE MERCY ON US, O LORD, THOU SON OF DAVID!"

(On Leaving Jericho, April 10, 1862.)

"And as they departed from Jericho, behold two blind men were sitting by the wayside begging, when they heard that Jesus passed by they cried out, saying: Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David."—Matthew xx : 29.

O Thou Redeeming One
 King David's divine son,
 Be merciful !
 I pray for sight to see
 Thyself more perfectly,
 And by Thy word to be
 Made clean and whole !

O let me now come near,
 With holy faith and fear,
 Dear Lord, to Thee !
 The good, for which I sigh,
 Is faith that brings Thee nigh,
 For Thou art passing by,
 Incessantly !

I turn my listening ear
 Thy loving voice to hear
 Say: "Come to me !
 What shall I do for thee ?"

And this is all my plea,
O grant me sight to see
 Myself and Thee !

I cast the world aside,
Its beggar-robcs of pride,
 And to Thee press ;
For here by the wayside
The two blind beggars cried—
Though Pharisees did chide—
 And Thou didst bless !

There's nothing here below
Which can on me bestow
 The good I crave !
God of Eternity,
Do Thou my guardian be
Help me Thy path to see,
 Thy power to save !

Mercy, Thou Holy One,
Mercy, King David's son,
 Mercy, I pray !
When from Jordan's stream
I seek Jerusalem,
Ladder of Jacob's dream,
 Be Thou my way !

THOUGHTS AT THE OLDEST GRAVE ON EARTH—MACHPELA.

The grave of the three Patriarchs is the oldest well authenticated one in the world. It has been revered by a succession of Hebrews, Moslems, Christians and pilgrims from nearly all peoples under the sun for over three thousand seven hundred years. It is well protected by a high and massy wall older than the Christian era, and in an undulating table-land two thousand eight hundred feet above the Mediterranean on the west, and four thousand feet above the Dead Sea, almost in sight, on the east. Here patriarchs, prophets, kings and psalmists passed pleasant hours, and here did ancient worthies pass away; and distinguished men and women, well known to all the world, lie buried here. *Requiescat in pace!*

How long! how still! the sleep of death doth seem,

In this dear grave of great Jehovah's friend;
While life itself just like a troubled dream,

Doth toward this deep, dark slumber tend
And ask imploringly, "Is this the end
Of man?" Yet, what hath been since Jaob died,
That could continued life on earth commend?

Were Abram still alive, and by my side,
In view of all—what verdict would be here replied?

Is there no answer from these sleeping dead?

Do they not heed what hath in Hebron passed
O'er these eternal hills they used to tread,

Which still appear as when they saw them last?
Could they arise and survey fully cast

O'er the whole history of earth and man
With all events in their experience vast—

Compared with common life—that very span—
How good to live here, through the future and
the past?

Alas! the long, the still, deep sleep of death;
How dark, how desolate distinguished graves!
Silence here listens with suspended breath,

"One lot for patriarchs, princes, kings and
slaves;"

For all alike lie down and sleep in dust.
The rich man, like the poorest wretch that craves
His crumbs ! In spite of wealth or love or lust,
All toward Machpela move, and slumber there
they must !

Legend and Law come from the silent land,
With chanting voice funereal, join to say,
"There is an Abraham at God's right hand
In Heaven, receiving saints who pass away
From time by angels borne to endless day ;
And in that Spirit Land they live in rest.
Earth and all worlds they wakefully survey,
With every finite power in pure perfection
blessed—
The sainted dead still live of earth and Heaven
possessed.

The morning's light her mellowed halo lends ;
The ages onward tramp with muffled tread ;
The heavenly minstrelsy in silence bends,
And old Machpela gives me back her dead ;
Now Abr'am, Isaac, Jacob, from their bed
With three maternal ancestors of Christ,
Come forth with Jesus risen at their head,
And Thou, O Son of God, in love repliest,
How blessed, if in the faith of Abraham thou
diest !

HEBRON, April 15, 1862.

TO SAINTS IGNATIUS OF ANTIOCH AND COFFING OF AMERICA.

(Suggested at Coffing's Grave in Iscanderoon.)

[Trajan commanded : "Inasmuch as Ignatius of Antioch confesses that he carries in himself the Crucified One, let him be carried by soldiers to Rome, and thrown to the beasts for the entertainment of the people."—A. D. 116. My fellow student, J. G. Coffing, was also martyred by Moslem at Alexandretta, near and on his way to Antioch, in 1862. While at his fresh grave (May 13) this double tribute was paid.]

At this grave of my grand friend
By hands of Moslem slain,
Past and present here so blend,
Saint Ignatius seems again
Mingling with the sons of men ;
Once more on these troubled shores to tread,
Tenderly to wipe the tears
Which above this mound I shed,
Mourning for my dear, my martyred dead !

Friend Coffing, dear ! Thou art not here I know ;
For thou art risen, indeed, with righteous dead ;
And yet I've come so far to find laid low
The manly form, that used with me to tread
The trying labyrinths of trade,
With tender voice to offer timely aid
To poor neglected poverty and pain !
Though oft in peril, thou wast ne'er afraid :
And has it come to this—thou art here slain ?
And with Ignatius now in Heaven dost reign ?

Ignatius ! Thou princely fellow of Saint Paul ;
Thou very joy of "him whom Jesus loved ;"
O thou whom first the world did Christian call,
And who to martyrdom was well approved,
Thou seemest on these hills this hour to stand,
And, like some tall arch angel, wave thy hand
From scenes of earth away to yonder seat,
Where now are gathered in a glorius band

Great martyr hosts, my fond class-mate to greet,
While all in mighty joy fall down at martyred
Jesus' feet.

I must not wait to watch and weep this hour ;
But hasten in thy wake to heed the way
That bore thee on in iron bonds of power
Which from the hills of Rome held ruthless
sway.

I see thee meet thy loving student mate,
Saint Polycarp, at Smyrna, in like fate ;
I feel the pressure and unfeeling pride
Of Roman soldiers rudely at thy side
In murderous greed thy martyr steps to guide—
Such scourged and crowned with thorns the cru-
cified !

“Theophorus” thou art ! Still “bearing Christ”
within thy heart ;
And in thy power with Him my class-mate hath
a part !

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP.

(Written in Smyrna, Sabbath Evening, May 18, 1862.)

Far up in the *Æ*gean sea,
Above the brim of Scio’s isle,
Sits ancient Smyrna, leisurely
Bestowing round her May-born smile.
The summer’s sun his blazing car
Is driving down the Western sky,
And o’er the house-tops, near and far,
High hills in the horizon lie.
A balmy breeze is in the air ;
A Sabbath stillness sits around ;
My soul goes up in silent prayer ;
I feel as on enchanted ground.

But hark ! Loud guns from fort and fleet
 Now boom to praise the Prince of Wales,
 And worldliness and worship meet ;
 Yet over all one Saint prevails.
 A more than prince was Polycarp !
 Old Smyrna's faithful Antipas ;
 Hark ! Hear ye not a Heavenly harp ?
 It is St. John's sounding his praise !

He sings those words of holy charm :
 "Eighty-six years I've served my Lord,
 And he has never done me harm ; *
 How can I, now, contemn his word?"
 He points us back, far in the past,
 Where his friend Polycarp was slain,
 His day of death, his best, his last—
 That day he calls to dawn again !

The sun, now rising in his might,
 Spreads golden light o'er land and sea ;
 Poor Polycarp hath spent the night
 In prayer to die triumphantly.
 Wise man ! Well done ; for cruel beasts
 And fiercer, prowling men of prey
 Have joined to celebrate their feasts
 Upon thine agony to-day !

The morn glides on ; the Stadium
 With eager men is densely thronged ;
 The execution hour is come ;
 Nor can it be one sand prolonged.
 The amphitheatre holds breath,
 In waiting for the King's decree,

* Polycarp's words when offered life if he would curse his Lord, were : "Eighty-six years have I now served Christ and he has never done me any wrong ; how then can I curse his name?" When threatened with both wild beasts and fire, he assured the pro-consul that he feared neither and was ready for death, and then thanked Christ for the privilege of sharing in his martyrdom.

And nothing but the Christian's death
Can set the spell-bound masses free.

That man of prayer to whom Christ sent
The Spirit's message to his fold
In the arena now is bent,
And Heaven has more than it can hold !
The hovering hosts of holy ones,
That haste adown the "Castle Hill,"
Are come as God's beloved sons,
To see this saint suffer His will.

As there he stands in felon's chains,
The King appears in royal state,
And shouts ascend in shocking strains
As he points toward the lion-gate.
A band of soldiers, waiting, stand
Obedient to his stern behest—
He speaks, and at his loud command,
A Lybian lion leaves his nest.

Composed, as angel-faces are,
The son of "Him whom Jesus loved"
Keeps the fierce monster still with prayer ;
And both, like statues, stand unmoved.
Sublimity ! Thou art outdone !
Behold, that beast so kept at bay !
'Tis more than pauses of the sun
When lions pause while Christians pray !

So brutish is the human heart,
Not even this could men appease ;
But they use yet more cruel art,
And for the stake the victim seize.
Both Jews and Gentiles now engage
To burn to death the man of God.
O ruthless, false religious rage !
Beyond a leopard's thirst for blood !

The fire by pagan oaths is fanned ;

The Jews fetch fagots for the flame,
While wrapt in glory he doth stand

And still confess the Christian name !

“Praise God !” he cries, “for this good hour
For death indeed doth not destroy ;

O'er pain and death I'm given power :

I drink my Master's cup with joy !”

So saints and angels haste to sing :

“Thou, Polycarp, art dying well !

We robe and crown thee Priest and King,
And victor over death and hell !”

’Tis more than proud salutes of state

To proudest princes of the earth

When grace divine thus crowns as great

A Prince of God by heavenly birth—

Then let the guns from forts and fleets

Boom on to greet the Prince of Wales,
And noisy thousands throng the streets ;

Yet over all this Saint prevails !

My peace divine they do not mar.

Saint Polycarp seems hovering near,
And sets the gates of Heaven ajar

So wide that I can see and hear—

See beams of heavenly light and bliss,

Hear music which each martyr sings ;

I'd give ten thousand worlds like this

To rank with him 'mong priests and Kings,
And wander forth on angel's wings !

THE LAST ENGLISH MARTYR WAS THE BLIND YOUNG WOMAN,
JOAN WASTE, WHO WAS BURNED AUGUST 15, 1558.

[Miss Waste was a poor blind orphan girl, left to the care of her brother Roger. She had earned money by knitting to buy a New Testament, which a man in prison for debt read to her daily. She was sentenced to death for owning a Testament and believing the sacrament was only a *memorial* of the death of her Divine Master.]

One cold and misty morn in March
 With my kind Derby host I stood
 Upon the spot, beneath the arch
 Of England's sky, in reverent mood,
 And heard the tale that here is told
 Of that blessed maid, both poor and blind,
 But worth her weight in pearls and gold
 For wealth of faith within her mind :

'Twas "Bloody Mary" sought this martyr's blood !
 And fitting the last faithful one to fall
 Should be a woman, guileless, weak and good,
 And blind—to cap the climax of them all ;
 And this her judgment—"Joan Waste
 Is sentenced (for her love of sacred truth)
 To be led forth and burned in haste—
 In spite her sex, her blindness and her youth!"

I stood and studied, in the damp, chill air
 The hour this poor blind girl to ashes burned ;
 I watched the flames that wafted up her prayer ;
 And o'er her spotless youth my spirit yearned.
 Poor Roger rose to view, and, hand in hand,
 Clung bravely to her with a brother's heart,
 As long as the hot flames his flesh could stand ;
 Then with desire we saw her soul depart !

I stood there silent, thrilled with solemn thought,
 While my good host portrayed before his guest
 The tender lessons that last scene hath taught
 Till England, stained with blood, stands washed
 and blessed.

Her Church soon rose to life from her saints' death ;
 The State awoke the study of God's word ;
 To brother's love were brought both life and breath ;
 Free speech there lives—"the spirit of the Lord;"
 The blind all see what blessed Messiah saith,
 And joyful worlds are Joan Waste's award :
 'Twere worth ten thousand worlds like this to have
 her wealth and have her bliss,
 And with her see the King of kings, and do his will
 on martyrs' wings !

ON MARS' HILL, ATHENS, GREECE.

(At 6 p. m. May 29, 1862).

Here I stand on the Hill of Mars !
 Emotions deep and holy thrill,
 Above regard for art or wars,
 Above the power of pride or will ;
 The vesper bell hath called to prayers ;
 Its lingering echo calleth still ;
 I heed the call.

O God, through endless years the same,
 While on these rocks I bend the knee,
 And speak adoringly Thy name,
 As ruler of eternity
 And fountain of all lasting fame,
 Do thou come near, thyself to be
 My all in all !

Imbue me with my Master's might,
 Like him who on this very spot
 "The unknown God" led forth to light
 From altars which had known him not !
 Make me immortal in Thy sight
 Beyond where empires die and rot,
 Nor let me fall !

Look, too, upon my distant land,
 And on its troubled sea breathe peace ;
 Its Christian life, for aye command !
 And from this grand old land of Greece,
 Where storied liberty doth stand,
 Lord lift the pall !

DEAR FERENZIE, FAREWELL.

(Written in diligence on way up the Appennines, June 14).

O Ferenzie,* thou fair city midway between two
 seas ;

Thou diamond on Italia's heaving breast ;
 Thou Queen of the successive Tuscanies—
 Thy very stones † are blest.

Thy gray old Arno's fair and fertile classic banks
 and vales ;

Thy guardian hills of Appennine around :
 Thy purest, sweetest of Italian gales,
 Say, " Thine is sacred ground ! "

Thine ancient names of genius, grandeur, glory
 and of grace,

Which all thy long, thy far famed annals fill,
 Reveal the vigor of an unquenched race
 Whose life gives lustre still.

All hail ! fair city, where the intense Dante sang
 and fought,

Where Michael Angelo could live and die,
 Where Galileo to thine altars brought
 The empires of the sky !

Hail ! hail ! thou fair Ferenzie, an admiring, fond
 farewell !

I leave thee now ; I'll hold thine image fast ;
 And when I look on it will wish to dwell
 With thy loved sons at last.

* Ferenzie is the Italian for Florence.

† The best mosaics are made in Florence.

ON THE TOP OF MOUNT RHIGI THE FOURTH OF JULY, (1862.)
(An Impromptu.)

On the top of Mount Rhigi, this Fourth of July !
Where could Independence be better reviewed ?
When these mountains announce and in echoes reply :
“Here dwelleth a race by no tyrants subdued !”
On the top of Mount Rhigi, this Fourth of July !
Free Switzerland’s standpoint for studying states ;
As if keeping watch from the towers on high,
To determine their ranks and their relative fates.

On the top of Mount Rhigi, this Fourth of July !
With the best panorama the world can afford,
Where all the earth’s empires appear to draw nigh ;
And the ages to rally at the wish and the word.
On the top of Mount Rhigi, this Fourth of July !
With my heart beating full for a sight of our flag,
While “the Red, White and Blue” are just dawned
in the sky,
And the arrows of Tell dart in light from each crag.

When the bold bounding day-beams of a morn in July,
Are hung out and gilded on the heights of Bernard,
And the Jura and Jungfrau toss up in reply
Their mantles of glory to Saint Bonivard !
’Tis a scene most befitting this Fourth of July !
Yet its like ne’er again upon earth to enjoy,
Begets in my heart both a song and a sigh
And commingles my cup with regretful alloy.

And the sights and the sounds, too, this Fourth of July,
Which come rolling up from my country afar,
Are too awful and dread for the ear or the eye ;
Two words comprehend them—“Rebellion and War !”
Still, I hail my dear country, this Fourth of July !
More dear to me now in her day of distress,
While her millions of freemen are willing to die

The world with her freedom forever to bless !
 Now Time's truest patriots, this Fourth of July !
 Far away from their hearthstones, are heeding the
 call,
 Of their country, to blot out that miserable lie
 Of "freedom for some and not freedom to all!"
 O my Country ! dear Country ! this Fourth of July !*
 How I weep at the sight of thy suffering fame,
 And feel that I, too, would be willing to die,
 To add but one ray to the light of thy name !

Yes, here on this altar, this Fourth of July !
 The year of our Lord, eighteen sixty and two,
 I swear, in Christ's name, with thy calls to comply
 And do for thy weal what God gives me to do !
 On the top of Mount Rhigi, this Fourth of July !
 'Tis a fact to record and remember for aye—
 Even though I now say, at five-thirty, "Good bye!"
 And at Grutli and Altdorf still hallow the day.

Yes, to Altdorf and Grutli, my Fourth of July
 I have pledged as a proof of my love for them both ;
 No patriot could pass Tell's nativity by,
 Nor the sweet grassy spot of "the triple Swiss
 oath."
 So away ! I'll away ! This sweet morn in July,
 Down the mountain and lakes for a Glorious
 Fourth !
 All alone I'll express what there's none to deny—
 Love's prayer for my country ! The South and the
 North !

* Some may wonder that a patriot should be traveling abroad at such a time; but the answer is this: After writing several books for the soldiers, addressing vast assemblies in their behalf and attending to my parish, much bereft by the war, I became so ill for want of sleep that my people kindly gave me \$1,200 with which to go beyond the sound of war, in hope that I might recover from my dangerous insomnia. The result was my restoration to health and doing more service to my country abroad than I could have rendered at home. Yet my desire to return was so intense as to hasten my travels more than would have been in times of peace.

"GRUTLI GREEN" AND "LES TROIS SWISSE."

(The Heroes of Basle, of Briton and of Bunker Hill.)

Upon the bosom of that Lucerne Lake
Which bathes the feet of Rhigi's royal mount,
At noon, at night and every morn,
My first and last fond view I take
Of Grutli Green, on which a triple fount
Reveals where the "Three Swiss" were sworn—

Sworn by each other in God's holy name
Their country from the Austrian yoke to free—
On this they staked their earthly all ;
And so they planted germs of future fame
Whose truant leaves of Freedom's spreading tree
On far and potent empires fall.

From their true hearts, as brave as they were true,
Three fountains sprung of courage, faith and prayer ;
They forthwith vanquished every foe,
And waked Republics where else thrones were now,
Asylums for the oppressed who, in despair
Of rights at home, might hither go.

With them as models at a later date
A thousand and three hundred patriots fell ;
Ten only stood above the fallen ranks
To tell how hard they fought and their sad fate,
And in a nation's grateful heart to dwell
And share its monumental thanks.

This was at Basle in fourteen forty-four :
"Our souls to God, our bodies to the foe,"
Is with a pen of iron graved and set
Upon the tablet stationed to deplore
The Franco-Austrian and tyrannic woe,
Whose bloody menace lingered yet.

In fourteen ninety-nine six thousand Swiss
Beat thrice their number, in the Dornach field,
 Of Austria's massed and mercenary hordes ;
And most of all exults the world in this :
That "they could die, but they would never yield
 A cause they knew to be the Lord's."

With them as models, the Cromwellian lines
Stood up with Puritanic pluck and power ;

With them as models also o'er the main,
Where light of freedom now effulgent shines,
In "'seventy-six" and in this anxious hour,
 The "triple oath" is vowed again.

There with the Puritans the aliens stand,
By oath enfranchised and forever free,
 And negro slaves are armed, unbound,
And sworn to save their native land,
And 'neath the boughs of Freedom's bruised tree,
 Their mingled blood doth bless the ground.

I AM HAPPY—HOME'S IN SIGHT.

I am happy ! very happy, nearing Boston down the bay !
Hastening onward, hastening homeward from my wanderings far away :
"Wet Arabia," plow the billows, fill the morn with golden spray !

I am happy ! I am grateful, and with thanks my heart o'er flows,
As my long eventful journeys hasten to their longed for close :
I am grateful and am happy, more than anybody knows !

I am happy, grateful, hopeful, as the sea-gull o'er me
sports;

I am hopeful, aye, and thankful, as we pass familiar
forts;

I am peaceful and yet anxious, as the pilot brings
reports:

The reports that back from Richmond, with a dreadful
loss of life,

Mild McClellan has retreated, given up his tardy
strife,

And the rebels are advancing! Such sad rumors now
are rife!

O, my heart is sad and heavy; I am sad and sick at
heart;

For I now approach my country with no power to
impart

Peace or triumph—O, my Country, dear thou art!

Down my cheeks I feel the coursing of thy grief and
bloody sweat,

Much as if God's Word Incarnate were at prayer in
Olivet

And the fading sun of Freedom were forever now to
set!

But, O, no! The right shall triumph, and my native
land shall live,

As a happy blood bought nation, and this war shall
be the sieve

Which shall sift the good from evil, and the better
seed shall give.

Yes, I'll pray that every battle in this war so fierce
and long

May but hasten the final triumph of the right against
the wrong,

When returning tides of music shall bring back the
victor's song,

And the Nation, nobly ransomed, shall be bound for
aye as one,

By the golden rules of Heaven and as radiant as the
sun,

And the mourners and the martyrs both delight in
what is done.

I am grateful, hopeful, happy ! as I reach these native
shores,

As I write these patriot numbers, which my thankful
spirit pours ;

My whole being bows in worship, and my father's
God adores !

But how happy ! now how happy ! nearing Boston,
down the bay ;

"Wet Arabia," plow the billows, fill the morning full
of spray ;

Bear me onward, bear me homeward, for my wander-
ings end to-day ;

Aye, my long eventful absence now is coming to its
close,

And my heart with glad thanksgiving more than ever
overflows ;

I am happy, aye, and grateful more than any mortal
knows !



III. PATRIOTIC.

LIFE AND DEATH OF THE PATRIOT E. D. M'MASTER, D. D.,
LONG PRESIDENT OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY, AND ANTI-
SLAVERY LEADER OF HIS TIME IN THE WEST. (DIED,
1866.)

I.

There is a grandeur in the mountain peaks,
That point their granite fingers toward the stars;
There is an emphasis when lightning speaks
And trails the eternal cliffs with lasting scars;
There is a beauty in the thundering storm,
When it has passed and done more good than harm,
And bows of hope are hung in graceful form
To give the darkest clouds the brightest charm.

II.

And perfect Nature everywhere proclaims
A Providence more perfectly sublime;
And in that Providence stand towering names
That rise above the level of their time;
The names of men whose broad horizon hung
Around the circuit of the coming age
And all the past; whose purposes were strung
To deeds that bend in light o'er history's page.

III.

The eras most prolific of such men
Are those of moral and heroic strife,
In which a forecast, like a prophet's ken,
Leaps farther than the longest human life,

And lays all bare, like some bold mountain throne,
 The mightiest issues of the impending hour,
 And makes them in the plainest meaning known,
 So that the masses see and feel their power.

IV.

An epoch such as that is scarcely passed ;
 The cloud-capped mountain peaks are in full sight,
 And men are led to see and feel at last
 That they are great who see and serve the right ;
 Who, grasping issues of advancing years,
 Like ancient prophets sent the steps of fate,
 See what is not as yet by what appears,
 And learn at once to serve both Church and State.

V

When this is done without a shade of doubt,
 And friends and foes stand all around to view
 The doubtful tables fairly turned about,
 And what was promised in detail is true ;
 When the contested wrongs are all made right,
 And they who wrought have rectified the same—
 How honored then, and ready for his flight,
 The moral hero with untarnished name !

VI.

He towers beyond our touch but cannot die ;
 His life is lasting as the lofty hills,
 And lifts our footsteps into purer sky
 Where dew of Hermon on our head distills ;
 And there we see him far on Pisgah's height,
 The dawn of Heaven hung round his chastened
 brow,
 The fleeing clouds reflect prismatic light
 And he is ripened into glory now.

VII.

“I see Heaven opened, and the Son of God
 At His right hand in robes so bright and clear,
 In that pure city where the saints have trod
 The golden streets ; I die without a fear !”

Said he ; and he is dead ! yet lives for aye.
 That form we almost see as in the past ;
 That voice of praise still teaches us to pray ;
 Yes, he is dead ; but liveth crowned at last !

VIII.

His memory on earth shall long be blest ;
 His life a lesson for the sons of peace ;
 And he has entered his eternal rest
 Where all his saintly honors shall increase.
 The Church, the Bride of Christ, hath also said :
 "The wreath once wrongly wrested * is restored ;"
 The Lord himself hath crowned with life the dead ;
 And be God's faithfulness and love adored !

LONGFELLOW IS NOT DEAD.

An Impromptu, on reading in the telegram from Boston the sad words which said : "Longfellow is dead."
 "Longfellow is dead," the telegram said ;
 With rending hearts we received it ;
 We read and re-read, and wept and re-read,
 As, wishing to doubt, we believed it ;
 Then sighing we said : "Longfellow is dead,
 Hath passed over Death's silent river,
 From scenes where he trod, to the bosom of God,
 'The Father of Spirits' and giver.

And yet is it so ? From mortals below
 Is Longfellow gone, and forever ?
 Our hearts answer, No : it surely 's not so ;
 His soul nothing from us can sever !
 His spirit of song shall still sing along,
 His pure heart still beat in his pages,
Appealing for right, opposing the wrong ;
 He lives thus, and will through the ages.

* Dr. McMaster, for his hostility to slavery, was for several years unemployed as professor or president, but died in the chair of theology at Chicago.

I hear *now* the sweet voice that oft made me rejoice;
 Sometimes, when else had been sadness ;
 And, like the sunbeam, that lights the dark stream,
 It touches my grief with *his* gladness.
Longfellow's not dead, as the telegram said ;
 Nor yet is the telegraph lying ;
 The good man and blessed hath gone to his rest,
 But his “Works” will never know dying !
 DENVER, March 24, (p. m.), 1882.

AN ECHO OF THE AGES.

(Dedicated to Forefather's Day, December 22, A. D. 1882).

The world still moves, and time ;

The ages come and go,

Singing their solemn rhyme

As seasons ebb and flow ;

Still Nature's pulses beat,

And human hearts still throb,

And weary human feet

Still tread the whirling globe.

What has been still will be ;

Earth has no time to rest ;

But over land and sea

Her onward years are pressed.

Two centuries and more

Have hurried on their way

Since by the Plymouth shore

The anchored Mayflower lay.

That ship no more is there ;

The camp fire near hath fled ;

But in our Freedom's air

I hear the silent tread

Of those who crossed the sea

And there first lit that fire ;

I hear them speak to me ;

Their words my will inspire :

"Dear children of the past,
In whom the future lives,
That life shall longest last
Which most to future gives.
Our former foes ye face ;
The ills we fought ye fight,
And still must save the race
By battling for the right."

It is no false mistake ;
Those holy souls I hear—
The rustling sounds they make,
The whispers in my ear ;
Though dead, they are not dead !
Those Pilgrims we revere
For what they did and said ;
Behold, they're living here !

They're living in our life ;
They're living in our laws ;
They're marshaling the strife
In every noble cause ;
In us they live and move ;
They're lifting up the land,
And loving what we love,
Still in th' ascendant stand.

Their consecrated nerve
That crossed the dangerous deep,
All future time to serve
And all past good to keep,
Stirs in great issues still
Upon Time's tossing sea,
As when they first did thrill
With love of liberty !

And from old Plymouth bay
Up to the mountain's crest

Their cause shall win the day
 And all the world be blest.
 For Nature's pulses beat,
 And human hearts still throb
 And weary pilgrim feet
 Still tread the whirling globe.

All honor to the men
 And to their modest wives
 Who did and suffered then
 And sacrificed their lives ;
 And honor to their sons
 And well trained daughters true—
 To all heroic ones
 Who fight their fight anew !

A SEER-LIKE SONG OF '56.

I.

A cowboy listening to the bells
 Along Ohio's wooded hills,
 Which echoed down autumnal dells
 Half drowned by trundle of the mills
 And trickle of the water-falls—
 Stands heedless of the changing hues
 Of varied slopes on either hand,
 Where lavish Nature yearly strews
 Her ripening fruitage o'er the land :
 Anon his cows he counts and calls.

II.

Like Alpine *bouvierie's* evening song,
 His voice rings gaily down the glen,
 And as rich music, rolls along,
 O'er haunts of beasts and homes of men,
 And echoes back in broken words ;
 The sun declining gilds the heights

With burnished gold and silver sheen,
 While eastward slopes strike up the lights
 Of cottage fires and fields between,
 And homeward wends the bidden herds.

III.

The sky above, the stream below
 Reflect to each each woodland hue,
 And fleecy clouds, as pure as snow,
 Flake out in folds, red, white and blue,
 And triple glory crowds the scene.
 The woods in crimson, gilt and gray,
 Stand out in pointed bas-relief,
 As downward glides the glistening day,
 Enshrined in autumn's joy and grief,
 And trailing robes of Nature's Queen.

IV.

The youngster's eye moves with the light,
 And, in the sun's last bended ray,
 Sees a lone maple on the height,
 Which glowed in crimson all the day,
 And facing westward toward the sun
 Now seems a scarlet bush afire—
 "And is God's Angel once more seen?"
 His curious mind moves with desire
 To know what this strange sight may mean,
 When lo! he hears the Holy One:

V.

"Pause where thou art, with feet unshod!
 For thou art upon holy ground;
 I am thy free-born father's God;
 And I will free them that are bound
 And prove my pity for the oppressed!
 I've heard, I've heard the earnest plea
 Four million bondmen hourly make
 That I shall set their offspring free
 And all their long worn fetters break;
 I've sworn their wrongs shall be redressed!"

VI.

“ As wind worn trees in crimson dress
 Engender sweets through winter's strife,
 So garments rolled in blood shall bless
 The war-worn Nation's chastened life
 Till all the sweets of freedom flow.

“ Come ! then, thy country lies enthralled ;
 The strife of right and wrong runs high ;
 How long, how long, has justice called ?
 Who for the right would dare to die ?

(The surgeon must soon use the knife !)
 Let martyr motives move thee now ! ”

VII.

The youth, then yielding to the hour,
 Stood for the right ! as stout and stern
 As Moses, when that man of power
 Saw unconsumed the foliage burn ;
 “ Lo, here am I, send me ! ” he said—
 And other autumns bright and fair
 With grazing herds came in that glen ;
 But that young cow-boy was not there ;
 His step, with tramp of other men,
 Had borne him far—among the dead !

VIII.

With yeomen from the East and West,
 Who've seen the crimson field of blood
 And folded back on Heaven's breast
 The lurid light wherein they stood,
He went, and saved from thrall the State !
 Then, as the sugar tree survives
 The crimson season of the year
 And of its vital fluid gives
 To sweeten life both far and near,
 The blood bought Nation, blessing, lives !

SLAVE-HOLDER'S HORRORS IN '56.

I.

"They say," that the negroes (and "they" of course know),

Are heard in the stillness of the night, by the way,
To whisper: "Fremont will let us all go!"

And for Fremont's election they all of course
pray!

They say: "That the field-hands have a restiveness
all,

And the maids in the house a modified air,
And the "darkies" *en masse*, both big ones and small,
Seem shy in all places, even places of prayer."

II.

They say: "This whole region, by nature so grand,
Is like embers 'neath ashes the wind blows away;
That the whites may awake, unable to stand,
With heads smashed or throats cut on any new
day."

They say: "That patrols—'poor white trash' of
course—

Are seen on the highways from sundown till
morn,

To 'keep the blacks cowered' by the appearance of
force,

And keep them from stealing pigs, poultry and
corn."

III.

They say: "It's awful! Abolitionists are
At the bottom and top of this bad business, sure!"

And they look in your eye and half ask you to swear
That you'd willingly die to make slavery endure.
But I hate your oppression, ye cowardly knaves!

And defy your demands that I bow at your shrine
Where ye offer to Moloch your manacled slaves
And call your black nuisance "an order divine!"

IV.

I denounce in your teeth your terrible sin
 Of breeding and selling and buying up men,
 Because they've warm hearts and a very dark skin,
 And their father's were kidnaped and kept in a pen.
 I deem you but tyrants! whose terrible wrongs
 Shall reach to High Heaven and all be redressed
 And the clangor of arms and fair Liberty's songs
 Shall change our scourged land to "the land of
 the blest!"

SHEPARDSTOWN, VA., Oct. 18, 1856.

THE COUNTRY'S SECOND CALL TO ARMS—"VOLUNTEER! VOL-
 UNTEER!"

I.

And did ye not read it! that late proclamation,
 Of Liberty's guardian, repeating alarms?
 And do you not heed it; the voice of your Nation,
 Her Chieftain still calling her children to arms?

Hurrah! Christian heroes! Awake far and near!

Ring out the stern tocsin from Danville to Dover—*
 Your country's unsafe! with all you hold dear!

The Rebellion still rallies! The war is not over!
 Arouse ye! To arms! To arms!! Volunteer!!!

II.

Lo! God is commanding for Freedom's protection
 That slave-breeding traitors be put to the sword!
 And Mercy is standing to speed the collection
 Of swift vindicators of "the cause of the Lord!"

Hurrah! Christian heroes! Awake far and near! etc.

III.

Your father's are pleading, from heights of their glory
 To save for the future, the rights they bequeathed;

* Danville, Ky., the residence of that christian hero, Robert J. Breckenridge D. D., and Dover was called the banner town of New England then.

Your brothers are bleeding, on fields fresh and gory,
Near worn out in service, their swords still unsheathed !

Hurrah ! Christian heroes ! Awake far and near ! etc.

IV.

The world is beholding ; all ages are crying ;
“Now stand in your station ; the crisis is nigh !”
This day is unfolding what hell is defying—
The hope of the Nation, your courage to die !

Hurrah ! Christian heroes ! Awake far and near ! etc.

V.

From Meroz † comes flying the Lord's mighty Angel,
With curses or blessing as you may reply !
The crisis confessing, I hear your evangel ;
“For the Nation's salvation I'm willing to die !”

Hurrah ! Christian heroes ! Awake far and near ! etc.

VI.

“My Country ! I love thee, with filial devotion !
Thy mighty Protector shall teach me to fight ;
Enthroned now above me His sovereign emotion
Shall be my director and shield in the right !”

Hurrah ! Christian heroes ! Awake far and near !

Ring out the stern tocsin from Danville to Dover—
“Your country's unsafe ! with all you hold dear !
The Rebellion still rallies ! The war is not over !
Arouse ye ! To arms ! To arms !! Volunteer !!!”

† The Angel of the Lord said : “Curse ye Meroz ! Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” The call for volunteers had been there much as it was here. See Judges V. 23.

"GIRDLED ON HIS FIELD OF BATTLE," OR THE WOUNDED
SOLDIER WON TO HIS SAVIOR.

[Suggested by the death of my dear sister's son, George Haskell Culver, killed in the battle at Corinth.]

"Girded on his field of battle," heeding its retiring roar,

Prostrate lies a bleeding soldier, sweating cold at every pore.

By his side I see his sabre, near him unexploded shells,

All around him comrades dying, interchanging last "Farewells!"

There amid that scene of horrors, he forgets his killing pain,

But remembers distant dear ones he may never meet again.

From his breast he draws a locket, fondly carried night and day;

Near the Gospels, to remind him of his friends who love to pray.

On its cover are his colors, which he marked "Red, White and Blue;"

But within it are two faces—young and loving, old and true.

They are not his sire and brother's—these were only like his own;

He has chosen gentler graces to beguile him when alone.

One, it is a bride-like picture! Ah, it seems an angel face!

One—who can it be but—Mother! Both bear marks of heavenly grace.

Yes, they were the soldier's mother, and his young and pious bride,

Who had placed their tiny shadows nestling near his wounded side.

He has often looked upon them, aye, and kissed them o'er and o'er;

But they never seemed to tell him of his dying 'Lord before.'

Now they are intensely vocal, far above the battle's din,

Smiling with a Christian's comfort in the sense of pardoned sin.

That maternal look now leads him, like the bridal prayer "Adieu,"

To his dying Lord commended, and his views of Christ are new.

All the crimson gore about him, tracking where each soldier trod,

Seems indeed like some Elias leading to "the Lamb of God!"

All that scene, disciples, soldiers, sorrows, curses, prayers and blood,

And the quaking Earth and darkness say: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

And his humble hearty pleading, "Dying Lord, remember me!"

Answered by the pledge of Heaven, seals his immortality.

So, embalmed in Christian courage, he soon bids forebodings cease,

For he sees the din of battle is advancing on to peace!

Ah! the distant praying dear ones, could they know how calm he is,

Would seek there with him to suffer for a crown as bright as his.

TOLL THE KNELLS ! SOUND THE BELLS !

(An Impromptu on Richmond's Surrender ; April 3, 1865).

I.

Toll the knells ! Sound the bells !
 Sound the bells ! Toll the knells !
 Ring the bells of freedom ;
 Toll the knells of treason ;
 Strike the slow refrain !
 Ring the bells again !
 Ring the bells till music swells
 Over hills and over dells,
 Over sea and over plain,
 The Lord is come in peace to reign !
 Sing the songs of liberty ! celebrate the jubilee !
 The jubilee ! the jubilee ! From sea to sea the land
 is free !

II.

Toll the bells as victory tells
 Of the woes of fallen foes—
 Rebels without reason,
 Traitors slain for treason ;
 Weep o'er all the slain
 With mourners that remain ;
 And yet sing till mountains ring
 With jubilee, for the land is free—
 Over sea and over plain,
 The Lord is come in peace to reign ;
 Sing the songs of liberty ! celebrate the jubilee !
 Jubilee ! jubilee ! The land is free from sea to sea !

III.

Ring the bells ! Toll the knells !
 O'er the braves in patriot graves !
 O'er the bloody strife fields,
 O'er the captured foe-shields ;
 Strike the slow refrain ;
 Ring the bells again !

Toll the knells ! Ring the bells !
Till music swells o'er hills and dells ;
O'er the living, o'er the slain—
The Lord is come in peace to reign !
Sing the song that all are free ! Sing the song of
jubilee !
Father land of Liberty, bless the Lord ! it all is free !

DEATH OF LINCOLN—OATH OF JOHNSON.

“The King is dead !” “Long live the King !”
Has been full often sighed and sung ;
But ne'er did death such sadness bring
To a whole people, old and young,
As the assassin's sudden shot
That laid our great, good Lincoln low,
And from that fratricidal spot
Sent o'er the world its sound of woe !
Yet, as the Lord hath o'er this land,
Through peace and war, through calm and storm
Assumed a kind supreme command,
So even now I see His form
Superior to all seeming ill,
O'er rule the frenzy of the foe,
(That could our kindly Chieftain kill,)
And make a gladder moral glow.
To martyr our Chief Magistrate,
As if to take the Nation's life,
But shows the horror of that hate
Which caused and culminates our strife,
And leaves the Nation's power to live
Still more apparent to mankind ;
For did not God that instant give
Another, with His oath to bind
The Constitution to defend,
And execute its equal laws ?

Aye ; so 'twill be unto the end ;
 The King of Heaven controls our cause.
 Though Lincoln 's dead, the Lord still lives !
 And truly as God lives and reigns,
 Who a new President now gives,
 His Sovereignty our land sustains,
 And all our hopes to Him we turn
 In both our grief and glad belief,
 And meekly sing the while we mourn :
 Our Chief is dead ! Long live our Chief !

FUNERAL ODE FOR THE OBSEQUIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN :
 APRIL 19, 1865.

With awe profound this day,
 The Nation bows to pray
 In utter grief ;
 And through the stricken land
 The broken-hearted stand,
 And mourn on every hand
 Their martyred chief !

The Almighty Ruler hears
 His sorrowing people's tears
 Fall at his feet ;
 Makes our just cause His care,
 Indites and hears our prayer,
 And for us still makes bare
 His mercy-seat.

Our sins we do confess—
 O God, forgive and bless
 Our bleeding land,
 Till all the world shall own
 That here Thy law is known,
 And Thine the only throne
 That here can stand.

To Thee we must appeal ;
Our impotence we feel,
And plead Thy power ;
Thine aid that we may do
What to mankind is true,
What to thy throne is due,
Hence from this hour.

The wounded, wronged and grieved,
All by the sword bereaved,
Do Thou console.
All treason, Lord, suppress,
All loyal subjects bless,
And heal our sore distress
By Thy control !

GARFIELD'S LAST RIDE—TO LONG BRANCH.

A hero, long peerless in patience, is lying,
And fighting on daily fierce battles for life ;
For sixty-five days he's seemed living and dying—
His strength for the struggle, the chief in the strife.
He had fought many battles, and mastered with valor—
With poverty, rebels, political foes—
But now he fights “Death on his pale horse,” and
pallor,
And wasting and weakness are wonderful woes !

“One chance in a hundred” have heroes oft cherished,
But “one in a thousand” is a different thing ;
And now every hope in ten thousand hath perished
But one—’tis removal, as if on the wing,
Where the breakers may roar and the sea breezes
sing ;
With courage undaunted to this he doth cling.

“The Federal City” lies folded in beauty ;
The night hours pass cool over palace and cot ;

The watchers and doctors are waiting on duty,
Where the great man, the good man is waiting his lot.

Of heroes the greatest, with Heavenly graces,
Chief Magistrate, chosen of Church and of State,
The ruler revered of all realms and all races,
Now fettered in weakness is waiting his fate ;
While prayers of the nation—all nations—uphold him

From fainting and falling in death's firm embrace ;
A wife's love and faith, too, with life grasp enfold him,
As fair and serene as the sheen on her face.

The westward Moon also keeps watch, like a light-house
Betokening safety to some tossing bark,
While the fringe of her mantle reflects on the White House

A silvery silence from shade trees and park ;
And now, the set day dawns, ye surgeons and nurses,
For gray-sandled Morn moves in sashes of gold ;
Her fair face the misty, foul miasm disperses ;
Her fond arms the hero, so faint, well enfold.

'Tis the hour set for moving "His Excellence" eastward,

Where ocean's pure breezes will fan his fair brow ;
And the whole land expectant will list for the least word

That tells of his journey, each movement, and how ;

For the people with warm hearts in chill air have waited

All night near to see him, so weighty in worth,

Come forth on his couch with his country's hope
freighted—

A life the most honored of all on the earth.

The pulse of their hope, even, is heard in its beating,

So still and so tender have stood the dense crowd ;
From the hour the last sun was in silence retreating,

Not a voice nor a footstep is heard speaking loud.
Then lift him up tenderly, lovingly, carefully ;

Go bring him down stairways with brave, steady
hand,

And place him in ambulance, bare-browed and prayer-
fully,

For he is beloved through all the broad land !

Ye grooms lead your horses now gravely and slowly
Along the smooth pavement, between the live
mass

Of sympathy, looking—in high life and lowly—

And watching and praying as ye softly pass ;
Let all in attendance, from surgeon to valet,

Be kindness itself in your constancy's care ;
The President must rest undisturbed on his pallet,
And be borne like a bird on the wings of your
prayer.

So move to the palace car, place him on mattress
hung

As if upon eagle's wings poising in air,
While "God bless him" yearns forth from the old,
fair and young—

Nor fear the assassin can follow him there !

[The one pines in prison, who, once proudly dreaming
He could render immortal his miscreant name,
Would murder even Garfield, just when he was beam-
ing

With life's fullest vigor and virtuous fame ;

But Guiteau safely dreams of dread guerdons assembled,

And fancies the people are plotting his fate;
All night long hath he trodden his dark cell and trembled,

And now he peers grim through his iron-bound grate:

"What meaneth," he saith, "this silent commotion?

I fear 'tis a mob that will tear me in twain!"—

O, long let him dread loyal people's devotion
To their virtuous Chieftain, his vice would have slain!]

Now the staunch Locomotive stands light-winged and steady,

With Engineer Page and Conductor on hand;
The telegraph ticks that "the train is all ready,"

And the Country responds with a royal command:
"Fly on! noble Engine, like rustle of angels;

Fly swiftly, bear safely the good man and great;
Let reverent people flock near with evange's

From station to station and State unto State;

Let the elements help, Heaven's behests all obeying,
Assist, speed the journey, with silence and joy,

While the still hours proceed, wherein whole States
are praying,

And the distant old mother sighs, "God bless my
boy!"

A hero, long peerless in patience, is lying,

In the beautiful "Cottage," built close by the sea,
Where doubtful days linger, 'twixt living and dying,

And God only knows what is going to be;

But the good man, the great man, who hath fought
many battles,

Whose will fairly won every war-ruffled field,

Hears the shot round him fall like the rain drops' faint rattle,
 And his faith shall not fail—for that faith is his shield—
 “One chance in a hundred” have heroes oft cherished ;
 Yet “one in a thousand” ’s a different thing ;
 And though every hope in ten thousand hath perished
 But one—Garfield’s faith, that is folding its wing
 Where the breakers may roar and the sea breezes sing ;
 Still to this in repose our hopes prayerfully cling.

THE WAKE OF WAR: A RETROSPECT.

(To the Grand Army of the Republic).

A vision of the stern and solemn past
 Arises now in near and clear review,
 And every war-scene, from the first to last,
 Seems leading forth the old to freer new.

There Joshua out-generals the Old World,
 Judeah lends to Babylon her sway ;
 There Persian hordes against the Greeks are hurled,
 And Alexander bids the world obey ;
 There royal eagles rise above the scene,
 While Roman legions conquer distant lands,
 And peaceful colonies that lie between
 Are seized at will by the proud Cæsar’s hands.

There Goths and Vandals and Attila’s Huns
 Make havoc with the hoarded wealth of Rome,
 While the brave Saxons send abroad their sons
 And seize Britannia for their sea-girt home ;
 Thence trans-Atlantic trials rise at length,
 And our New World as the arena stands,
 Where struggling Freedom first put forth her strength
 To liberate all races and all lands !

Here our brave fathers fought on Bunker Hill,
 And each free consecrated battle-field,
 To execute for Man his Maker's will,
 As in the "Golden Rule" it stands revealed ;
 Their "declaration" that "all men are free
 And equally entitled to their right
 Of happiness, of life, and liberty,"
 Was the Almighty's will in moral might.

So when oppression rose in rebel arms
 To tread down Freedom where the fathers trod,
 And filled all lands with fierce and false alarms,
 Then good men fought for Freedom and for God—
 For Liberty and God they fought and fell
 As Martyrs, for the hopes and homes of men,
 While others flew their broken ranks to swell,
 And Gog-Magog met earth's last issue then !

Vast legions moved for God and Liberty ;
 They mingled fiercely in the moral fight ;
 The scene extended far o'er land and sea,
 And Heaven bent down and blessed the human
 right ;
 Bent o'er our Navy—barely known abroad—
 When Winslow watched the Anglo-rebel craft,
 Till with "good practice," and with prayer to God,
 He crushed the cruiser, and Jehovah laughed.*

Then Foote and Farragut fought fights of faith,
 And with God's might hushed many a wicked gun ;
 While Grant and Sherman fought on like grim death,
 And Lincoln willed the Nation free, and one.
 Heaven blessed the soldiers, and, sealing with blood
 Their holy conquests for all human kind,
 Made Freedom's God-sent "declaration" good,
 And in the universal heart enshrined.

* Psalm ii, 4.

Ye Veteran Warriors ! who your victories won
 To bless the world, where brave men willing bled,
 We hail the scenes where such high deeds so done
 Endeared alike the living and the dead ;
 And as ye show your bruised and brought-back shields,
 And look forth on the loyal flag unfurled,
 That waved o'er bivouacs and o'er battle-fields,
 Behold ! it wafts good will to all the world !

So visions of the stern and solemn past
 Oft rise before us in our brief review,
 And every war-scene, from the first to last
 Leads from an Old World to a freer New !

THE DYING EAGLE.

OUR NATIONAL ENIGMA..

(Suggested by the Grand Heroism of Gen. Grant ; written July 4, A. D. 1885. Also by "Old Abe," the Wisconsin eagle, that died about the same date.)

Upon a classic mountain in Columbia's land,
 There sinks, with palsied wing and panting breath,
 A patriot eagle, that can hardly fly or stand,
 And patient waiteth there approaching death !
 He holdeth still the "darts" and "olive branch" of
 peace,
 His eyes are bright, as when o'er battle-field
 He bore the "Union scroll" and bade rebellion cease ;
 And on his breast shines still the burnished
 shield.

His cradle nest was rocked amid the ancient forest
 trees
 Along the River Beautiful,* whose banks,
 Enriched by fruits and flowers and song of birds and
 bees,
 Saw his unfledged, precocious flights and pranks.

* Ohio.

His youth was passed upon the rock-ribbed Palisades,
And where the battle hurled o'er Montezuma's hills,
Till the glad map of Mississippi's everglades
And varied fields, again his vision fills.

Then, o'er the Continent, there came an awful thunder-storm,
So dread, indeed, the plains and mountains shook ;
But far above it all, I saw that eagle's form,
And, O, how loyal, calm and grand his look !
As by old Zeus, in storms, the zealous standard stood
Where perched Aquilla o'er the powers of Rome,
There, by Jehovah—God of hosts, both just and good—
Soared this war eagle, as if Heaven were home.

The battling storm beat past ; He bade its thunders cease ;
The skies' rough bilious all became serene ;
And, like some lofty prince of liberty and peace,
That "sovereign bird of Jove" beheld with joy the scene ;
Yea, on him poured down Heaven's divinest peace and light,
As hushed battalions his behests obeyed ;
And, seated soon on earth's sublimest sunlit height,
His faithful vision the full sight surveyed.

Then round the world he winged his more than royal way,
And hastening homeward in rich haunts to rest,
Where, swift of wing, his followers hold their Heaven-born sway,
He, in new eyries built on high his nest.
But treacherous winds there pierced and troubled his repose,
Plundered his pleasure in his resting place,

And want came threatening him with countless
thrilling woes,

Half grudging, even, his wings and Heaven-ward
grace.

A viper, too, with which he'd vainly whiled his hours
Unconscious of its startling secret sting,

Now seized his throat with sudden throttling powers—
Nor dares one think how direful is the thing ! *

Aye, soon, alas ! his transient life seems to trembling
hang

Upon his neck like pearls and lucid gold ;
While fierce within he feels the viper's wicked fang,
And naught but death can ease its deadly hold !

Thus smitten in his rest, he sought that summit there,
Whereon in pain and peace to die and sleep ;

While Continents look on with tender, loving care,
And children wait around to watch and weep !

The lesson of his life, to those that love to live,
Is touching to the very last extreme ;
Though given to him the highest Earth ever had to
give,

He dictates truly, "Life's a troubled dream."

THE CENTENNIAL BELLS OF '76.

A continental custom is
To toll o'er dying years,
The bells in proof of their demise,
Until the New appears,
And then to ring the rapid peals,
Of joy and childish mirth,
Just as the New with winged heels,
Comes hastening o'er the earth.

* Grant's cancer of the throat is supposed to have been induced by excessive smoking of cigars.

The bells that toll the old yearsout,
Do thus ring in the new,
And as a jaded one clears out,
We hear the tramp of two;
For when they at the portal meet,
The old makes haste away;
The new comes in with nimble feet
And brings its natal day.

But why should lanterned sextons climb
From beds to belfries high,
And in this very “nick of time”
Peal pondrous minstrelsy?
And why should all the bells invade
The silent midnight hour,
When earth is wrapt in frost and shade,
And sleep is in full power?

What can the wide-spread racket mean,
When “God gives loved ones sleep”—
Thus to disturb both cot and queen
And aye the custom keep?
’Tis but to wake the sleepers, well
To count the course of years—
And by this pulse to thought expel
With better hopes their fears!

Then let all peoples peal their bells,
Toll out, ring in the years—
Till even here their music swells,
Joy superseding tears—
Till tolling, ringing—sighing, singing,
Commingle accents still;
For each successive age is bringing
Earth more of good than ill!

Yes, yes, ring in our jubilee!
Our bright Centennial—

Which ancient sages longed to see,
 And prophets did foretell ;
 Let cannon roar and bonfires blaze
 And banners wave in air,
 Till Rocky Mountains ring with praise
 And Heaven inhales our prayer !

DENVER, COLO., Dec. 30, 11 P. M., 1875.

THOSE CENTURY BELLS.

(January 1, A. D. 1876).

I.

O did ye not hear them—those Century bells !
 When tolling at midnight the death of the past,
 And sending o'er cities, and mountains, and dells
 Their voices so solemn and message so vast?
 From coast unto coast onward crowded their wave
 Of requiem—rolling and tolling along—
 As old years were garnered down in their cold grave
 All sacred with memories, and story and song !

II.

Old dynasties, laid out, lamented and dead,
 Seemed borne in procession with burdened refrain ;
 Their children, left cheerless and chanceless, were led
 To old fields of conflict, or far o'er the main,
 To wilderness' depths as the "Lord's sons and daughters,"
 Where loud sounding billows seemed lashing the shore,
 And wild winds of winter with voice like great waters,
 Wailed o'er them as waifs from the war scenes of yore.

III.

The New World, awaked, sat in waiting attire ;
 Her wilderness welcomed these wanderers to toil ;
 But savage men watched them with war clubs and fire,
 And spirits of darkness their fortunes would spoil ;

While king-craft and customs far back o'er the seas—
 Which sometimes, like Israel, their soul lusted
 for—
 Stood cringing and clamoring to them for stout fees
 To furnish their sovereigns with sinews of war.

IV.

And tyrants, tormenting their faith and their fears,
 Stood forging new fetters fit only for knaves,
 And by exacting tribute, exhausted the years
 In oppressing their subjects to abjects and slaves,
 Till the dread peals of war resounded again
 And the stout hearts of Pilgrims beat time with
 their breath,
 Till the bold sons of Freedom sent back o'er the
 main :
 “As for me, give me liberty ! or give me death !”

V.

Then Hancock, and Adams, and Warren stood forth
 As defiant as death in the cannon's dark mouth ;
 And the Putnams and Greenes, and the Starks of the
 North
 Joined hands with the Sumpters and Lees of the
 South,
 Till the bells and the bonfires and booming of guns
 Bore away foul dismay far beyond dread and fear,
 Till we felt, aye, and saw Faith was sending her sons,
 Both the Church and the State, to establish and
 cheer.

VI.

And over the ocean and down through the air,
 Came visions and voices earth can not forget ;
 For the oppressed of all races were prostrate in
 prayer,
 And their prayers prompted princes, like pure
 Lafayette

And Baron De Kalb, Count Pulaski—the Pole—
 Who cast in their lives from keen love of our cause,
 Till our Nation grew strong with their greatness of
 soul,
 And stood large as life with both standard and
 laws.

VII.

Then the Star Spangled Banner of Freedom arose,
 And went with the great and the good Washington,
 Who conquered a peace from the proudest of foes,
 And uniting the States made “of many one.”
 So we honor the scenes and the eulogies said,
 When we gaze at the grave of the century gone
 And ponder the deeds of the century dead,
 Since our Independence arose to the dawn !

CENTENNIAL HYMN OF 1876.

No. 1.

(An Impromptu.)

Behold the years and ages roll
 Adown Time's ceaseless surging tide,
 Beyond all power of man's control
 For God omnipotent is guide ;
 And as the tide of time rolls on,
 A century comes, a century goes,
 He fills the eras, one by one,
 With the best gifts His bounty knows !

Above the storm, above the cloud,
 Jehovah's will reveals His way,
 And with His voice that thunders loud,
 Commands the nations—all obey !
 Then let this Nation laud His sway,
 Her people throng His courts with joy,
 With faith and fear praise Him and pray :
 He can defend, and can destroy !

A CENTENNIAL THANKSGIVING.

No. 2.

Great source of good, the Giver
 Of life and light and air,
Whose being is forever—
 Whose presence everywhere—
From age to age Thou reignest
 O'er countless worlds afar ;
And yet to us Thou deignest
 To hear our praise and prayer.

There's not a house of sorrow,
 There's not a heart of sin,
But may some solace borrow
 From scenes where Thou hast been ;
And every precious blessing,
 In this propitious year,
Is now Thy love confessing
 To fill the land with cheer.

“The gentle Heavens are bending”
 O'er those who suffer wrong,
And everywhere ascending
 Is heard Thy people's song ;
From ocean unto ocean,
 O'er mountains, hills and plains,
In grateful, glad devotion :
 “Rejoice, Jehovah reigns !”

Regard, then, our Thanksgiving,
 For all Thy mercies past ;
For Liberty still living,
 For hopes that long shall last ;
For aid in every station,
 For rights of every race—
Let grateful exultation
 Bring mercy, peace and grace !

A NEW BORN STAR*—THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

No. 3.

(An Impromptu, July 4, 4 a. m., 1876.)

I.

Thirty-seven stars were shining in the Nation's azure sky,
With their royal rays combining like the sweetest minstrelsy,
When above the Rocky Mountains rose a most resplendent gem,
Lifted from light's living fountains into Freedom's diadem,
Now the Nation's pulse beats fuller, quicker this quadrennial,
For she still elects her ruler in her proud Centennial,
And her people of all races, with united care and prayer
Turn their faces in all places to behold his rising star !

II.

And toward this the Eastern Magi, and the North, the South, the West,
With the reverence of a rabbi, bend their longing to be blessed,
While around it sing in chorus all the thirty-seven stars;
And the Future, bending o'er us, hails the Past, its crowns and scars.
And the greetings of all nations rise, as if one loud huzzah,
In glad waves of exultation, "Freedom wears another star!"
And it sheds its first resplendence on our Freedom's natal morn,
A new star of Independence, "The Centennial State is born!"

* This star was not yet in the flag till the next year.

CENTENNIAL THANKS, NOV. 30, 1876.

No. 4.

I.

We are met, our Heavenly Father, in Thy holy courts
to-day,
Prompted by Thy many mercies, here to praise Thee
and to pray;
On the wings of faith and fervor, we ascend to
Heaven's gate,
To repeat Thy precious blessings on ourselves and on
the State.
Thro' the year the Lord hath led us, He hath given
our daily bread;
And the hand that led and fed us, hath the Nation's
table spread,
As with plenty waved the harvests, on the hills and
on the plains,
And filled full the world's great store-house with the
fruitage and the grains.

II.

Rich Centennial memories meet us, and the throngs
the prophets saw
Come from far, like clouds, to greet us, and fulfill His
holy law,
Till the mingling of all races, seems so like to that
above,
It hath left on earth's high places proofs of Provi-
dence and love.
And such is the Savior's presence, to restrain, refresh
and cheer,
That we see His Bethlehem angels breathe their bless-
ings, even here;
“Glory be to God the highest; peace on earth, good
will to men!”
And Thou, Lord, in love repliest: “I have blessed,
will bless again!”

III.

In this hope, great God, we seek Thee ; for ourselves,
our country pray ;
Let the people fear and praise Thee, let the nations
own Thy sway ;
Let their blood-bought rights of freedom be all kept
with grateful care,
In remembrance of the fathers ; in repeated lives of
prayer !
God and Savior, gracious Sovereign, hear and help us
while we sing ;
By Thy presence ever precious, be our " Prophet,
Priest and King !"
Through Thy death and intercession, through Thy
Holy Spirit's grace,
Consecrate this Christian Nation, and enfranchise
every race !

"COLORADO'S KEY NOTE FOR THE CONTINENT."

By a clause in the new Constitution Colorado's Legislature, elected October 3, 1876, had to choose the Presidential electors for that quadrennial, hence the people gave their first vote for President a full month before the rest of the Republic, and by that vote made Rutherford B. Hayes President. On learning that a Republican Legislature was elected, the author impromptued the following,

AS A KEY NOTE FOR THE CONTINENT.

I.

As when the sun, with bended rays,
First gilds the loftiest peaks with light,
And ushers in the auspicious days,
That lead the van of truth and right,
So Freedom's banners float above
The heights of the Republic now,
And, like the symbols of God's love,
Shed beauty on the mountain's brow.

II.

So Colorado's key notes sound
 Across the Continent so clear,
 That all the States stand listening round,
 Her salutations first to hear ;
 And as they hear mankind takes heart ;
 The morning stars mingle their song ;
 The new-born State bears noble part,
 And gives her voice 'gainst vice and wrong !

III.

She leads the van ; she casts her vote
 A month before the time, indeed—
 And gives the National key note
 In just the Nation's time of need ;
 And as a signal star she stands
 Above the mountains bright and clear,
 A harbinger of distant lands ;
 She haloed the Centennial year !

IV.

O tell us, how could such a star,
 The last and loftiest of the States,
 But shed her beauteous light afar,
 And beckon men toward Bethlehem's gates,
 Thence echo still : "Peace and good will,
 And glory in the highest strain,"
 Till every mountain, plain and hill
 Resound : "Let Right forever reign !"

V

Let all the trophies of the past,
 For which the fathers, brothers died,
 Be treasured where they best will last—
 The Nation's honor, wealth and pride ;
 Let trait'rous treason try in vain
 To trail the banners of the free,
 And forge again the bond-man's chain
 Beneath the tree of Liberty !

VI.

This is the voice that star doth speak,
 Responsive to the State of Maine ; *
 And from each glory-lighted peak
 We hear her glad and loud refrain :
 Ho, all ye States ! we send good cheer !
 And as to Heaven our hands we raise,
 We bid you, this memorial year,
 Vote all for Freedom and for Hayes !

TO THE THIRTY-EIGHTH STAR, THE FLAG, AND THE SHIP
 OF STATE, JULY 4, 1877.

Colorado was admitted the latter part of 1876, as the Centennial State, but according to law its star could not appear on the flag till the following Fourth of July. Hence this public celebration again on that day in 1877, at which the following poem was read :

I.

In this climax of the ages,
 On these heights above the plain,
 Listening to the voice of sages,
 Sending down their glad refrain
 From their heights of Heavenly glory,
 Where they sit in glad array,
 Telling now the goodly story
 Of our Freedom's gala day ;

In this hour of patriot fervor,
 When Columbia sits a Queen,
 And, from sea so sea, observer
 Of what is from what has been,
 We may well turn back the pages
 And recount what it has cost
 Both the ages and the sages
 To bring out "The Day We Boast."

Lo ! an ancient form, appearing
 With his locks and vesture white—

* Maine elected a Republican Governor also in October.

A Recording Angel, wearing
Robes of Heaven's eternal light—
Comes the sagely soul of History ;
And he sits down at your side
To unlock the lids of mystery,
And proclaim the country's pri'e.

And he seems so like the Sovereign
Of both Heaven and Earth to say,
What the present is recovering
From the past for promised day,
That he sits a Seer beside you,
And repeats prophetic lore,
Which through coming years can guide you,
Until "Time shall be no more."

He proclaims, with rare precision,
Our new name—"Of many one!"
And unveils Ezekiel's vision
Of the living wheels that run
In one grander wheel, where voices
Are resounding all abroad :
"The New Heaven and Earth" rejoices ;
"These are kings and priests to God!"

Thus, "he gathers from all nations"
Those well crowned with self-control,
Offering unto God oblations
From each loyal, loving soul ;
And the scene has such resplendence
That he writes above it all—
"Freedom!" "Union!" "Independence!"
"Equal rights for great and small!"

There he sits—that form so ancient—
Most majestic in his mien,
And old empires—always transient—
He calls up upon the scene ;

And each age and sage contribute
To this era's real renown,
Till the ages all exhibit
Offerings for our Freedom's crown.

* * * * *

II.

Just one century since, said Congress—
“Let there thirteen stripes appear,
And their thirteen stars confess,
In a sky both blue and clear,
That the States are now United
In a band of hope and love ;
And their path be henceforth lighted
By the bending heavens above.”

So, one hundred years have vanished
Since the glorious Stripes and Stars
Rose as bidden, with light replenished,
From the fiery fields of Mars,
And first lit the celebration
Of our Freedom's natal day,
Leading thence the infant nation
Up to manhood's mighty sway.

On this Hundredth Day 's admitted
To that bending sky of blue,
Our Centennial Star, so fitted
To enhance its radiant hue ;
And in honor of its advent
We present our meed of song,
And proclaim its proud ascent
Now among that dazzling throng.

Hail ! all hail ! bright star of beauty,
Made by law to-day to shine
As the latest lamp of duty,
In that symbol so divine !

Rise and shine ! shine most resplendent !
 With a pure and perfect light ;
 Keep the truth in the ascendant—
 True to man, to God and right !

Then that banner's brighter shining
 For its new and noble star
 Shall appear still more combining
 Light and life for lands afar.
 Noble ensign of the Nation,
 Signal hope for all distressed !
 Shed thy light, like revelation,
 O'er the world, and make it blest.

III.

I steamed once to Constantinople,
 When a full-rigged ship sailed by,
 At whose mast-head, bright as an opal,
 Flew that signet in the sky.
 Like a marine Alexander,
 Mid his sailors, fore and aft,
 Stood the Christian ship-commander
 Who quite oft Heaven's dews had quaffed.

I stood on a Turkish steamer
 And cheered loud that ensign there,
 Till the sky seemed turned to tremor
 With huzzahs upon the air ;
 For they all, with accent expert,
 Answered thrice my three times three,
 In a most consummate concert,
 Joined in foreign jubilee.

Scanning, stood a Scotch Professor,
 Setting down the novel scene,
 And he said : "Grand ship ! God bless her !
 Bless the Captain, flag, and men !"

So our Ship of State is sailing
Upon Time's most peaceful sea,
And its ensign we are hailing
'Mid the Nation's jubilee.

IV.

Look ye on it, there, I pray you !
Mark the sea, the ship, the man !
With their ensign, and then say you
Are they not complete in plan ?
What a sea ! this age of ages ;
Broad, and deep, and calm, and free ;
Can you find on history's pages
Ever such another sea ?

What a ship—of grand proportions—
And full freighted ! See her prow
Plow the waves of placid oceans,
And her master's orders now
Are still clear as storied clarion
Waking up a waiting world ;
Bold and manly like brave Marion,
Ere that flag was first unfurled.

Justice and wise Legislation,
With well Executed law,
Rig the best three-masted Nation
Time's old Ocean ever saw :
Then, three cheers for that grand vessel ;
Hail, Columbia, fair and free !
Long be she preserved from evil,
Ark of Christian Liberty.

Cheer, also, the sailing master,,
A proud people's President ;
May he sail both safer, faster
In the way the fathers went.

Calmly, firmly he is guiding,
 With cool wisdom to command ;
 Let there be no chafing, chiding,
 For he's tiding o'er the strand

The most costly ship and cargo
 Ever sailed Time's varying sea ;
 And we'll brook no base embargo
 On this ship of destiny.

Rise ye men,* in royal manner,
 With an upraised heart and hand,
 Lift three cheers in loud hozanna
 To the Captain, Ship and Banner
 Of Columbia ! Happy Land !

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH AND BENEDICTION.

(Written Feb. 22, 1876.)

George Washington, the Father of his Country; born Feb. 22, 1732, of Mary, wife of Augustine Washington; became commander of the revolutionary army June 14, 1775 to Dec. 4, 1783, and afterwards served his country eight years, as her first President; at the end of which time, his farewell words seemed almost divinely inspired.

Proud was the day, deserving praise,
 When he who led the holy morn
 Of this Republic's rising days
 Was to our bounteous manor born,
 And who but feels the bosom swell
 Of "Mary, Mother of Washington,"
 When first upon her fond ears fell
 The accents of her infant Son.

Well did the Sire, with seerlike joy,
 Select Saint George's sacred name,
 And, with the Mother, wish their boy
 To lead the Country's life and fame;

*The Denver assembly rose to the occasion and gave three times three, like the tars on the Turkish sea.

For such presentiments found place,
Like prophesies that loud proclaimed
A Revolution for the race,
In which new nations should be named.

So this high leader, led of Heaven,
A cause of Providential care,
Has o'er his youth good Angels given,
To aid unseen in silent air;
And when he faced at length the foe,
And led our forces on the field,
The bending Heavens did o'er him bow
And shine as helmet, hope and shield.

And when that field was fully won,
And peace and plenty were restored,
Then grand he stood! "Great Washington!"
And heartfelt praises on him poured!
So, too, with majesty serene,
He still surveyed his ransomed States,
And with solicitudes unseen,
Well on the public welfare waits.

Then, when "the Fundamental Law"
Gave pledge of long life to the land,
He still stood forth, in stately awe,
Born yet his country to command;
Sublimity herself sat by,
As in his first Inaugural,
He blessed our Chief Magistracy;
And then, at last, in his "Farewell."

HIS INAUGURAL AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

(April 30, 1789—April 30, 1889.)

When Washington was inaugurated the first American President, he offered the following prayer: "May the Almighty Being, who governs the universe and presides in the counsels of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the duties allotted to his charge." "Thus, supported by a firm trust in the Great Arbiter of the universe, aided by the collected wisdom of the Union, and imploring the Divine Benediction on our joint exertions in the service of our country," he "readily engaged with others in the arduous but pleasing task of attempting to make a nation happy."

'Twas well our Country's Father led
 The Nation in this noble prayer;
 For so he speaketh yet, though dead,
 And blends with ours God's boundless care.
 'Twere better still to have the State,
 In answer to his own request,
 Upon Eternal Wisdom wait,
 And with unerring wisdom blessed!

'Twas grand! when the first President
 Thus bowed before Jehovah's throne!
 'Tis grander now! This continent
 From sea to sea that act doth own;
 And every heart ascends to Heaven
 In supplications such as his,
 That all the future may be given
 Fulfillment of his prophesies!

What forecast filled the country then?
 What notions hath the Nation now?
 What immense hopes have sons of men,
 As by this morn to Heaven they bow,

And consecrate our country still
 To human happiness and peace,
 To God's allwise and guiding will,
 In Christian longings large increase?

A praying Nation is preserved
 And prospered in its earnest prayers;
 Its character is so conserved
 As to affect its future heirs,
 And give to them that growth in grace
 Which makes the land, both great and grand,
 To raise and bless each blending race
 In states united e'er to stand,

God's trinity of governing truths,
 His law and gospel well applied,
 Is training yet our trusty youths,
 As God's their guardian, and their guide.
 If Presidents pronounce their oath
 And ask for good, "So help me God!"
 They blend our help and Heaven both,
 Ensure the country constant growth
 And build our hopes both high and broad!

INAUGURAL HYMNS.

(April 30, 1889.)

These several hymns for this Executive Centennial were published in different journals the same day, so their similarity did not seem unsuitable.

No. 1.—Jubilate. 7 a. m.

I.

A Century victorious in onward strife hath gone,
 But opened one more glorious on this auspicious dawn,
 And to this opening glad year with bang of bells and
 gun,
 It leaves this word of good cheer: God gave us
 Washington!

II.

Our fathers' land 's before us, expansive, bright and free ;
 Our fathers' God 's still o'er us, to guard its liberty,
 And purposes to save still, as ever he hath done,
 By patriotic brave will, and now gives Harrison !

III.

'Tis thus Jehovah reigneth, "let all the earth rejoice!"
 His righteousness remaineth ; O listen to His voice ;
 And praise Him all ye people for blessings of the past,
 For bounties yet more ample, and promises more vast.

IV.

Sing praises ; all sing praises ! and mingle song with
 prayer ;
 For God with gladness raises His shout in all the air,
 With voice like many waters, He saith to all the land :
 "Join all ye sons and daughters, exult in Heaven's
 command!"

V.

Hark ! Now the bells are ringing ! Mark how the
 cannon boom !
 Hear ! The hills and vales are singing ! For sadness
 there 's no room !
 There is no room for sadness, among our patriot
 throngs ;
 Then sing and shout for gladness ; swell high the
 Nation's songs.

VI.

O hear the people's praises ! Repeat the glad refrain !
 For Freedom her voice raises, o'er hill and plain,
 land and main,
 Thank Heaven, high Heaven, for hopes that Harrison
 Will have the same help given that guided Washing-
 ton !

No. 2.—9 a. m. At general prayer meetings..

I.

Convened, great God, at Thy command,
To hold communion here with Thee
Upon the future of this land,
And lessons of the century,
Permit us to behold Thy face—
So much as finite mortals may—
The wonders of Thy will to trace,
The accents of Thy voice obey.

II.

Thou wast, indeed, our fathers' God,
And wilt be, also, of our heirs ;
We trace the footsteps Thou hast trod,
And feel Thy presence in our prayers ;
And, looking on the mighty past,
We call before us future years,
And on Thy sovereign purpose cast
The boundless prospect that appears.

III.

[Although our costly Ship of State
Has often tossed on troubled seas,
And masters trembled for her fate,
Distrusting even Thy kind decrees ;
There has stept forth amid the storm
Supreme, majestic, drawing near,
A Savior's superhuman form,
Inspiring hope, allaying fear.]

IV.

Taught by our first President
The precepts of Thy providence
Through troublous days of discontent,
We prize our rich inheritance

For what it cost, for what it's worth—
 We consecrate it all to Thee,
 To shed Thy radiance o'er the earth
 In righteous laws and liberty !

V.

So learning lessons from the past,
 And living for all coming years,
 Upon Thy purposes we cast
 Our grandest hopes, our greatest fears,
 And swell the anthems of Thy praise
 From lakes to gulf, from sea to sea ;
 Our Ebenezer here we raise
 And start anew to follow Thee !

No. 3.—Hour of Inauguration, 12 m.

I.

O, God of endless years and might,
 By whom the nations rise and fall,
 Thy reverent people now unite
 To own thee as our Lord of all.
 We view with awe profound, this day,
 Thy hand by which our sires were led
 In all their dark and devious way
 To found an empire with Thine aid.

II.

We bless Thee for Thy bounteous care
 Of freedom's great and holy cause,
 That Thou didst hear our fathers' prayer
 To give us room and righteous laws,
 And that our Union, sealed with blood,
 And Constitution, so benign,
 Have for a century now stood,
 Protected by Thy power divine.

III.

We thank Thee for the century gone ;
For its memorials here to-day ;
For him who led the era's dawn,
And the successors to his sway ;
O, may Thy gracious favor still
Preserve us a pure Nation long,
Incline us to obey Thy will,
And make us wise and good, and strong !

DENVER, COLO.

No. 4.—For close of noon service.

I.

God of ages and of nations,
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Hear the grateful supplications
Of thy patriot-people now.
As from ocean on to ocean,
Rising waves of worship roll
Fill all hearts with pure devotion,
Sanctify the Nation's soul.

II.

In an age with voices thrilling,
Calling us to reverent deed,
When Thy word is so fulfilling
He that runneth now may read,
When we see in open vision,
And the heavens around us shine,
Help us, Lord, with clear precision,
To perceive Thy paths divine.

III.

Past and future rise before us,
And our country's honored dead,
Now like angels hover o'er us—
Our first Chieftain at their head—

And this land, sung long in story,
 Oft by ancient seers foretold,
 Thou art filling with Thy glory
 Gathered from bright deeds of old.

IV.

God of empires and of ages,
 As the centuries move on,
 And their chosen chiefs and sages,
 Are commissioned, one by one,
 May our history's hallowed pages
 Through propitious eras run
 And from all Time's future stages
 Rise the prayer : Thy will be done !

No. 5.—Sung at night to the vast assembly in Trinity Church, Denver, in connection with Bishop Warren's Centenary Discourse.

I.

Sovereign Ruler over all,
 From Thy high eternal throne,
 Where majestic angels fall
 And Thy vast dominions own,
 Help us to adore Thy power
 In this most auspicious hour.

Thou hast been the God and Guide
 Of our fathers in the past,
 Ever present at their side
 From the first unto the last ;
 So the Country's *Father* said :
 " *We have been Divinely led !*"

II.

When the land was led astray
 By the lust of cruel wrong,
 And the slave was heard to pray
 In the midst of Freedom's song,

Thou did'st march on Freedom's side,
Still the Nation's God and Guide.

When a Chieftain Thou didst call,
From the humblest walks of life,
To proclaim freedom to all,
With his blood to seal the strife,
Then the Country's *Savior* said :
“ *We have been Divinely led !* ”

III.

And in this Centennial,
Where the fathers seem to stand,
Our wise Chieftain still doth tell :
“ God is Guardian of our land ! ”
Thou art still the people's Guide,
Walking by our ruler's side !

Let the Future rise and own
All Thy wondrous works and ways,
Still beseech Thee on Thy throne :
“ Rule o'er us, Ancient of Days ! ”
So forever be it said :
“ *We have been Divinely led !* ”

IV.

Oh, what glorious visions rise !
As our Nation still expands,
Under Thy benignant skies,
Emulated by all lands,
Till all nations shall revere
Him who ruleth ever here.

Then shall angels come again,
Chanting in their upper air,
“ Peace on earth, good will to men !
God hath heard his people's prayer ”
Then by all lands 'twill be said :
“ WE HAVE BEEN DIVINELY LED.”

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

[The highest monument on earth, 555 feet; corner stone laid 1848; completed 1884; dedicated Feb. 21, 1885; work suspended during the pro-slavery war. The statue of Liberty on dome of Capitol stands in full view. The poetic conceit of song as the morning and evening sun salutes this famous obelisk reminds one of the statue of Memnon which sang at the rising and sighed at the setting of the sun.]

Great monument to merit grand !
 Bathe thy brow in the bright sun,
And lift aloft for every land
 The wonderous name of Washington .
Rise higher than the heights of men,
 Above all obelisks of time ;
For earth's best Chieftain's fame hath been
 Symmetric, peerless and sublime !

Rise, builded, bound, cemented, done
 Like constitution law, to stand
For many States made firm in one,
 So to be loved in all the land ;
Nor seemed thy pause as in suspense,
 While civil conflict came and went,
And hurled oppression ever hence,
 Adverse to thy Divine intent.

So rose our Model in the world,
 The product of our virgin soil,
And Freedom's ensign high unfurled,
 Uplifted by true sons of toil ;
Till in his pure and well poised life
 He stood admired of all the States,
Unmovable amid their strife
 He watched, still o'er their Union waits.

He stands serene when tempests lower,
 Nor wavers in war's thunder-storm ;
Such might is his, such salient power.
 Thy structure, like his stately form,

Stand firm on thy foundation rocks;
 Breast sternly every stormy blast ;
 Brave lightning's strokes and earthquake's shocks,
 Nor fall nor falter to the last !

Symbol of his supreme success—
 As Patriot, Soldier, Ruler, Sage—
 That blent both Earth and Heaven to bless
 All countries and each coming age,
 Cognomened hence to keep his name,
 And, lofty like his loyal soul,
 Declare, for aye, his deathless fame,
 While Freedom lives and ages roll !

High let his banner wave in air,
 While Liberty surmounts her dome,
 While patriots go to God in prayer,
 Or Heaven bends down to bless their home ;
 Let Memnon music lead the morn,
 Soft sighs attend day's sunset eve,
 To boast the dawn such men are born,
 And how their deaths the nations grieve !

DENVER, FEB. 21, 1885.

THE SHIPWRECKS AT SAMOA, MARCH 16, 1889.

"Be still and know that I am God!"—Psalm xlvi : 10.
 I.

Three mightiest nations * known to mortals now
 Have builded navies of the best design,
 The roughest seas to ride and swiftest plow
 The trackless brine—their strength and speed com-
 bine ;
 And on those ships the brazen cannon shine.
 And soldiers, mightiest of the sons of men,
 In well-drilled legions, walk the dreadful line
 Of battle ; the best sailors that have been
 Are reefing sails up in the rigging often seen.

* Germany, England and the United States : the first of these compelling the cautious presence of the other two.

II.

Some peaceful islands in Pacific seas,
 Where Gospel Missions have made known God's
 love,
 And breaths of spices brood on every breeze,
 And benedictions descend from above,
 Have Divine symbols like the Spirit's dove.
 These isles are neutral to all nations known ;
 Their aims are proper, as their actions prove ;
 Their government is good ; God doth it own ;
 But those three rival nations leave them not alone.

III.

While halcyon peace hangs in Pacific skies
 O'er simple people in Samoan isles,
 One hostile legion in their harbor lies,
 And two more watch its war-like winks and wiles ;
 But Nature's calm their naval craft beguiles,
 The sun seems walking softly down the west,
 The smooth sea looks toward the sun and smiles
 And folds his blushing face upon her breast ;
 Earth, sea and air seem blest—a trinity at rest.

IV.

It 's Friday afternoon—near four o'clock !
 (Then Jesus died to save a sinning world,
 And the Earth quaked and Heaven felt the shock,)
 The flags at rest begin to be unfurled ;
 The *dampschiff*'s smoke is in black fleeces curled ;
 The surfs are roused—a rushing, sick'ning roar ;
 The air that whips the waves in wild wind's
 whirled ;
 Such hurricanes have seldom been before,
 While mists compacted down in mighty torrents pour.

V.

The tides and tempests now as one unite ;
 The deadly powers of darkness prowl around,

And through the long, dark hours of day and night
The angry winds growl on in woeful sound,
And maddened billows meet and clash and bound ;
Yet 'bove their roar are heard brave shouts of cheer—
That back and forth from wrecking ships resound—
Till even ashore was heard, both calm and clear,
Their strains of faith and hope, and strength to hurl
off fear.

VI.

Ah, timely this ! for twelve long tedious hours
Have sailors, soldiers in the rigging hung,
And each huzzah puts in those men new powers ;
So longer still unto the ropes they clung,
Until Ship Trenton, in God's hand, now swung
Against Vandalia's upturned, leaking side,
And the imperiled men in rapture flung
Them down upon her deck both long and wide,
And safe above the roaring, bounding, wrecking tide !

VII.

Hark ! how they shout—unsheltered from the storm—
As on the Trenton they are driven ashore,
And the huge ship heaves up her shattered form,
To serve in naval warfare never more—
Except in lessons of pathetic lore
When men shall read of wrecks upon the main
And youths shall hear them tell the tales of yore,
And age on age give out their joys again—
Aye ! joys of rescued men ! For aye, repeat the strain !

VIII.

Still in that storm our star-lit banner waves !
That "Spangled Banner" shines with sparkling
stars,
And warriors sing its praise o'er grim and watery
graves !
Even veterans, bearing many valiant scars,
Who'd borne that flag on bloody fields of Mars,

With voice sonorous and with reverent air,
 As when they wrought in wise and righteous wars,
 Now mingle praise with most momentous prayer
 And feel a power fearful, infinite, is present there !

IX.

As Godly service by Samoans given
 Breathes saving love to sufferers from abroad,
 Soldiers behold the sovereignty of Heaven,
 And sailors gazing on the works of God
 Now join to bow before Jehovah's nod,
 And all exclaim : " How puny is our race
 To stand or tread where His foot-steps have trod !
 Such shores as grieve the Spirit of God's grace
 May ill afford, henceforth, to mock Him to His face ! "

X.

Though not a gun with shot or shell was fired,
 Nor sword, nor sabre from its sheath was drawn,
 Well nigh two hundred warriers there expired,
 Before the sacred Sabbath morning's dawn
 Beheld the beach with wrecks and ruin strewn ;
 Ere the rough forces of the sea retired,
 More than two millions o'er the main had flown
 Of naval means the nations once admired—
 Such grand atonement the Samoan's God required !

XI.

Almighty Sovereign of Earth, sea and sky,
 Who holdest oceans in Thy hollowed hand,
 While to Thy word the raging waves reply
 In roaring winds, bellowing o'er the land,
 Now powerful nations impotently stand
 In silent wonder at Thy sovereign will !
 The winds and waters wait at Thy command,
 And battling Nature beats all Nation's skill !
 So, mightiest States, submit ; God is most mighty
 still !

"GOD REIGNS, AND THE GOVERNMENT STILL LIVES."

Garfield's words before the mourning mass in Wall street the morning Lincoln lay dying may well be added here to illustrate the good sovereignty of God. He said : "Fellow Citizens—Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face. Yes, fellow countrymen, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." "The effect," says a writer there, "was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the spot in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the government in that dreadful hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a Divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett or Seward never reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. What might have happened had that surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris."—Such was the man whom the Nation, sixteen years after, mourned as our second Executive victim of vicious assassination, and still God reigns and the government at Washington is living still. My last revision of the Lincoln hymn (p. 68) appeared in the Denver press in italics the morning after Garfield's death, and was republished in a volume of poems in Boston. It will be a fitting close to these pages upon patriotism, and is as follows :

"EPITOME OF THE FEELING IN DENVER."

*With awe profound this day,
The Nation bows to pray
In bitter grief;
And through the stricken land
The broken-hearted stand
And mourn on every hand
Their martyred Chief.
The Almighty Ruler hears—
His sorrowing people's tears
Fall at His feet—
Makes our just cause His care,
Indites and hears our prayer,
And for us still makes bare
His mercy seat.
O, Thou who hast removed
"Him whom the people loved"—
Thy servant rare—
Who gavest him strength and light
To see and guard the right,
Still grant Thy holy might
To men of prayer.
Bless still our Nation's head—
Successor of the dead—
And keep his life;
While armies cease their tread
And those who fought and bled,
Rest in their peaceful bed,
Heal all our strife.
Comfort each stricken one,
O, God, the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost;
While in our hearts we own
That here Thy love is known
And Thine the only throne
Of which we boast.*

III.

JUVENILE.

A SCHOOL BOY'S SIGH FOR OUT-DOOR SCENES.

Who, of all the sons of men,
Would not be a boy again ?
Or madam, looking in the glass,
Would not be a winsome lass ?
Still lads and lasses in the schools—
Who fancy old folks all are fools—
Sigh for something in the past,
And always will, from first to last ;
For thus a school boy sighed one day
For fields and woods not far away :

The Spring time has come ! To stay in my room
And labor alone with my mind,
Has not half the charm of fencing a farm,
And listening to bells of the kine !

Tho' here I may rise in thought to the skies,
And canvass both woodland and hill ;
Far richer the joys of hale farming boys,
Whose bodies may wander at will.

Tho' pleasant, indeed, to stand here and read
Of deeds which the noble have done ;
To traverse yon wood, in puerile mood,
Were far richer natural fun !

Tho' here I may stand, with pencil in hand,
And scribble a minute for rest ;
'Twere sweeter to tramp through sugar-tree camp,
And be with its brown crystals blest.

Although I now write, with nervous delight,
 And feel my mind fairly at play ;
 'Twere blither for me in woodland to be.
 With school mates the first morn of May.

Still, since I am here, with pleasure sincere
 I will gather bright blossoms of lore,
 And now and then sing of that lovelier Spring,
 Where blossoms shall bloom evermore.

MY BIRDIE AND I.

Once, when a little child, the pretty wildwood flowers,
 That curled their lips and smiled with sweet chromatic powers,
 My rambling feet beguiled into the forest bowers,
 Where everything was wild, and shadow cooled the hours.
 Above the wild flowers' bed I spied a little bird,
 That raised its downy head whene'er a noise it heard,
 And, very earnest, said a short, unpleasant word,
 And op'ed its mouth for bread if but a leaflet stirred.

Too blithe was I to think of others' ease or ill,
 But sported on the brink of a clear pebbled rill,
 That whispered in its clink and echoed from the hill :
 "Ye flowerets, come and drink ! Come, whosoever will!"
 So there in mimic play I wreathed a posy chain,
 Which scared the bird away that saw the nestling's pain,
 And brought it angling prey, but fled from me amain,
 Till, by some sportman gay, that parent bird was slain.

Her mate, perhaps, it was which perched that morn to sing,
 Where I became the cause with my mischevious sling
 Of spoiling both his claws and breaking short his wing,
 And moistening Carlo's jaws with the poor fluttering thing.
 But by and by the sound that unfed fledgling gave
 Was throbbing all around, its pity moving wave,
 And made my bosom bound with brilliant wish and brave,
 That something might be found which should its suffering save.

I stood and watched it long, till I felt hungry, too ;
 Yet my desire was strong to see its sufferings through ;
 For now its little gong I knew inversely true,
 And felt it was not wrong to make its "much ado."

Its sad and simple cry was proof of its distress
 To warblers passing by, which, moved to tenderness,
 Made soft and sweet reply, but only deigned to bless
 The thing, about to die, with lavish wordiness.

I watched it, till the wood seemed losing the sun's light ;
 The bird still begged for food, with all its meagre might,
 And the dark chilling brood of the approaching night
 Increased its moaning mood, and drove me from the sight.
 But soon my supper board betrayed its bounteous bowl
 In which had just been poured, like snow showers from the pole,
 Milk which fat kine afford and whitest wheaten roll,
 And then that welcome word of "good night" soothed my soul.

But soon my sleep was sad ; In ruminative frame
 I dreamed of all I had, and called my joys by name—
 My "little suit of plaid," my dog was in my dream ;
 All that makes children glad, in happy clusters came,
 And danced in dim array, in dreams' candescent hall,
 Till all stood bright as day in pictures on the wall.
 Then some one seemed to say, "now let the curtain fall!"
 And on its canvas lay that poor bird—that was a'!

The contrast made me weep ; I wondered why 'twas so,
 That I such joys should reap, and a poor bird such woe !
 I woke at once from sleep ; its cries, so sad and low,
 Seemed in night air to creep and up to Heaven go.
 I rose at day's first dawn, impatient of delay,
 And ran across the lawn, and down the woodland way,
 Before the sun had drawn above the hills the day,
 And, panting, sat me down to hear the poor bird pray !

I found it well nigh through life's agony alone ;
 But, as yet feebler grew its supplicating moan,
 A gentle sunbeam drew warmth from Apollo's throne,
 And its soft mantle threw around the shivering one.
 I saw the dewy nest was foul for want of care,
 And filth within it pressed that poisoned the pure air ;
 Of all that gives life zest the bird did no way share ;
 It seemed with nothing blest—not even with power to bear !

As still I watched it there, I wished that it were fed ;
 The "wish" was worthless fare ; it brought the bird no bread ;
 I even said a prayer, but it seemed nearer dead.
 And the unwilling air returned the prayer I said.
 "Poor Bird ! be warmed and filled !" echoed the prayer I made ;
 Until at length I willed to find material aid

From gifts God's hand distilled ; and as I did, I prayed,
And so, my prayer fulfilled, its suffering was allayed !

Though, when I stretched my hand and helped it from its nest,
It was too weak to stand, I brought it to my breast :
Its wants I closely scanned ; I shared with it my vest ;
With pleasure, then, I planned to make it wholly blest !
I got with which to feed ; and, though it still appeared
A thing of utter need, from that poor bird I reared
A beauteous thing, indeed ; and when its song I heard,
I learned therein to read what sages have revered—
That “friends, indeed, are friends in need !”

Now time seemed never slow ; not a whole cloudy year
Might wear a moment's woe, with birdie hovering near ;
Not even the bleakest snow could intercept our cheer—
And yet I let her go ; for liberty is dear !

Full many a time I've thought, when whistling at the plow,
Her answering notes I caught, and I can hear them now ;
The lessons Birdie taught when singing on some bough,
Are still as chaplets wrought of joy around my brow.

(The Morals—1).

Thus men of means have been through heaths and deserts wild,
Amid the city's din, where pageantry beguiled,
And here and there have seen a poor and orphan child,
With looks and language mean, all helpless and defiled ;
And like that starving bird—has such a hapless child
Cried out before the Lord, in accents weak and wild,
For needful bed and board, and blessings which are piled
In stately palace stored ; and when they heard Heaven smiled !

(Moral 2).

Thus many a precious prize which forecast could not crave,
In deep depression lies for pitying love to save !
While many a virtue dies that might have nobly braved,
By kindness, vice that lies ambushed in ways depraved.

(Moral 3).

So parents, in whose prime a child of hope is born,
With Mercy's star sublime to watch its waking morn,
Are sometimes killed by crime, or other's craft and scorn
And sports for spending time which good deeds would adorn.

(Moral 4).

Thus men may turn aside, like Levi's sons of old,
And in their scornful pride “look daggers” keen and cold,
Designed to stab and chide the heirs of want who hold
Their hands extended wide for coppers, not their gold.

(Moral 5).

Thus well made prayers are read for others grief and pain ;
 Impromptu prayers are said, both said and read in vain ;
 For if Prayer's soul is dead its corpse comes back again ;
 While deeds by prayers well led make Mercy's clouds all rain.

(Moral 6).

And thus we learn to know how blessed 'tis to give,
 And acts of kindness show to those that hardly live.
 Lord, may it ne'er be so that I shall not believe
 It better to bestow than even to receive !

A BOY'S NOVEMBER VISIT TO THE NEW MOON.

I.

The bridle Autumn wreathes her brow
 With the bright woodbine's flame ;
 And so, it 's Indian summer now,
 When gun-men hunt their game.
 Now soft November's setting sun
 Sinks pensive, sad and pale,
 And rabbits from their ambush run,
 And quiet lulls the quail.
 The echoes from the hazy hill,
 Like saintly longings seem,
 Till one well feels, I'd fly at will
 O'er mountain, moor and stream,
 And pass into the upper air,
 Like warblers on the wing,
 Or a priest's vesper voice at prayer,
 With Angels worshiping.

II.

On one such dun and sober day,
 Late in the afternoon,
 On Fancy's wings I flew away
 And mounted to the moon.
 I lit first on the Lunar face,
 Just where there join in line—

That line of gradual linear grace—
 The Earth-light and sunshine.
 I lit thus on the Lunar orb,
 Her night and day between,
 Where both one's senses best absorb
 In glory of the scene.
 To right of me, in bright array,
 The burning sun-beams shone ;
 To left of me, like moonshine, lay
 The light the Earth had thrown.

III.

I first flew round to left from right—
 The sun hurled there such heat,
 A blazing lamp of blistering light—
 And soon sought out a seat
 Where stood a whitish opaque stone,
 With silver dust made soft,
 Whereon the shimmering earth-rays shone,
 Bright borrowed light aloft.
 As there I stayed I watched the stars,
 Unhindered by a haze,
 And first, full near, marched fiery Mars
 With blushing Mercury's blaze.
 All planets, hung from pleasing heights,
 Poised skillful in pure skies ;
 Like clear, electric, clustering lights,
 They looked like Angel's eyes.

IV.

The constellations, calmly clear,
 The Heavenly dome, that hung,
 Looked all alive, all eye, all ear,
 So old and yet so young.
 Resplendent glory gleamed around,
 Flowing from points afar,
 And filling full of silent sound
 The space from star to star.

Some paler systems I perceived
 In distances so dim,
 Their twinkling light I twice believed
 Were heralds of the hymn,
 That countless suns in chorus sang
 When stars of God in glee,
 First shouted round till Heavens rang
 With His heart's ecstasy.

V.

But the big Earth seemed best to me,
 For she did so fair shine
 Her beauties were born indeed to be
 Night's diadem divine.
 Lo, there she stood a living star,
 An immense full moon face,
 Whose noble measures naught could mar,
 Its grandeur or its grace.
 Bright Saturn I could barely see,
 And Venus vainly shone,
 For in my sight Earth seemed to be
 The Queen of Night alone.
 In blended beauty, love and bliss,
 Through shivering air she shone,
 And came so near my soul to kiss
 She claimed me for her own.

VI.

Dear Earth, dear Earth, I answering, sang,
 How beautiful! how blest!
 Till round the Moon's tall mountains rang,
 With all my zeal and zest;
 "Dear Earth! dear Earth!" their echoes said,
 "How blest! how beautiful!"
 And thus my soul the Moon's song led
 Filial and dutiful.
 So Earth thou art Moon's moon, I said,
 Some thirteen times her size,

And every time thou turn'st thy head
 Fresh beauties fill my eyes.
 Thy glacier's crest, thy mountain crown,
 Thy grazing hill-sides green,
 Thy fields and forests fading brown,
 Thy seasons—all are seen.

VII.

Thy ocean storms of sea and air,
 Neath Neptune, god of gales,
 Seem now, anon, as nuns at prayer,
 A virgin host in veils.
 And pageant clouds all painted clear,
 And silvered in the Sun,
 Pass defter by than days appear,
 So rapidly they run.
 Fair Europe, Asia, Africa,
 And islands of the mains—
 And North and South America,
 With Polar seas and plains ;
 A perfect panorama passed,
 Till, surfeited, I sighed :
 How long, indeed, how long will last
 That wondrous world so wide !

VIII.

I seemed to see some maids and men,
 Even “dogs that bay the moon,”
 Look up from dungeon, lawn and den,
 Into the Night’s tall noon.
 I wondered if I, too, were watched
 By boys where I was born ;
 By even the snow-cold boys that snatched
 The ripe and rustling corn.
 I asked if other human eyes
 Were turned just where I stood,
 To scan my seat set in the skies
 From Earth’s fond brotherhood.

I doubted ; do such deign to see
With clear, unclouded eye,
How bold the Moon's large mountains be,
How ring-like, rough and high ?

IX.

But soon on mountains of the Moon
The Sun alternate shone ;
Aye soon, alas ! it seemed too soon,
I saw Sol's blazing throne.
Earth's moonbeams made obeisance, then,
Beneath his burning ray,
And melted, like the lives of men,
Before his mighty sway.
On Fancy's wings, at once I flew,
As in my flight from Earth,
And sought and found the scenes anew
Where were my home and birth.
But often since, on Fancy's thought,
I've flown off to the Moon,
And thence again this goal have sought,
In Fancy's fleet balloon.

A LOG SCHOOL HOUSE—THE FREE SCHOOL UPON THE FRONTIER.

—“THE FIRST SPELLED DOWN THE WORST CUT OUT.”

The schools of this Republic we scan with hope and pleasure ;
For what they are and will be is proof they are our treasure.
When Liberty first landed, it consecrated learning ;
And love of letters, since then, incessantly is burning
Upon the country's altar to hallow education,
The hand-maid of religion and safeguard of the Nation.
So first in old New England, in churches and school-houses,
Was born the noble purpose that still the Nation rouses—
To know the people's rights and rightly to defend them,
And rear aright their youth and royally befriend them.

“The land of steady habits” had steady schools most truly,
But on our western frontiers they're often times unruly ;
For here are sparsely sprinkled all sorts of people—Shakers,
The Round Heads of Virginia and Pennsylvania Quakers,
The Owenites and Fourier of all the shades and puckers,
From grandsons of the Pilgrims to Hoosier boys and Suckers,
The Wolverines and Buckeyes, and old Kentuck's corn-Crackers,
The shepherds, cowherds, hogherds, the drovers and the packers;
The rich and scheming landlords, the miserable squatters ;
The cold and plodding Dutchman with all his *vis inertiae* ;
The sanguine sons of Erin, with wit to prove their pedigree ;
The Welchman and the Frenchman, the Switzers and Norwegians,
The Huguenots and Magyars, and exiles of all regions—
All in our woods and prairies with all their clans and colors—
Even the kidnaped negroes, here come, and furnish scholars.

As parents, so the pupils are like a grove of spices—
Like spice of life they're various, with various traits and vices.
I see some little school ma'ms, now leading, teaching brothers,
While others may be blue socks, and others best of mothers.
Diversity of talent's here, of tastes also as surely,
And every patriot wishes them educated purely ;
For soon they'll be the people and constitute the Nation,
And all the world depends on their way of education.

The school house is a log heap, a square place in the middle ;
Its corners locked together some like a horse and saddle,
Its stick and mortar chimney stands up out of the attic ;
Its furniture of slab seats defies both art and critic,
And all the rest you'll guess at ; my muse has not a crayon
That can portray its black-boards and blocks that dunces stay on.

But they must have a school house, and thanks to God they have it;
 For soon a fairer phoenix will rise from its dust to save it.
 And when they have a school house—the thing seems all they care for—
 They send their “buds of promise” and think they’ll blossom therefore;
 And therefore so they do, but very much as follows:

A master’s found and sceptered; each little urchin swallows Whate’er this keeper gives him—school-keeper means the master—
 And by his cramming process the progress seems the faster.
 He “learns ‘em about natur” from Olney, Morse and Murray,
 And has so much in hand he’s “alus in a hurry!”
 While here and there comes flying the idler’s urgent mandate :
 “‘L’yu mend my pen? it blots so!” and “M-yi wash my slate?”

Just now Joseph Deane canters up with his daughter—
 Half a dozen dry boys say : “ M-yi go and git water?”
 While the master’s poor head he is scratching and thinking,
 And crying “n-o!” “yis!” Then a huge bit of chinking—
 (Log house, you remember)—is slyly pushed through
 That Willie may get of Dean’s daughter a view ;
 When the keeper’s vernacular serves him at once
 And he bawls out to Willie: “ Why, Bill, you’re a dunce !
 I’m vexed, I declare ! Why need you be told
 Them chinkins is there to keep out the cold ?
 I really say for’t, I wish you were small,
 And then you should have on a bonnet and shawl,
 And set with ‘Nance’ Hunter from now to next fall !
 Yis, were you not big, I’d give you a lickin’!
 “ Hush ! who’s at the door, and knocks it by kickin’?”
 (In low voice) “ Study now !” (loud) “Come in, you please !”

But Joseph keeps kicking, as more to his ease ;
 And the pedagogue hastens to welcome the stranger,
 As if some one’s life were really in danger ;
 While paper birds fly, and winking and talking
 Are fast interspersed with the master’s fast walking,
 Till bolts through the door a bold “ How du yer du?
 Take down this ’ere darter, then I’ll git down tew :
 For my baist has a shew luse—it’s a pity tu luze it !
 For it ain’t not near worn out; old Hobson kin use it.”

The daughter’s “unhorsed” in haste and with pleasure ;
 Old Joseph rolls down his round pony at leisure,
 And tears the loose shoe from the nag’s lifted foot,

And hangs it at zero from the strap of his boot ;
 Then straddles the beast, and away they both go ;
 As she paces or canters, so jostles old Joe ;
 While mocking his motion sits Willie within,
 Till Jim Smith slides beneath him a jolly bent pin ;
 And then came two floggings ! and then the recess ;
 And then the petitions, some dozen or less,
 To have a “ torch-light school,” for teaching to spell,
 And pledges as plenty “ we all will act well !”

The master complies ; word scuds o’er the town
 For all the young sparks to come and spell down.
 Hence all are on hand, each one at his post,
 To learn how to spell, but to merry make most.
 Two rivals are there—youth of rank, you must know :
 “ Prince Albert ! ” “ King Louis ! ” for so their names go.
 Good spellers, of course ; for they have the renown
 Of “ always last chosen and always first down.”
 But for all their bad spelling care they naught, by the by,
 If they steal now and then but a glance from the eye
 Of a certain Miss Anna, the belle of the ville—
 Whose father’s a landlord, owns stores and the mill,
 With mortgage on mortgage on poor men’s estates,
 Who oft wait like beggars for crums at his gates—
 Her neat girlish figure, in Gaelic gown,
 Was the ideal beauty of all in the town ;
 And when she stood up with the spellers that night
 She seemed like an angel in the two rivals’ sight.

They were there, as appears, they were certain for what—
 To “ go home with Miss Anna ” each equally thought,
 And when she stood twice and thrice seated them all,
 And then stept, as a queen, for her bonnet and shawl,
 “ Say, Louis ! ” said Albert, “ I leave it to thee—
 Shall I walk with Miss Anna or she walk with me ? ”
 But Louis, as selfish as sage, it is true,
 Replied to this question by asking it, too,
 As by looks full of hope and with toss of the head,
 He turned round to Albert and tauntingly said :
 “ Why, Ab., ’tis with pleasure I leave it to you,
 Shall I walk with Anna, or she walk with Lou ? ”

That moment a rustic, who came for a call,
 Whose steed he had tethered near by in a stall,
 But whose rank as a beau was not very bad,
 Though by cognomen known as the “ countryfied lad,”
 When Louis and Albert were punning their doubt,

And beaux by the dozen were standing about,
By a waive of his hand and a courteous bow,
Commanded free passage, and with uncovered brow
He spoke thus : "Queen Anna, this beautiful night
Can I serve you?" She answered : "Thanks ! 'twill delight
Me to have you ! And now, are we ready to start?"

The rabble divides, and the rivals depart ;
While teachers and patrons shout : "Cheer ye the brave !
A victor so valiant a nation will save!"
But Albert and Louis for months were as glum
As the father and mother of an infant Tom Thumb,
And the rustic and Anna, a right happy pair,
Are building mean time bright castles in air.

Thus the loves of our school days, the sacred and true,
Are much like the sunbeams that laugh in the dew,
While the school-house and play ground, the goal and the
ball,

The master, the mistress, mates, patrons and all,
Are islands of beauty in oceans now past,
Whose pictures grow brighter the longer they last,
And shed o'er the Nation an ennobling spell
To make men ambitious to live and do well ;
And the more they are rustic we prize them the more,
Because they teach yet the best lessons of yore.
Though mistakes are abundant and habits were rude,
And manuers are rough and ideas are crude,
The aim and the drift are so right in their end
That our schools from the first help to freedom extend ;
Then far away be the day when our land, like a fool,
Shall scorn for its faults even a country free school.

School Song*—No. 1.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

Air—Melodeon II: "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

I.

With a generous heart and a thoughtful mind,
 A spirit firm and true,
 With all those noble traits combined
 Which mark the precious few ;
 Which mark the precious few indeed,
 A stripling rude and young,
 With scarce a suit of homespun on,
 Inspired this rural song.

Chorus—

A noble lad, indeed, was he,
 The world has known it long ;
 And would you learn his history,
 Just listen to our song.

II.

He early plied the woodman's axe,
 The woodman's song he knew,
 And much he loved the humble cot
 Where home-bred pleasures grew ;
 Where home-bred pleasures grew for him,
 Yet might not always grow ;
 For soon his life is orphanage,
 Where tides of sorrow flow.
 Yet a noble lad, indeed, was he—etc.

III.

From parents' lips, in burning words,
 And breathing thought, he learns

* When a country school boy the author wrote several juvenile songs, and often heard the scholars singing them evenings and mornings at their chores and by the waysides. Following are a few samples, in hope that some who sang them then may be glad to see them now.

That Knowledge is a legacy
 Which he who gains it earns—
 Which he who gains it earns by toil,
 And he must earn the same ;
 For they bequeath no more to him
 Than an untarnished name.

Yet a noble name, indeed, has he—etc.

IV.

A log school house, with scanty means,
 Is soon to him most dear ;
 For bits of knowledge here he gleans :
 He forms his purpose here—
 He forms his purpose here that he
 Will be a “self-made man,”
 And writes this note within his creed—
 “*Man can who thinks he can.*”

O a noble lad, indeed, was he—etc.

V.

He squanders not his youthful morn ;
 He shows the vain and gay
 He has no wish for luxury,
 Its price he cannot pay—
 Its price he cannot pay so dear,
 Were this his chief desire,
 And thoughts of immortality
 A nobler thirst inspire.

O a noble lad, indeed, was he—etc.

VI.

He reaches manhood, great in worth—
 As good as he is great ;
 And nations look for his advice ;
 He sits in chairs of state—

He sits in chairs of state to-day,
 A humble man of prayer,
 And tho' not rich in things of earth,
 We guess he has his share.

O a noble man, indeed, is he,
 The world has known him long ;
 And may you from his history
 Approve our zealous song.

School Song — No. 2.

TREAT KINDLY YOUR SCHOOLMATES.

Air—“Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.”

Treat kindly your schoolmates : they know how to
 feel

Emotions of kindness for every true friend ;
 Then show yourselves friendly, and thus you appeal
 To them for such friendship as that you extend.
 Treat kindly your schoolmates, and merit their love ;
 For few then can hate you : your kindness shall prove
 That like leaves its likeness wherever it goes—
 That kindness wins kindness, while vice wins its woes.

Treat kindly the orphan, the maimed and the poor,
 The awkward, the homely, and those in poor dress,
 For all have one Father, who may esteem more
 The ones of whom we are wont to think less.
 Yes, treat ye with kindness the cruel and vile ;
 For rage is least ruthless when met with a smile.
 Treat kindly your schoolmates, both good ones and
 bad ;
 You'll never regret it, but always be glad.

School Song -- No. 3.

THE STUDENT'S TOIL.

Air -- "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

I.

O give me the student's toil,
And the student's prize to gain,
I'll consume the midnight oil,
And a useless life disdain.
While endowed with the powers of thought,
And a Universe 's open to scan,
O give me the student's lot,
And I'll fill it as full as I can !—[D. C.]

II.

Let Ignorance forge her chains,
And the idler put them on ;
Through life endure the pains
That the sluggard feels anon ;
I sooner would toil a slave,
And earn for the hungry food,
Than crawl to an idler's grave
And do to the world no good !—[D. C.]

III.

Then give me the student's task,
To improve my immortal mind ;
A pleasure which some do not ask—
That some are unwilling to find ;
Who, perched on a wave of time,
And borne to a boundless sea,
Think not their folly a crime,
Nor yet what its end shall be.

IV.

(Chorus and Ending.)

While blest with the powers of thought
And a Universe 's open to scan,

O give me the student's lot ;
 I'll meet it as well as I can !
 O give ! O give ! O give me the student's lot ;
 I'll meet it ! I'll meet it !
 I'll meet it, as well as I can !

School Song—No. 4.

OUR MOTTO : "ONWARD AND UPWARD!"

(*To a Tune in "The Vocalist."*)

I.

Our Motto is, "Onward and upward, too :"
 The temple of science and progress we view,
 And we haste to her portals with hearty delight,
 To join in her musings from morning till night.

She invites us, and delights us ;
 Yes, we love her classic lore,
 And its study, more and more ;
 For, when thus inclined, thought improves the mind ;
 Mind that never dies—let it ever rise !

II.

Our Watchword is, "Knowledge of Nature and
 Truth ;"

We search it as treasure, and seek it in youth ;
 No thief can e'er steal it, and nothing destroy ;
 The grave can't confine it, nor cut off its joy ;
 It goes with us—Knowledge cheers us—
 Yes, it charms our youthful days,
 Graces age a thousand ways ;
 Goes beyond the tomb, lighting all its gloom—
 Gloomy grave and drear, if Knowledge endeth here !

III.

Jehovah, just is thy heavenward claim,
 That "Onward and upward" be always our aim ;
 These minds act within us, immortal, free,
 As souls thou hast given us to tutor for thee ;

They're not matter—no, they're better !
 Wealth and gold, the miser's store,
 Help not here our souls to soar,
 But enslave the mind, and with burdens bind—
 Bind it down to dust—yet depart it must !

IV.

Then search we for Wisdom, with its treasures vast,
 And robes for a life that forever shall last ;
 A heart to improve it by hopes divine,
 And fit us in glory forever to shine ;

Good demands it, God commands it ;
 Nothing less is worth our aim !
 What are pleasures, riches, fame,
 But a fading show ? “On and upward” go !
 Here our vows renew : Be a student true !

School Song—No. 5.

THE GOOD-BYE SONG OF A GOOD BOYS' SCHOOL.

I.

Ye gracious friends with whom we've dwelt,
 Good bye !
 For all the kind regard you've felt,
 Good bye !
 May friendship's wreath forever bind
 Our hearts, round which 'tis now entwined ;
 Our prayer 's a grand good bye !
 O join the prayer—“Good Bye !”

II.

Each fellow student, full dear to me,
 Farewell !
 May Wisdom's laurels fall fast on thee,
 Farewell !
 Our mutual thought has oft combined
 To gladden and enrich the mind ;

To all, a fond farewell ;
We'll blend our fond farewell !

III.

Our faithful teachers, all fond and true,
Farewell !
May Heaven's best gifts e'er follow you !
Farewell !
May all your lives be ever fair,
And Heaven reward your heartfelt care—
A warm farewell to you !
Good bye ! Farewell ! Adieu !

IV.

Thou Temple of Science with hallowed walls,
Good bye !
We now must leave thy happy halls,
Good bye ;
The golden days we've spent in thee
On memory's tablet long shall be ;
To thee we sing : Good bye !
Echo our song : "Good bye!"
Sing all : Adieu ! Farewell : Good bye !

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AS QUEEN REGENT.

O, say, have ye seen the Queen Regent of Earth ?
Who from time immemorial her sceptre hath
swayed,
Over men of low rank, and nobles by birth—
The one whom in Eden the man Adam obeyed ?
I know some poor loafers heed seldom her law
And swear they'll not yield to the sway of her
love ;
But there ne'er was a man which this world ever saw
Whose manhood her sceptre failed always to move.

Then know ye the power that governs the race,
In spite of "man's rights," or his duty to reign ;
And judge ye from what has thus e'er been the case
That woman's regime shall ever remain.
The rights then of woman need no more parade ;
For history doth quite conclusively show
That as Eve, the first woman, was fondly obeyed
By her spouse, the very first man that we know,
So, hereafter 'twill be, as hath been in the past—
To judge of the future, there's no better way—
And we're forced to conculde that the man who is
last
Will bow to the last woman's wish and obey.
'Tis said "the gods madden whom they would de-
stroy;"
That "scepters are lost by presumption of fools ;"
Then woman, if wise, will count it her joy
To save to her sex the spell-secret that rules !

THOSE GOOD-FASHIONED GARMENTS OUR GRAND-
MOTHERS WORE.

I.

'Tis pleasant for youth all the past to explore—
Behold th' excellent fruits that our ancestors bore—
The long days and nights devoted to toil,
With pine-knots for lights when they hadn't lard oil ;
And so, tho' no theme to illumine with lore,
Let us sing of the garments our grandmothers wore.

II.

Round hearths always happy, and sacred and free,
As every home's altars and hearth stones should be,
Those "Grannies" performed with grace and good
will
The duties of stations they delighted to fill,
And thence were accustomed their God to adore
Since always to meeting plain garments they wore.

III.

Those garments, so pleasing in Gaelic plaid,
Just suited the persons for whom they were made.
No bodies half severed by corsets and tape
In such dresses could ever be drawn out of shape ;
But Nature delighted approvals to pour
On the good fitting garments our grandmothers
wore.

IV.

No bustles, nor whale bones, nor lacing to death
Were housed in those garments to hamper the
breath,
But home-spun and pleasing, and happy and plain,
In fashion forever—where fashions remain—
They lasted to wear out a full modern score—
Those old-fashioned garments our grandmothers
wore.

V.

Then cheeks were not painted, tho' faces were fair ;
Then hopes were not blasted, nor led to despair ;
But healthy, and happy, and winning and wise,
Each miss a true matron was meaning to rise ;
And God deigned to bless the maids even the more
For the well fitting garments that our grandmothers
wore.

VI.

What hardy young yeoman would hope for a wife
In the form of a woman half laced out of life ?
What doctor or lawyer, professor or priest
But longs for the fabled old-fashioned “Down East,”
And prays th’ Almighty once more to restore
The well meaning garments our grandmothers wore ?

OLD BOXFORD—A RARE TOWN.

"Newspapers Will Lie, It Sometimes is Said."

"A RARE TOWN.—It is a singular fact that no physician or lawyer ever settled in the ancient town of Boxford, Mass. ; no citizen ever asked for a license to sell ardent spirits ; no native of the town was ever sent to the State Prison ; no one was ever convicted of an infamous crime ; there was only one church, and all the voters, with one exception, belonged to one party."—A Western Newspaper.

I.

Old Boxford had ne'er a rum-seller, indeed !
Of doctors and lawyers she then had less need !
Of infamous crimes she bore not a stain ;
The prison and alms-house were builded in vain.
Her parties and churches all blend into one !
Of discordant sects, indeed, she has none ;
For all heed the bell in the Orthodox spire,
And if they've fierce strife, it fans but one fire.

II.

Old Boxford ! She stands there just as she hath stood,
An old nest of Pilgrims repeating the brood ;
"As stiff as old steelyards," as "true as the steel,"
Though "pinching their shillings until they will
squeal;"
Such union is monotone, both solemn and sure !
Yet Boxford must be a borough obscure,
Where once in a life-time their ministers change,
And their reading includes in religion one range.

III.

There the old folks and young folks have never a
doubt
But they know very well what the world is about ;
While of grumbling and gadding not a whit can there
be,
Since the women and wise men on all things agree,
And every town office is filled with a soul
Who feels his own good is the good of the whole,

However small compass that whole may contain,
The *byrsam** of Carthage or Bushman's domain.

IV.

As sheep gladly follow where the bell-wether goes,
So the people all sanction what their magistrate does ;
Only one legal voter moves not with the throng ;
And I'll sing out his praise, whether righteous or
wrong :

All honor to him, whoever he be,
Who will vote as he wills in this land of the free,
If he casts his lone vote from conviction, he ought,
Or does it to honor original thought !

V.

But if the town post-office be as his bait,
Or he hanker for some higher office of State ;
I would quicken his conscience to country and God,
Saying : Do not be ugly that you may be odd !
To Boxford, old Boxford, be welcome my song ;
O may she live happy and may she live long ;
But woe be to the journal, if it 's false that I read,
For "Newspapers will lie," it has often been said !

THE RUM SELLER TO HIS RUINED SOT.

(*Rum Seller.*)

Old Tipsy with his crumpled hat,
Torn coat, old shoes, and all o' that,
And unkempt hair a frowsy mat,
Is passing, reeling by !—

Old Loafer, there was once a day
You did not look so blue !
That better day has passed away,
Your dimes and decency, too.

* Dido bargained for as much land as she could cover with a "bull's hide" (*byrsam*), but she cut the hide into a long string and enclosed the whole site of Carthage.

I knew you when as nice a lad
As any village ever had,
But now your manners are so bad
The very dogs are shy !

Old loafer, there was once a day—etc.

I knew both you and your young wife,
Walking in high and happy life ;
Now she is gone ! and you're at strife
With your whole history !

Old loafer, there was once a day—etc.

A bloated sot, with blood-shot eye,
In gutters foul you often lie,
And soon, when drunk, are sure to die
In utter infamy !

Old loafer, there was once a day—etc.

Your early comrades stand aloof,
Your drunken rivals reel and scoff,
Your shame's so great—come, drink it off,
And then lie down and die !

Old loafer, there was once a day—etc.

You've lost what sense of shame you had !
A maudlin sot, self-made and mad !
Your life's a contrast, O, so sad !
And who can tell us why ?

Old loafer, there was once a day
You did not seem so blue ;
That better day has passed away,
Just like the morning dew !

(See drunkard's reply on next page).

THE SOT HAS COME TO HIMSELF AND ANSWERS.

(Old Tipsy.)

Does Rummy ask why I'm so bad,
And why the contrast is so sad
Between a sot and sober lad?

You know the reason well!

Old Rummy, I have seen the day
I did not feel so blue!
That better day has passed away,
Because of thieves like you!

I by your liquor tempted came;
In your saloon lost sense of shame;
You gaily saw! sought out your game;
You tempted, and I fell!

Ah! Rummy, I have seen the day—etc.

You, week by week, and year by year,
Have drawn me blind-fold, staggering here,
Robbed me of everything that's dear,
My Bible, you bade me sell!

Ah! Rummy, I have seen the day—etc.

My sense thus gone, the die was cast!
And you still fleeced me to the last!
And then me from your presence cast,
And bade me: "Go to hell!"

Ah! Rummy, I have seen the day—etc.

But, lo! old sinner, I'm not lost!
I am awake to count the cost;
I'll join to-day the temperance host,
So, Rummy, now farewell!

Ah! Rummy, I have seen the day—etc.

But hold! a minute! since you know,
You, too, must soon be lying low,

Pray which shall be the first to go
And make his bed in hell?

Ah ! Rummy, I have soon a day
I shall not seem so blue !
The better day is on its way ;
For I am rid of you !

THE FROSTED TOBACCO. AFFLICTIONS ARE BLESSINGS IN
DISGUISE.

(A Real Case.)

On the fair, fertile plains of Connecticut valley
Resided a farmer devoted to gains,
Whose wife, when a maid, was called "Frugal Miss
Sally,"
Who admired his esculents, herbage and grains.
His bald head surmounted a frame of small stature,
His visage was molded to exquisite care ;
His eyes seized beforehand the incomes of nature,
And seed time and harvest encompassed his prayer.

Mme. Sally, his consort, by far overmatched him,
In care for the incomes whenever they came,
And this trait of hers 'twas so strongly attached him,
It led him to offer and give her his name.
The twain were well mated—they worked well together,
Were very hard workers, yet knew how to shirk,
And well understanding the uses of weather,
Both in doors and out, kept all hands at work.

Their hirelings were young folks, below one-and-twenty,
Who cared for their interests with attention and glee,
And so could enjoy their sleep, toil and plenty,
In that home of the brave in the land of the free.

The pair, patriotic, much hated the Roman
Supremacy, and slavery and rum ;
And said : "Every preacher, and lawyer and yeoman
Should pray against these till deliverance come !"

Their conscience forbade them to use an umbrella,
Whose "cotton was raised by the manacled slave,"
And they had great disgust for the Pope, Antoinelli,
And "that devil-led craft that fills drunkard's
graves."

They said, perhaps, less than they suffered about
them,
And doubtless felt badly to see them increase ;
And, were war not expensive, they'd wish that to rout
them ;
In view of the cost, they cared more, though, for
peace.

On Sabbath they worshipped far up in the corner ;
Their motives were money and prominent view,
But they said : "We prefer to sit near Deacon Warner,
The poor man's so good he sheds grace on our
pew."

As neighbors they knew all around to perfection,
But all men are imperfect they know very well,
And saw in the best such serious objection,
Their chief intercourse was to borrow and sell.

Yet as hosts they were "kind to a fault"—in attentions,
And apt to commend all they had to command ;
Put on a few airs—"quite averse to pretensions,"
Their large hearts seemed so full of fat acres of
land.

Their love, sweet as honey,* (not easy to swim in),
Seemed like the near river, that never would cease ;

* Edward Payson was once at tea where his hostess was sweetening his cup with maple molasses, when he remonstrated, saying, "Do not make it too sweet, please!" and got the response : "My dear sir, if it were all molasses it would not be too good for you."

His love for large harvests surpassed that of women,
Though hers was quite equal and on the increase.

One wet summer evening a young poet warmed him,
And dried his damp feet by their dull chips of fire,
When the Madame—poor Sally—with much weeping,
informed him

That her “forehanded father” was about to expire.
That night was the youth waked before the bright
morrow

By sounds near his door of one sorely distressed,
Who sobbed the most wonderful wailings of sorrow,
Then entered his room in overcoat dressed !

With lantern in hand, she said, looking demurely,
“ Dear, sir, we are dreadful afflicted to-night !
The Angel of God has smote us most surely ;
Do pray we may view this affliction aright ! ”
The youngster replied : “ I perceive you’re in trouble ;
It ’s plain in your looks and by what you have
said—

I fear your affliction has come on you double,
That your father and first born, are both of them
dead ! ”

“ O, no ; it ’s not that,” quoth poor Sally, so serious,
But it drives me, alas ! almost to despair,
To think that God’s ways are so wondrous mysterious,
And blast his own blessings in spite of our prayer !
And O, won’t this be a most sorrowful season,
When our neighbors arise and really find out
What Heaven has sent us—and ask for His reason ;
Dear me, for what reason ? He has one, no doubt ! ”

And then, Madame Sally, convulsively wringing
Her hands near his pillow, kept sobbing aloud,
As if on the gallows her good man were swinging,
Or sick son and father were both in their shroud.

“My sore stricken Madame,” still said the young poet,

“I wish you would tell me what the Angel has done!

I'll share in your sorrow, dear soul, let me know it;

Is any one murdered? or dead any one?”

“‘Tis not death!” quoth the weeper, “for we are all dying!

We find some afflictions much stronger than death!
O dear! do excuse me! I can't keep from crying!

This is so mysterious! I-can-ha-ard-ly-g-et breath!”

The bard interrupted again, and most kindly

Suggested: “I do need to know, Mistress L—
Don't keep me suspensive—I cannot blindly

Award you my pity; what grieves you? pray, tell!”

“Oh! the Lord has seen fit, for what reason He knoweth,

To send o'er this valley an untimely frost!

Just feel of these plants! how their icy crisp showeth
Our vast crop of *tobacco* is verily l-o-st !!

Alas! Our tobacco is, all of it, lost !!!”

“Is it so? But stop crying, one minute!

God often approaches in serious surprise!

Be calm! As you said: God's hand must be in it;

Afflictions are blessings sometimes in disguise!

Afflictions are blessings oftentimes in disguise!”

She guessed at his meaning—and, left all alone,
Revolving in rhyme what the Angel had done,
He benignantly sung to himself th' above song,
Admitting God's right to do well with man's wrong.

He sang of Tobacco, that Bacchanal thing,
That rivals King Corn and King Cotton as king;
And, though it can't feed us, nor clothe us at all,
It smokes large portentions—with purposes small;

It is really subjected to serious debate
 If its every existence be not curse to the State,
 While it compels to its service men, children and
 maids,
 To plant it—to pluck it—to place it in grades—
 To press it—to prink it—to soak it in slimes—
 To spit it—to smoke it—all seasons and climes—
 Surpassing both “Cotton” and “Cornie” as king—
 That tyrant, Tobacco, that Bacchanal thing !

THE CONVICT : HIS CALAMITIES AND CURES.

(Suggested by seeing a school-mate sent to prison.)

O, that I might be blind to man’s disgrace,
 And see not, know not, human shame or woe !
 I’d be a hermit—could I find a place
 That would to me no brother’s failings show—
 An anchoret—aye, or a willing slave,
 Were my master other than a mere man,
 Of my own kind, mine equal ! and the grave
 Without a coffin, and the blighting ban
 Of mortal envy, as an urn should save
 My ashes from the fiendish leer of many a knave !

Ah ! man ! what ’s life, when all its sweets are gone ?
 When naught remains but bitterness and shame !
 When ne’er again the day of hope may dawn
 Upon the wretch who bears a tarnished name !
 Yes, life ! What is it worth to one who knows
 He ’s lost the confidence of other men,
 And made them one and all his lasting foes ;
 No matter what his general course has been,
 Nor what virtuous acts shall crown its close,
 Or what cold scandal’s breath his ardent nature froze !

I've seen gray hairs sinking in sorrow toward the tomb,

And sisters pass on, mourning all their days,
Because their brother, scarcely gone from home,

Had turned aside in some forbidden ways,
And, blind to arts that hardened villains use,

Had fallen fatally in one short hour,
By counterfeits he felt too poor to lose ;

And, subject to the arm of legal power,
With hope quite blasted, bound, handcuffed, he goes
To prison—there to work and wear his striped clothes.

I see him now ! Each morn he leaves his nest

Or bunk, and speechless, sprightless, goes to toil,
And, for long hours does his level best,

And various work to make, or nearly spoil
Coarse iron shovels, garden hoes and fire tongs,

And wholesale wood-work, boxes, baskets, pails—
Till night returns, for which all day he longs ;

Then in his cell again, all night bewails
The loss of day. He dreams of social songs
Which once he loved and shared, and countless happy
throng.

I see him ! In his bunk he lies in pains,

With thought and all things else, as deserts are—
Completely cheerless. Rattling bars and chains

Are all his music—men are silent there !
All night he sighs : “Would God 'twere day time
now !”

All day, unheard, he says : “Would God 'twere
night !”

While then again, in longings sad and low,
Turning from side to side, he looks for light ;
And thus he wears his life away more slow
Than wastes that noble glow of youth upon his brow !

I see him still ! Day after day—long weeks,
 And months, and years, he wears out there ;
 And Time's erasing fingers on his cheeks
 Bear heavily ; he is pale and spare ;
 His mind is morbid ; vexed with bitter hate,
 His genial nature and his generous soul ;
 He curses penal justice and the State,
 And, in his inmost mind, he swears : "Control
 Like this shall hold me not ! This horrid fate !"
 Then thrusts his puny fist against his iron grate.

" Ho man ! O fiend ! Ho devil ! I'm insane !"
 He says. He hoots amid his solitude !
 He'll never be confessed a man again ;
 How can he be a man of gratitude ?
 His manly nature is burned out, decayed,
 Quite gone, and dead ! aye, haunted is his cell !
 His skin and bones—a home for demons made—
 Are clothed in dress that suit the devil well—
 Till he shall once more stalk abroad—unpaid
 For strength he's lost—for pangs he's felt—for things
 he's made.

I see him ! till he leaves that penal hall !
 I hear men asking : " Is he still a man ?"
 I see him voiceless, answering with a fall
 Of countenance : " I'm not ! I might have been !"
 He can not look men fully in the face ;
 He thinks they loathe him—for he loathes him-
 self—
 And could he, he would have his dwelling place
 'Mong Oriental tombs, and on some shelf
 For corpses made, would clear away a place,
 And there lie dead in grave clothes of his own dis-
 grace !

O where else can he go? His native town
Disdains, disowns him; his old friends are gone,
Or are no longer friendly, but with frown
As cold and keen as night in frigid zone,
The business world begins to taunt, to tease,
And quiz him, saying: "Whence come you here,
sir?
What might your father's name be, if you please?"
And such, unwittingly, are seers, as 'twere;
"A penitentiary bird" may fly with ease,
But has nowhere to rest among such men as these.

Suppose he do confess his penal sin,
And pledge once more to be an honest man;
To win the confidence of men, begin
Where he a dozen years before began,
He still may fail! Forgive is not forget!
And such distrust, as Eve first felt toward God,
Is felt by some toward even good men yet;
And if he seek the path his father trod,
Enter the house of prayer, where once he met
Without a look of shame and latent keen regret,

How many frown, and turn away their face,
And with self-righteousness would seem to cast,
O'er their left shoulder, with no Christian grace,
A smirk of scorn, whose pang for months doth last,
And stir up malice 'gainst his best desire,
And make him hate the very thought of Church,
Of Sabbath scenes, and all that would conspire
To raise his hope and lead him yet to search
For manhood's dignity and look still higher
To God's redeeming love that would his life inspire.

I see him yet! There's none to help him on
From vice to truth; from shame to self-respect;
For all distrust him. Confidence withdrawn
Compels distrust that leads to cold neglect,

He leaves the Christian Church, with hidden tears.

While there he sees his parents' vacant seat—
His father's, vacant now for two full years—

That sire is dead of broken heart! To meet
The cost of court the home was sold. He hears
His mother's chastened piety the poor-house cheers!

And shall he visit her, or let her die

Unheeded; dreading even her distrust?

He wonders if that proverb is a lie

Which says: "Until the mandate 'Dust to dust'
Is given, a mother'll be a mother still!"

Half doubting this, with shame and hunger faint,
He waits till sunset; then, by dint of will

He starts half clad, half fed, with silent plaint,
And finds the place. The night is dark and chill.
He waits till morn for fear she's not a mother still!

Meanwhile she has a vision, and she dreams

She has a home again—all full of joy!

Before her flow, with gentle murmur, streams

Of Paradise; and by them stands her boy,

With whom her heart has been each lonely night

Of his long penal bondage. More than all,

Her consort there she sees in garments bright,

And glory covers him. She hears him call:

"O, hasten home!" Near her, clothed with light
Are angels, sent to speed and guard her flight!

'Tis all too much! O'ercome by heavenly charms,

She calls the matron, makes her last bequest,

Her Bible; and then dies with folded arms.

The morning dawned and woke from dubious rest
The mysterious stranger, who had meanly slept

In a neighboring hay-mow. With haggard look
And shivering frame, yet eager haste, he crept

Down from the barn-loft; all his muscles shook

From fear, as much as frost; he nervous stept
Before the alms-house; at its gate he faltering wept!

At length he knocks, and hears a gentle "Come!"
Which cheers him. This first warm word for years
He thinks is by his mother, since at home
She always used it. Smiles threw off his tears,
And he, with joy of childhood, raised the latch
To enter—There to meet his mother? Nay;
But one whose noble faith could but attach
Her heart to the departed. Oft to pray
For this same convict, and of late to catch
A glimpse of him returning, both were wont to watch!

As he first crossed the threshold, filial love
Impelled him; and his heart with hope beat high,
His lips with greeting had begun to move;
And ready fancy heard a fond reply—
From lips which silent now and dead
Moved not! Imagination quicker, too,
Than even thought, his arms asunder spread
Already to embrace her, tried and true,
Whom loving fancy had most fondly said
Would hasten to his arms with fond tho' feeble tread.

I see him yet! He's ghostly pale and shocked
With disappointment! In a flood of tears
He meets the one who answered when he knocked
And bade him "come!" In sight, with mark of
years,
In shroud and silence, lies the lifeless form of clay
Which, from one mark upon the cheek, he knows
Once lived his mother! While a little way
From this he sees the Bible, whose cover shows,
'Twas never in a napkin hid. A ray
Of hope this gave. It said: "My mother used to
pray!"

He bowed submissive ; kissed the lifeless clay ;
Took from the matron's hand that last bequest,
Then slow and cheerless, turned for aye away—
Yet this sad and lonely man is blest !
For in its blanks that Holy Book contained
A mother's pencilled prayers and words of love
And forecast ; these within his heart remained
To tell him he had loving friends above,
And urge him on to meet their welcome there,
Himself a trophy of maternal love and prayer !

What can be done to lift those fallen men,
Who in some unsuspecting moment fell ?
What should we do to help them up again,
But win to wisdom's ways and wish them well ?
Remembering what they were in days of old,
Say : We will trust you far as you are tried
And worthy found ; nor should you judge us cold,
But take the word of God as daily guide,
Find comfort in His care, His aid implore ;
Then will we do our best to aid, trust, love you as
before !—
They have a right to this, nor will the worthy demand
more.



HASKELL'S
DOMESTIC POEMS,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

*"Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Be it ever so humble,
There 's no place like home."*

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Electrotypes by
FRANK REISTLE.

PREFACE.

These poems relating to home life have been delayed till now, because of an instinctive aversion to making them public. They were mostly private pencilings, prompted by some momentary impulse, or hastily written for sudden occasions, and are now issued in a book with extreme distrust of their propriety, and diffidence as to their utility and beauty.

Their illustration has been left to the taste of experienced artists, who have engraved good likenesses of some of my friends, whom they selected, from the East, West and South, to indicate certain traits peculiar to those sections, and yet all American. This was done without the knowledge of the persons implicated. So, if "stolen waters are sweet"—because only such are worth stealing—my readers may thank their stars (the artists) for pictures of persons who would not for a world have put themselves in such conspicuous and illustrative positions.

I hope both the pictures and poems will help to impress upon the popular mind the supreme importance of domestic life in this country, and in some measure counteract the increasing diversions (by secret societies, theatricals, club rooms, etc.,) from family joys and duties. Socrates, on being told that man cannot find his ideal here, said: "Yes, he can, in the ideal family." The homes of America have, more than usual, approached the Socratic and Divine models of filial and parental feeling. Mrs. Stowe's question, "What shall we do with our Charlie?" awakened responsive sympathy throughout the entire country. As long as "The Moss-covered Bucket" and "Home,

Sweet Home," are heard with pleasure and deemed worthy of a monument, there will be a demand for domestic piety and poetry, and a greater "freedom of friendship" therein than is sought in other artistic thoughts and suggestions. Were no families bereft, hearts broken, or boys and girls away from familiar scenes and actually homesick, the case would be different; but so long as Mother, Home and Heaven are as dear as they now are, a sensitive and sensible author will fall in with this fellow-feeling, and as he himself in his writings enters the hearts and homes of the people, will be willing they, too, should have some familiarity with his heart and his home life, that both his friends and his feelings may have part in their fellowships. So, let me say to my readers: If you give to these pages a hospitable welcome, you will find evidence therein that I would gladly reciprocate your hospitality and make every American home as happy and heavenly as may be.

Wishing every household—the old folks, young folks, children—to be helpful, hopeful and happy, I subscribe myself,

*Yours in haste and heartily,
Thomas Nelson Haskell.*

An old farm house with meadow wide,
And sweet with clover on each side ;
A bright-eyed boy who looked from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day :
“Oh ! if I could but fly away
 From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy I would be !”

Amid the city’s constant din,
A man, who around the world has been,
Is thinking, thinking all day long,
“Oh ! if I could only trace once more
 The field path to the farm house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be !”



"SPUD" AND GRAY, FIDO, "NED" AND BAY.

DOMESTIC.



"SPUD."

EQUESTRIAN ACQUAINTANCE.—NED'S QUESTIONS TO
"SPUD."

Do not you remember, "Spud,"
How we met on Zion's Hill,
Chafed each other as we would,
With wit's thrusts and words that thrill;
How we talked of learned heads,
And of late attempts at lore;
Of high, deep, historic deeds;
Present days, and days of yore;
Of all special kinds of sports,
Walking, riding, and croquet;
Of the rare and near resorts
We could distance any day;
How you'd "enough leisure now;"
And good horses could be had—

"We could have two, any how,"
Glorious steeds to make us glad,
One a grand and well groomed gray—
Rare and elegant to ride,
One a beautiful fleet bay—
Suited to the other's side ;
How we marked a time to meet,
Made it to our kindred known,
And with horses fresh and fleet,
Hid from gossip of the town,
With old Fido near our feet,
Deftly rode up hill and down,
From among the marts of men ;
Flying streets where students flock ;
Dashing down toward Devil's Den ;
Racing up on Sunset Rock ;
Over roads on Indian Ridge ;
Sauntering round the Sunshine River ;
Breathing on the Shawsheen's bridge ;
Looking down where lillies quiver ;
Loping round the limpid lakes ;
Crossing woods and copses wild,
Fragrant with bruised ferns and brakes
That charmed you as Nature's child ;
How we watched the homeward cows ;
Harvesters hauling their hay ;
Farmers planting fields with plows ;
Children pleased in cheering play ;
Then, at last, up Prospect Hill
To look off upon Old Ocean,
Where we felt its vastness fill
Our sublime and deep emotion—
Till the lengthening shadows chill
Even the birds at their devotion ;
So, when they were seeking rest
And their songs began to cease,

And the sun sank in the west ;
Then in twilight's twittering peace,
As our tired steeds returned,
We'd decide another day—
Which we fancied they, too, learned,
For they walked fonder—the way ;
How next in your waiting place,
When your whip fell to the ground,
Faithful Fido's beaming face
Guarded it as treasure found,
Till Pet Gray, in posture grand,
Points his ear toward *echoes* near
From your escort nigh at hand,
On Charger Bay, chock full of cheer ;
How this greeting all around
Like a second nature rose,
Till a friendship still profound
Crowns our life unto its close—
O, "Dear Spud," do you recall
Those equestrian pleasures then,
And relive them, each and all,
Blessing God for what hath been ?
Then, this picture of Pet Gray,
Fido and your fonder friend,
And your own ornate array,
Will, not only, not offend,
But to many a deed and day
Shall both life and sunshine lend !

—Ned.



NED'S FIRST AND LAST VALENTINE.

I.

To fain a forgetting with hope to succeed,
 Like regrets for regretting, still pays the more heed ;
 I fained to forget thee ; for thus I agreed ;
 But kind fates would not let me effect the false deed ;
 For each leisure hour, with love on its wing,
 Possessed the strange power bright visions to bring
 From the fields of the past ; and each time where we
 met,
 From the first to the last, lives vividly yet ;
 And honest affection for thee—still for thee—
 Forbids the reflection—She thinks not of me !

II.

O, the sweet sunny hours, the deep vernal skies,
 The forests and flowers, where love-lighted eyes

Together were glancing—joys mutual and true—
When the night air, advancing through twilight and
dew,
Waved gently beside us as we sat confiding,
No mortal to chide us, where small trees were hiding
Our sacred retreat—but the woodman had been
And made us a seat, so suited just then ;
When you left in my power—you do not forget—
To prolong yet the hour—I would it were yet !

III.

Rare moments like those with the one I most love,
Will cheer life to its close, and make sweeter above
The glorified air where glad angels reside,
With communion their care, pure affection their pride ;
While dear saints we have known, in their services
here,

Bend down from their throne to hark to our cheer,
In our utterances true of emotions as pure
As the hearts where they grew and the hopes they
ensure,
So chaste and so choice they'll be e'er chanted o'er
By sweet daughters of voice, the swift echoes of yore !

IV.

Aye, 'twere easier far, to rob a clear night
Of its most brilliant star, than steal thee from my
sight ;
And on this day of mating, when the beasts and the
birds
Their proposals are stating in their most loving words,
I would not forget thee, but void my rash vow ;
For thy words will not let me—I'm hearing them now—
And whate'er betide me on life's tossing sea,
Three guerdons shall guide me—God, duty and thee ;
And the joy of my life (could that joy but be mine)
Would be : Thee for my—By SAINT VALENTINE.

SPONSIO ET MEMORABILIA ET SPERABILIA.

AD A. E. E.

(Interrogata.)



I.

You asked my muse to sing a song—
A rain-bow round retreating showers—
A song whose memories meet and throng
In days gone by with golden hours.

You wish the song as free from care,
 And gay as light upon the wing ;
 A child of friendships, bright and fair,
 With hands well filled with flowers of Spring ;
 With arms encircling golden sheaves
 From Summer's ripening fields of grain ;
 With steps that stir the Autumn leaves,
 And robes that sleigh ride o'er the plain.

II.

You ask a song of many a scene,
 Which we have studied, side by side ;
 Where woods are hung in garlands green,
 And mirror waters moonlit glide ;
 Where roads meander on the brow
 Of sloping upland, copse and lawn ;
 Where fields lie furrowed with the plow ;
 Where loads of fragrant hay are drawn ;
 Where tinkling bells and lowing herds
 Call back again the childhood sounds,
 That mingle still with merry words
 And rollic o'er old romping grounds.

III.

You want a song brim-full of life,
 Whose lessons we have loved to learn,
 Where Nature keeps her constant strife
 Of song and service in their turn ;
 Where bees and birds, on tireless wing,
 Convert their labor into play—
 By working while they hum and sing,
 And in their songs bear toil away ;
 Where kindred spirits do and dwell ;
 Where rest and effort interchange ;
 Where hearts that beat and hopes that swell
 Bring Earth and Heaven in common range.

IV.

You wish the song a casket rare—
 To keep and hold for many a year
 Those cherished words of love and prayer
 Which fell upon our Father's ear ;
 You'd like in it, besides, to find
 Those holy purposes of will,
 And trenchant thoughts yet in the mind,
 With gems of wit that sparkle still ;
 A song as hearty and as true
 As our best friendships ever be,
 As stainless as the morning dew,
 As earnest as eternity !

V.

A song replete with every good
 That fair Aurora filters down,
 As high o'er forest, field and flood,
 She sprinkles roses o'er the town,
 Then hastens before the rising Sun
 To show to all the gods and men
 How fast the steeds of Eos run,
 How soon Tithonus comes again ;
 Then rises fresh from night's repose,
 And lifts another golden dawn,
 Like that when the Immanuel rose,
 And gave to life its deathless crown.

VI.

Such is the song you'd have me sing—
 Of thought and life that e'er shall last,
 And round our hearts with rythm fling
 In firmer texture all the past ;
 Till friendship weaves the warp and woof
 Of every season into song,
 Whose fond remembrance lives in proof
 We've shared the right and shunned the
 wrong.

And you would have me also sing
 When myrtle wreaths are on thy brow,
 And Heaven bends down her hand to bring
 The friend who shares thy trothal vow !

VII.

Then I will sing—before His face
 Whose smile on us so oft alone
 Distilled around his heavenly grace
 In benediction from his throne—
 And I will ask for thee and me,
 Of Him who is both mine and thine,
 That all my song “from folly free”
 Eternal friendship may entwine ;
 And so I shall, more happy still,
 Regard thee as my royal friend,
 Late given to one in heart and will
 Prepared to love thee, and defend !

VIII.

The wish is well ! My heart replies
 In accents willing as the wind,
 In hopes that reach beyond the skies,
 Affections deathless as the mind ;
 In prayer as fervent for the weal
 Of one I've only wished to bless,
 As ever Christian heart could feel,
 Or fervent words of faith express ;
 In gratitude for much good cheer
 Thy faithful words have fondly given
 To make my past a happy year
 And lift my life far into Heaven !

IX.

Well pleased am I with thy bright days,
 When solemn vows, so lately made,
 Such hallowed expectations raise
 That thou canst say : “I'm not afraid

To trust the man my troth I give !”
 Confiding soul ! so true and fair,
 Those new and noble ends to live,
 All born of Heaven, hope, love and prayer,
 Be multiplied as time proceeds !
 Thy love be blended as thy life
 With his, who, sharing soon thy deeds,
 In law and love shall call thee wife !

X.

And may the twain most truly prove
 The fitness of our fervent prayer,
 The Lord may consummate our love,
 And make our lives as one His care ;
 May plenteous mercy, grace and peace
 Descend on us and ours for aye ;
 Our cup of blessings full increase ;
 Our “ light shine more to perfect day ! ”
 Such is my song ! and such my seal—
 Of memories dear—of hope and love :
 No mortal could more fondly feel
 That we are one—here and above !

A HUSBAND'S THANKS FOR HIS WISE AND THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

(Prov. xxxi : 10-31.)

I.

I thank Thee, Father, for a wife of virtue,
 Pure gift of Thy paternal love !
 The price of rubies—far above
 All costly gems is her affection's value.
 Her husband's heart doth safely trust her ;
 Such confidence is due my wife—
 She'll do me good through all my life,
 I know, for Thou Thyself hast blessed her.
 Her heart is full, for highest good to labor,
 The stitch in time is with her hands,
 Her thoughts are like the gales from lands
 Afar, which bring rich laden ships to harbor.

II.

Before the dawn she oftentimes ariseth,
Nor spareth constant, special care ;
And Thou, O God, dost know her prayer—
Her daily vows are not what Heaven despiseth.
She girdeth up her frame with health and beauty ;
Her nerve she strengtheneth ; good seems
To her her mission ; morning beams
Of day stars never shone more fair than duty.
She reacheth forth her hands to bless the needy ;
The poor shall bless her outstretched hand ;
For Thou Thy blessing dost command
On those whose love to sons of want stands ready.

III.

She openeth her mouth in modest wisdom ;
The law of kindness rules her tongue ;
She shall rejoice in time to come ;
For years roll by her light and bright and gladsome.
Favor 's deceitful, so is beauty fading ;
But virtuous actions are approved,
And loving much and much beloved,
My trusting heart shall say, with truth pervading
The crowded sentiment, like crystal waters,
“ The virtuous deeds are many done
By many wives beneath the sun,
But thou excellest all earth's fairest daughters ! ”

May God accept my heartful thanks, thus humbly
given,
And make me ever worthy prove
Of such a helpmeet and her love,
And bring us loving still through life to Heaven !

THE FIRST BORN BABY—NOT A BOY!

I.

When “the first babe” was born, a fat little boy,
A sensation was caused in all human breasts ;
Earth’s whole fatherhood, motherhood, bursting with
joy,

Called angels, archangels, to earth as their guests.
But were it a daughter—what Eve would prefer—
The frail little creature, unknown yet to fame,
Beloved by mamma, had cleft closely to her,
And we should have known not even her name.
For “Adam begat sons and daughters,” we know ;
But the names of the latter have never been told,
Their standard of value was, perchance, very low ;
But boys were esteemed more precious than gold.

II.

Yet, “that first little baby ever born upon earth”
Was a rough little sinner—they Christened him
Cain !

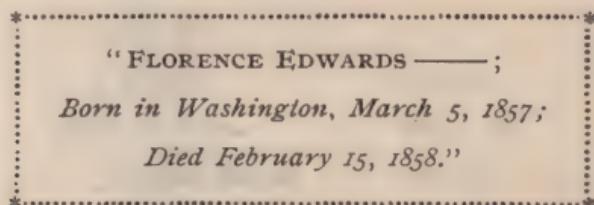
While the next was a creature of high moral worth ;
A saint and a martyr, sore hated and slain.
If such be the freaks of the fates in the past,
And the future is dark to our dim-sighted eyes,
And the offspring of men, from the first to the last,
Could not be foreseen to what lot they would rise,
We should cheerfully say : Let the wife have her
choice ;

Whether daughters or sons, a wise God have His
way ;

For with either we tremble, and truly rejoice,
In a new life to love, to live for, and pray.

SHE HAS GONE TO HEAVEN BEFORE US.

On a tablet in Andover, is written :



We have laid to rest our darling,
Covered o'er with turf and snow,
And forbidden to disturb her,
In her bed so dark and low ;
And, though lingering in the valley
Which Death's shadow rests upon,
And the lights that shine around us
Are extinguished, one by one,
We will cheer ourselves by thinking :
She has gone before, to learn
Her first language of the angels,
Who have no such word as “mourn !”

And, as when a shepherd beareth
To his home, from hail and snow,
The dear lamb for which he careth,
And the dam doth thither go ;
So, fond Savior, we, too, follow
Thy steps heavenward, thither still,
And Thy holy name we hallow,
Willing followers of Thy will ;
Till we're sheltered safe at last,
With the lambkin thou hast taken,
Bleating, from Earth's stormy blast,
Where in Heaven we'll all awaken,
Every pain and peril past.



WE HAVE TWO MORE LITTLE LOVE PETS.

We have two more little love pets ; and we love them
very much—

In all old Massachusetts, there are no other such ;
Perhaps, not in the Nation ; I doubt if the whole earth
Can show a generation of better rank by birth ;
Not born to royal liens, but veritable Queens !

They rule two realms together ; each holds the other's
throne ;
Their subjects know not whether they rule as two or
one.

Whene'er we look upon them we find their sway su-
preme ;
And all the good is done them flows to them like a
dream ;

Their realms are home and hearts, their power persuasive arts.

All in their realms attendant upon their wants and will

Are free, and yet dependent; each heart of home they fill.

There all their subjects love them and never seek redress;

By night they watch above them; by day their doings bless;

Each *pope** and mamma knows just how this matter goes.

"I AM THINKING OF GOD," SAID HIS LITTLE PET.

(Friday Morning, January 1, 1864.)

"I am thinking of God!" little Florence declared,
When first called by her papa at dawn;
And so, Heavenly Father, may I be prepared
To think of my God till my life watch is gone,
And the morning of Heaven comes gloriously on!

"I am thinking of God! don't disturb me," she said,
In a tone as if grief were afraid;
And so, Holy Savior, from Thine it is read,
No one Thy disciple can ever be made
Who their parents than Thee have more loved and obeyed.

"I am thinking of God! don't disturb me," I'd say,
If, in truth, I could say it, to all;
And would ask of Jehovah, as well as I may,
That with that little thinker, so wise, yet so small,
I may think of Thee most in each morning's first call.

* "Pope" is papa.

She is thinking of God! don't disturb her young thought!

Scarce four years have come over her yet;
But so thoughtfully silent, her soul hath well sought
To be nearer to God, and still nearer to get,
Which proves He's thinking of her as His little pet.



MY LITTLE SISTERS, LUM AND SUM.

Behold, and see this beauteous sight!
Two blended sunbeams every day,
Of living, pure, prismatic light—
A pair of sisters out at play!

The side-bound twins of old Siam
 Looked scarcely more in life united ;
 Nor was the sister of Priam
 With her dear brother so delighted.

When little, they so lived and loved,
 When larger, they so loved and sang,
 That if over the fields they roved
 The happy hills in halo rang !
 Their lives thus so together run,
 And puzzle so their sire and mother,
 That "Sum of goodness" seems the one,
 And "Lump of sweetness" looks the other.

So "Lum" and "Sum," with sweet good will,
 Shall blend their life, like morning's shining,
 And even through death will be one still,
 Their lives and love still intertwining.
 To have such sunshine here each day,
 As so sweet girls have sometimes given,
 Is worth a world upon our way
 To help us on and up toward heaven !

LIFE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

[An impromptu on seeing a beautiful engraving representing pioneer life over the above title.]

I.

Full well I remember the deep shady forest,
 The prairie that fringed it with brush-wood and
 lawn,
 The swarthy complexion of the young stalwart hunter,
 Who laid at my feet a beautiful fawn,
 Whose likeness might challenge the loveliest maiden,
 With form and gay features like storied gazelles ;
 With heart pierced and silent that throbbed yester
 even,
 And beat cheerful marches in wilderness dells.

No wonder that woman looks sad at its dying,
 And unhardened boyhood should pillow its head,
 While girlhood stoops over the place where it's lying
 And asks, with hands folded : "O, dear ! Is it dead?"

II.

Full well I remember the deep shady forest,
 The hemlock, the shanty, the cross-poles and fire,
 The matron, the children, the young stalwart hunter,
 The tall trees that trembled 'neath strokes of the
 sire ;
 And oft I am cheered by those scenes of my child-
 hood,
 Where Nature stands laughing or saying her
 prayers,
 According t' our feeling, or fancy, or guessing—
 Those emotions of children that come unawares ;
 For brighter and sweeter than gas-light and candy
 Were pine knots, and shag-barks, and crusts in
 the hand,
 When I lived near the banks of the North Rio
 Grande,*
 And caught fish and bad colds in the big River
 Grand.

"BREAD PILLS."

OR A POOR HYPOCONDRIAC HEALED.

In a palace of plenty, one damp summer day,
 A poor hypocondriac anxiously lay,
 And panting for air,
 When the doctor with pill-bags
 Was crossing the street-flags
 To keep her in care.

* The Rio Grande and its family here described were between Mexico and Texas, but the author by a ready fancy transfers the scene to the home of his childhood near the Grand River in Northern Ohio, emptying into Lake Erie, and a bathing resort.

"O, dear ! dear me !" Madame Hysterical cried ;
 " But for that good doctor I long since had died !

Yet I am aware
 That this morning I'm paler
 And feel so much frailer,
 He now will despair !"

But just then the importunate shakes of the bell,
 A dignified nod, made carelessly well ;

The choice of a chair ;
 The tame process of testing
 Her weak pulses and resting,
 And what she could bear,



Were done all with that exquisite learning and grace,
 And very grave thoughts on his tongue and his face,
 Such as Galen would wear.

But he sat without blinking,
 Like an owl, and was thinking
 What "dose" to prepare.

Both his drops and his pills, tho', were carefully mixed
 Long before, at his office, designedly fixed
 In forms full of care ;

Pills—rye bread and ashes ;
 Drops—mint and molasses,
 In water to spare.

Says the patient : “ Dear doctor, I can not get well !
 But if there be hope, do my anxious friends tell ;
 For I can not bear
 The thought of to-morrow,
 When my mourners, in sorrow,
 My shroud shall prepare ! ”

“ Just so,” says the doctor, giving phials a click,
 “ I know, my dear Madame, you feel very sick,
 But do not despair ;
 For it is my conviction
 I can heal your affliction,
 With those drops and pills there.”

“ Uh ! Why, doctor,” she answered, “ you’d dose me
 to death !
 I’m so weak—even now—I can scarcely draw breath !
 I—never—can bear
 Pills ! and drops ! by the phial ;
 And, sir, of the trial
 You ought to beware ! ”

“ Aha ! then,” says the doctor, so pleasant and plain,
 She could not surely mistake him again ;
 “ I think you might dare
 To stop breathing, if it hurts you ;
 I’ll pledge, on my virtue,
 Nobody would care.”

“ Why, Old Doc,” quoth the Madam, “ ‘twould give
 you delight
 To kill me ! You can’t ! I will live out of spite ! ”
 ’Tis needless to tell,
 How the subject so sickly,
 Ceased doctoring quickly—
 And quickly got well.

But the doctor was jesting, ungentlemanly, too,
And too matter of fact to play his joke through ;

Though this we must say :

In the fact of her healing
All depended on feeling,
Tried in whatever way.

PER CONTRA : " THE GOOD PHYSICIAN."

"A friend in need 's a friend indeed!"

My brother, with a broken arm,
Dispatched a special, with due speed,
And soon a surgeon—like a charm—
Had splints and bandages applied
So well, that soon the arm was well,
And fit his fiery steed to ride ;

By whose base fault the harm befell.

My sister was severely ill,
And at Death's door for days she lay ;
The doctor, with distinguished skill,

Brought deeds of brightness every day,
Till the dark pall of Death arose,

That over our whole household hung ;
And ne'er a patient healed but knows

How close we to that doctor clung.
So when our parents sickened, died,

That good physician still was there,
Sitting so kindly at their side,

To aid both Providence and prayer,
Until the cruel crisis turned

Against our hopes in their behalf ;
And then how lovingly we learned
From him, as if our Lord himself,
That soon their struggling strength would rest,
Their dying agony would cease,

Their spirits, borne among the blessed,
 Would pass into eternal peace.
 When thrice a doctor healed my child,
 Of three diseases, threatening death,
 I say, not only, he is skilled !
 But follow him with praying breath ;
 Our hearts with gratitude are filled.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

(A Letter Postscript to my Little Sister, Lucy Proctor.)

I.

NEVER UNSAFE AND NEVER ALONE.

This morning, dear Lucy, I took my first start
 For scenes where such masses reside,
 That I heard your anxious and innocent heart
 Ask, silently sighing, "What ills will betide
 My poor brother 'mong so many, alone!"
 But learn thou the words, how "the Lord doeth
 well!"
 He guardeth and guideth with care ;
 My way He controlleth, my wants He can tell,
 He seeth, He heareth, He is everywhere ;
 So, I'm not in thè city alone !

 My person I put with good care in the cars,
 And am rushing, "hot hoste," to the town,
 While my spirit, wing-footed, like Hermes or Mars,
 Is flying o'er scenes of historic renown,
 And I'm never alone, even when I'm alone !
 Then Lucy, ne'er worry ! "The Lord will pro-
 vide!"
 For He is beside us, by night and by day,
 Almighty as guardian, all-wise as a guide ;
 Then, where'er He sends me I'm happy to say :
 I'm never unsafe and never alone !

II.

AND SO I SING THE PSALMIST'S SONG.

"Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
 Within Thy circling power I stand,
 On every side I see Thy hand ;
 Asleep, awake, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded, still, with God !
 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
 Nor let my ardent passions dare
 Give up to sin, for God is there !"

—[Psalm cxxxix.

FILIAL PIETY.

I.

MY MUSING AT MY PARENTS' MONUMENT, WHEN FIRST SEEN
 AS A SURPRISE IN THE MARBLE YARD, WARREN, OHIO.

Oft in the uncertain tour of life
 'Tis good to stand beside the graves
 Of the departed—there review the strife
 Of men for ends ambition craves :
 'Tis good to do this !—good at least for one
 Who feels himself a stranger in an age
 Of strangers ; aye, and who would coolly shun
 A tomb-stone's reminiscent page ?
 Oft times a bier, a broken shaft, has taught
 Me lessons worth one's while to know ;
 And here, a youthful invalid, I've sought
 The shades of death that art doth show,
 In marble yards, the stranger, who may call
 To mark the skill of sculptor's hands,
 With deep emotion, or with none at all,
 To trace inscriptions while he stands

Admiring or forgetting to admire,
 Absorbed in flitting thoughts that fly
 To distant mourners, who he feels require
 At least one thought of sympathy.

II.

So here I stood and read with peace that thrilled
 Through my whole being—happy hour!—
 A gentle reverence for the dead, that filled
 My pulsing heart, had in its power
 My each emotion—till, as I turned
 To walk away from what awoke
 Such heavenward peace, my eye discerned
 Two polished marble shafts that spoke
 The names of fond, familiar ones of home—
 The sainted sire—his suited bride—
 My Parents! in time past—in time to come—
 The treasures of my heart, my pride!
 These stones speak now as stars could not;
 Nor sea nor sky could show so well,
 Or symbolize my whole life's lot,
 And speak it in one intense spell.

III.

My Father, thou art with me now:
 Thy form so manly seemeth here,
 And to thy voice my ear doth bow,
 To words of counsel and good cheer,
 And prayer to Heaven. The altar dear
 To thee, with incense freshly glows,
 And Hope now happy hovereth near,
 And heavenly music earthward flows,
 Responsive to thy spirits' prayers
 That erst throbbed upward to the throne
 Of God to be embalmed with the saints' tears
 That are there bottled with thine own.
 I loved thee well, but can not weep;
 My filial tears forgot to roll;

Affection's fountains, full and deep,
 Flow soft, yet tearless, through my soul.
 But, stop ! Behold, the tears will start !
 Here on the marble, too, appears
 My Mother's name, whose inmost heart
 Used melt into my morning years,
 Like the rich dew in rising days ;
 For both flow now my filial tears ;
 For thee and her whom thou didst praise !

IV.

My tears thus started, as I stood
 And on her name my full eyes gazed ;
 A name so gracious, noble, good,
 That all who knew her loved and praised.
O, Mother, how I wept for thee !
 And though I could not wish thee here
 Again, I sighed : "Ah, can it be
 That this is all of one so dear?"
I sigh and sing for home, sweet home,
 And try to bring the broken treasure
As I arise and henceforth roam
 Bereft of place, bereft of pleasure ;
I see the distant open door
 Inhaling health from fields and flowers,
As I shove off from life's young shore
 And mix the past with passing hours.
For who, when urged with aching oars
 Adown life's deep and rapid river,
Can e'er forget the fragrant flowers
 That in its very edges quiver,
And who that's human can forget
 His father and his faultless mother,
Whose pulse of kindness beateth yet
 In tender love no time can smother ?

V.

Affection fills my font of joys
 With flowers where Tempe's vale is sleeping,
 And pleasing memory employs
 Fond scenes for which I'm weeping ;
 While Hope points her right hand to Heaven,
 And stands abreast her stalwart anchor,
 And Faith guides to what God hath given
 In bonds, signed by my Sovereign Banker ;
 And sainted ones in Heaven now,
 Who taste no more of temporal sorrow,
 Seem breathing warm upon my brow,
 And bringing on a bright to-morrow.
 Soon, soon their forms in fact I'll see
 As we once saw and sought each other,
 My voice shall then shout : "Victory!"
 With thee, my Father, and my Mother !

THOSE ANCESTORS OF MINE.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
 My ancestors are many millions strong :
 I had two parents, they two each, at least, *

* Every man has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents, etc. If we reckon twenty-five years to a generation, and carry on the above calculation to the time of William the Conqueror of England, it will be found that each living person must have had at that time even the enormous number of 35,000,000 ancestors. Make the usual allowance for the crossing or inter-marrying of families in a genealogical line, and for the same persons being in many of the intersections of the family tree, still there will remain a number at that period even to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon races. What, therefore, might have been pious, princely, kingly or aristocratic stands side by side in line with the most ignoble, plebian or democratic. Each man for the present day may have had not only barons and squires, but even crowned heads, dukes, princes or bishops, or renowned generals, barristers, physicians, etc., among his ancestors.

And so the geometric list is long,
 With probably a baron, prince and priest,
 And minstrel, musical with song,
 And financier, who lived to hoard and feast—
 I hope no wretch that lived by doing wrong !

But still, I must admit, from this array,
 A motley set, those ancestors of mine ;
 Indeed, they're but an average display,
 As I look over the long dubious line
 Unto an early day, so far away,
 And good and ill, compare, contrast, combine ;
 And, so with others, I will simply say :
 “My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher, far, my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.”

DEDICATION HYMN OF Y. M. C. A. HOME.

(Tune, “Woodlawn.”)

Almighty Builder of the skies
 Bend down Thy lofty dome,
 And view our lowly sacrifice,
 An offering Thou wilt not despise ;
 We give Thee this, “Our Home !”

We thank Thee for Thy helping hand
 And providential care,
 By which our building now doth stand,
 The fit abode of such a “Band
 Of Brotherhood and Prayer !”

Come, dwell within its sacred walls ;
 Here make Thy goodness known ;
 Live in its volumes, in its halls ;
 Send thence Thy love's most winning calls,
 And keep the place Thine own !

And now, before Thy mercy seat
 And in this holy place,
 In Jesus' name, we do entreat,
 That here our God will daily meet
 His children face to face !

And gather in this peaceful fold
 Those wandering far abroad,
 Till blessings more than it can hold,
 And richer far than pearls or gold,
 It shall give back to God !

O stud the Nation with these stars
 Of piety and peace,
 Till by their light unholy wars,
 And vice, which every beauty mars,
 Shall in all nations cease !

SIC ANNUS MORIBUNDUS. 1860.

For several years the author wrote impromptus on the eve and morn of the Old and New year. The following are founded on two interesting sights, and the issues of peace and war at the juncture 1860-61. The sights were : First, an old woman, in a sack a little child slung over her prone back, herself stooping at every step, as if beckoning for her grave ; and second, a gold thimble used by numerous successive dames, till it came as an heirloom now to an industrious and beautiful damsel, who will probably hand it with increasing value down to yet other daughters of the land. With these illustrations we improvise and sing :

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

(Dec. 31, 1859.)

It is a form of melancholy sadness,
 With frosted locks, this old departing year !
 Her children, full of childish faith and gladness,
 Are swung upon her back, unconscious of a fear ;
 So a poor mother passed my door to-day ;
 A foul sack she bore, in which her infant lay.

Her form was prone—as pressing toward her grave,
And all the creature wished was her dear child to save.

Soon she will die and dwell among the dead !

Her child shall turn its face to many a storm ;
Ten thousand deeds will in its footsteps tread,

And mark with jest its future aged form ;

The mem'ry of its mother, with all her loads of care,
Her virtues or her vices, her blasphemy or prayer,
Will fan its brow when dying and breathe on those it
bears,

Till even children's children shall shoulder the same
cares.

Such seem the way-worn seasons,

And such the loaded years ;
Each has sufficient reasons

For mingled joy and tears ;
And all their happy daughters
That o'er their backs are slung,
Shall taste sweet bitter waters
When their own heirs are young.

But still, there is a bright side

To all that casts its shades ;
And through each golden light tide
Each New Year fairly wades—

A goddess with her maids.

Then take a brighter symbol,

Of this departing year ;
Here's a maiden with her thimble,
Used by dame and grand-dame dear,
To work for others' cheer.

That jewel is a treasure,

Where'er its lot is cast,
Transmitting golden pleasure
From fingers of the past,
To her who'll wear it last.

A memento forever, as long as it shall be,
 Inscribed : "Forget me never!" its base a ring you see,
 Implies Eternity!

A golden horn of plenty, filled with the lapse of years,
 With fruits and flowers dainty, and dewy it appears
 With mingled sweat and tears.

From those dear dying mothers (we see their sewing
 yet)

Their daughters hand to others the sacred signs they
 get,

 Of years together met.

Sic Annus Moribundus!

Dear dying year, indeed, in dying deigns to hand us—
 What every one should heed—its tools for times of
 need!

THOUGHTS AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Just thirty-five to-day!
 The half of three-score years and ten
 Has winged itself away,
 And left me 'mong the ranks of men.
 The other half may lie
 Across the boundary of life;
 Indeed, I, too, must die
 And leave these scenes of strife—
 Perhaps while in my prime;
 Yet if I gain full four-score years,
 All my allotted time,
 I'll patient wait till He appears,
 Who half the lifetime gave,
 And crowned it with such tender care;
 He guides me to the grave
 And guards my slumbers even there.
 He knows when life should cease,

Who gave my life and being birth ;
 He knows, and will release
 My fettered soul and lead it forth
 To endless life and peace,
 For tribulation is of earth.

My times are in His hand ;
 He knows the measure of my days ;
 I came at His command ;
 My death shall show, indeed, His praise.
 Just thirty-five to-day !

The past arises in review ;
 The future seems to say :
 Come on ! Be trustful ! brave and true !
 Its bidding I'll obey.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN WITH HER ONLY SON AND THEIR
 SAVIOR.

[The day after Jesus went into the city of Nain and when He came nigh to the gate, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother and she was a widow, and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her He had compassion on her and said: Weep not. And He came and touched the bier and said: Young man, I say unto thee, arise! And he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and He delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all and they glorified God, saying: God hath visited His people.]
 —Luke, vii., 11-17; John, xi., 25-45.

John's wondrous record, "Jesus wept,"
 Is unsurpassed in written speech ;
 The Lord's kind act of love there kept
 Earth's tenderest fact doth tersest teach
 In Laconism to live and last
 As long as letters shall be read
 And Christian consolation cast
 O'er the dark days around the dead.

So when the dead man carried out of Nain
 Is called "His mother's only son, and she

A widow," here Saint Luke in style again
 Excelled all uninspired speech, and he
Portrays a picture, perfect and ornate :
 See two processions meet before the gate
Of the walled town ; hear now their mingled wail
 Of grief ! Lo, a young man's borne to his grave
Before his prime ; and by his bier a widow, pale,
 Beloved and poor, weeps loud : "Can no one
 save?"

Just then, the Lord saw her ; "Weep not !" he said,
 And touched the bier—the bearers all attend—
"Young man, arise !" He said unto the dead,
 And he sat up and spake. Their sorrows end:
The loving Lord delivered him alive
 Unto his mother ! O, all-sufficient Friend,
Whose God-compassion can such solace give,
 'Tis most befitting that a moral fear
In the whole region round should so revive
 That all exclaim : "The Mighty God is here!"

It were a sacrilege, a sin profane,
 To touch such pictures with pretentious paint,
And to their stamped perfections add a stain
 Of fiction's pride. 'Twould prostitute a saint
By act tragedian, or trick of art
 T' approach this passage in a single part.
Let kind ambition, in a case like this,
 Hold up the picture in some holy place,
And bid all : "See its beauty as it is,
 The special gift of God's inspiring grace!"
When this is done, and ye have seen the dead
 Restored—and joy in God, enough is said.

A JUVENILE IMPROMPTU TO A PRECIOUS BROTHER, WHO WAS DROWNED IN ENGLISH RIVER, IOWA, MARCH 2, 1840.

[His father died in Ohio the week before. They desired intensely to see each other.]

I.

How sadly, how hardly he left those who love him ;
How slowly, how sadly his days glided on,
By the murmuring waters, where woods wave above
him,
And the voice of the turtle was the key to his song !
How sadly, how slowly he walks by that river !
How powerless, how useless he pulls at the oar !
How strangely, how sadly he sinks there forever—
He sinks and thrice rises—then rises no more.
But one friend was there to sigh o'er his lot
As his frame down the current was hurried ;
But one relative near to hallow the spot,
And weep where my brother was buried !

II.

Yet sweetly he sleeps 'neath the wild western shade,
In the grave which his Maker assigned him ;
No evils of Earth can his spirit upbraid,
Nor chill of the surge that confined him.
And could I inscribe but two words on his tomb,
Or carve just two lines in his favor,
I'd record his fond love for his country and home
And then point to his Home with the Savior !
Where his parent who panted in last hours to meet
him
Has gone in good time to engage in his greeting,
As the angels and saints assemble to greet him ;
How both are surprised at thus meeting !

A MOURNING SCENE IN ANDOVER SEMINARY.

The funeral obsequies of Professor Stuart Phelps, Mr. Greenough Thayer and Misses Gould and Safford, whose sudden death by drowning and accident seemed a Divine mystery. (Aug. 1883.)

I.

A cloud of sorrow hangs o'er Zion's Hill !

A sable cloud, although the skies are clear ;
 Each face is sad—too sad to shed a tear,
 And wise men wonder at their Maker's will !
 Up Zion's beaten walks are reverent borne
 The learned and old, with loving, weary feet ;
 Holy Divines and Israel's Mothers meet,
 In sacred sympathy with them that mourn !
 Young men and maidens, youth and children fair,
 Come pale with sorrow, anguish and surprise,
 To join in worship with the just and wise,
 And mingle hearts in mournful hymns and prayer.

II.

For in God's temple, near his altar, rest
 Four sleeping beauties, paragons of art
 Divine, whose symmetry of mind and heart
 Suggest the bloom of souls among the blest :
 Two manly forms, with youth and thought impressed,
 Once children at that sacred altar seen,
 Whose loving hearts longed on their Lord to lean,
 Whose souls are now borne to their Savior's breast ;
 Two lovely "daughters of the Lord of Lights,"
 The polished palace of the Holy Ghost,
 Whose hallowed beauties won the Heavenly host—
 These four ! receive now there their funeral rites !

III.

The choicest harvest from that chosen hill,
 They're gathered thence as God's first fruits and
 flowers,
 Borne to His garner and to grace His bowers,
 While mourners worship their wise Master's will !

O service rare ! O sorrow so divine !

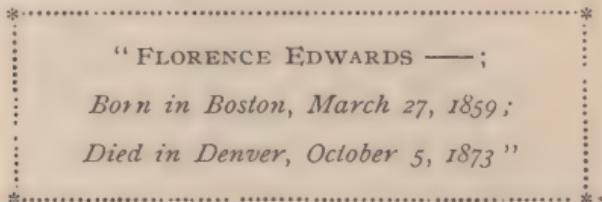
O mingled tears of Earth with joys of Heaven !

O truest wealth of God's best treasures given,
Borne hence in beauty in God's home to shine !
Here sore and bleeding hearts are soothed and
healed,

By coronation scenes where such are crowned,
Where bliss and peace so blend and so abound
That God's beneficence is all revealed !

A SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF SORROW.

On a Denver tomb is inscribed :



“The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.”
“Tis infamy to die and not be missed.”

I.

The falling days have come, so sadly fair,
When plains and mountains and plume waving
trees
Put on the weird light, woven like the hair
Of some bright damsel drifting in the breeze
To tease a lover, ill at ease to seize
Her fairy form in chaste and fond embrace ;
And now my fancy, through affection, sees
An absent fair one with an angel's face.

II.

Two years I've lingered round the lonely spot
Where Florence fell asleep, no more to wake
To share the shade and sunshine of our lot ;

Her last request was : “Papa, sing ‘Jesus, Lover of my Soul !
Let me to Thy bosom fly.’”

And deeper, sorer doth my sad heart ache,
 And break—asleep—awake—whene'er I make
 One mention of her name and noble deeds ;
 And I could even die for her dear sake,
 While lovely Autumn all my longing leads.



"DEAR FLONIE."

III.

We buried her two years ago to-day !
 We left her sleeping on the lonely hill ;
 And though a hundred weeks have hied away,
 I see her stately form and features still,
 And still I feel the chill and fearful thrill
 Of anguish, as her cold, dead lips I press,
 And pray for grace to suffer all God's will ;
 Nor so the longer time leaves sorrow less !

IV.

'Twas no dull deed to lay our daughter down,
Among the thickly strewn and stranger dead,
When garnering Autumn hung her golden crown
Upon declining day, above our head,
And led our solemn tread, and on us shed
Her soul of sympathy, as if to say
The kindest words that ever could be said
In this sad world, where all will pass away !

V.

Yet Hope hears often in the holy air
Repeated, as by saintly souls, "Rejoice!"
While Autumn's halo, like an Angel's hair,
Hangs round the vision of that Heavenly voice,
And joys, unsullied with alloys and noise
Of Earth, sit waiting from their happy seats above
Till a deep blessedness no blight destroys
Brings to our embrace our Dear Departed Love

DENVER, October 6, 1875.

MRS. JUSTIN EDWARD'S DYING WORDS.

(February 4, A. D. 1868.)

"I fear nothing in life or death so much
As that I shall not love my Lord enough."

I.

I feel a great, a grievous fear ;
Not that this world's bewitching charm
Can do my spirit further harm ;
I've given to Heaven all I hold dear :
I fear not even the power of death ;
I know not what it is to die :
But Christ has died—then so can I ;
To Him I freely yield my breath :
But still fear trembles in my breast ;
My timid heart I can not trust,
Though healed of every conscious lust,

And of its loves my Lord is best—
 Still, I do fear I love Him not
 According to His loveliness,
 His willing power my soul to bless ;
 I do not love Him as I ought !

II.

In life or death there's naught I fear
 So much as that I shall not love
 My Savior like the saints above,
 Though now He is surpassing dear.
 While He has loved and called me His,
 Has pardoned me in words of peace,
 Has made all other fears to cease,
 And sealed my soul an heir of bliss—
 Still, still, there 's one—this lingering grief,
 That here I can not love Him more !
 O, when I reach the heavenly shore,
 Will sight surpass my poor belief ?
 Death's billows seem both cold and rough ;
 The grave is dark and filled with gloom ;
 But He has lighted up my tomb—
 I fear I'll love Him not enough !

III.

O blessed fear ! where love hath cast
 Out other fears and filled their place
 With offspring of that loving grace
 Which clings to Christ so close and fast,
 Pants for still higher love of Him,
 And on the wings of peace sublime
 Soars out beyond the scenes of Time
 To vie with saints and seraphim !

We look, through tears of joy and grief,
 And long, dear one, like thee to love ;
 We mark thy welcome from above ;
 Thy glory gives us sweet relief.

DEATH OF A BENEFACTRESS.

An impromptu on hearing of the death of Mrs. Judge Farwell Hitchcock, who aided students at Andover and elsewhere. (September 15, 1883.)

Thou benefactress of our youth,
Most kind and wise to me ;
Whose every look was love and truth,
Whose choice was charity ;
Thou cherished friend ; thou child of God,
In good old age hast gone ;
And this the word now sent abroad
By thy last heir and lone :

“We laid her body down to rest—
Down in its bed of dust—
While she was borne among the blest,
Triumphing in her trust !
‘Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,
Nor heart of man conceived
Her gladness with her glorious Lord,
In whom she hath believed !’ ”

I see Him on His great white throne ;
I see the sainted dead ;
I hear thy heavenly accents own
Our Lord, thy living head ;
I listen to thy words of love,
With those who went before ;
This bears my heart of hearts above,
To Him whom I adore.

Our Savior’s cross insures thy crown,
And dries the mourner’s tear ;
We would not dare to bring thee down ;
We would not wish thee here ;
But rather beg redeemed to be
With thee thus highly blessed ;
Thy saintly life in Heaven to see,
And with thee be at rest !

RIZPAH, THE CONCUBINE OF SAUL; A MOTHER'S, SISTER'S LOVE.

The Gibeonites said to King David : We will have no gold nor silver from the house of Saul, neither shalt thou kill for us any man in Israel. But the man that consumed us and devised that we should be destroyed, let seven of his sons be given us. So the King took two sons of Rizpah, whom she bore to Saul, and five sons of Merab, Saul's daughter, and gave them to the Gibeonites, and they hanged them on a hill before the Lord ; and Rizpah took sackcloth and spread it for her on^a a rock, from the beginning of harvest till water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night.—II Sam., xxi : 4-14.

The silent concubine of Saul
 Sat desolate beside her dead,
 From rising Spring till the rain-fall
 Had Autumn o'er the hill-tops spread ;
 Nor birds nor beast could bear away
 Or tear the flesh of corses there ;
 For weeks, for months, by night, by day,
 She kept them with her constant care !

Such patient sorrow never was surpassed ;
 It fixed forever on the scroll of fame
 The legend of her love that e'er shall last,
 In noblest rainbows around Rizpah's name !
 Still her example impels highest arts
 And lives immortal in maternal love,
 For to Centennials that scene imparts *
 Paintings so matchless they all pity move !

* "There is no picture in all the art exhibits that creates as much wonder and occasions so many curious speculations as the colossal painting in the French department representing Rizpah defending her sons. The story of the famine for which they were immolated as an atonement, is found in II. Samuel, chapter xxi. The artist, George Becker of Paris, shocked the critical world of Europe by the production of this ghastly picture, and even Gustave Dore, whose imagination has conceived some of the most horrible of subjects, acknowledged that he had been surpassed in intensity when Rizpah was first shown to the public. All have acknowledged the extraordinary power of this work. The painting is a little larger than life size, and looms up far above any of its surroundings, and a single view creates an impression that can never be forgotten."—*Exchange*, 1876.

Even when 'twas brought the King, her patience
brave,

He took her crucified † with tender care,
Garnered them up in Saul's ancestral grave,
And their fond ashes housed forever there.

The love of woman as aunt, sister, true,

Hath also outdone all the hates of men,
For Rizpah watched o'er Merab's offspring, too,
And Madam Scovilles wield a mournful pen.

Love brought a sister ‡ o'er the briny sea,
Who did such bravery for her brother show

As set him from the hempen halter free,

And judge and jury joined to let him go—
The admiration, she, of many a moistened eye
That chanced her love to see of cheering ministry ;
And hence proceeds we know—for it hath proven so—
That Woman's Love below's the bravest thing the
heavens bestow !

HAGAR, THE EGYPTIAN MAID.

[Now Sarai, Abraham's wife, before she had received the promise concerning Isaac, had a hand maid, an Egyptian, and Sarai said to Abraham : " It may be that I shall obtain children by Hagar." But when she conceived Sarai dealt harshly with her and she fled. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain in the wilderness, and said: Return to thy mistress. Thou shalt bear a son, and call his name Ishmael,* because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And she called the name of the Lord that spoke unto her: Thou God—seest me!]—Gen. xvi., 1-14, xxv., II.

When Hagar heard the heavenly voice
It all her wayward steps reclaimed,
And bade her bleeding heart rejoice ;
Beer-La-Hai-Rai the fount she named,

† Douay version says "crucified."

‡ Mrs. Scoville's letter, in behalf of the brother who assassinated Garfield, is only surpassed by the conduct of Mrs Powers, who came from London to save the life of her brother, on trial for killing his wife's seducer, in Denver, Colorado, 1881-82.

The well of Him that seeth me,
 Who liveth as my Lord and guide ;
 This is the fount that freeth me
 From guilt, oppression, grief and pride !

Since her harsh mistress deemed her maiden vile,
 The *enceinte* Hagar hastened from her ire,
 And resting weary by this well awhile,
 She hears a human voice from Heaven inquire :
 "Whence comest thou, and whither wouldest thou go?"
 The knowing tongue pronounces, too, her name,
 And shares her sorrows, so as well to show
 He knows her character and whence she came.

She calls Him Lord, indeed, who thus addressed her ;
 "Thou art the God that seest me," she said ;
 For she had sought **Him**, and He forthwith blessed
 her,
 And the dear life by one as good as dead.
 No maxim could have so much truth embalmed,
 No precept prompted such parental prayer,
 No written counsel the riled spirit calmed
 Like this Theophany,† so timely there !

Still, household piety reveals its powers
 To pass from heart to heart and place to place,
 Till alien members in their anxious hours
 Are sealed as kindred heirs of covenant grace.
 God ne'er as an unwelcome guest intrudes,
 But comes to all those craving to be blessed ;
 No age, nor sex, nor circumstance excludes
 Him from the hearts that want the heavenly guest ;
 Nor are His searching sight and hearing ear
 Afar from those who wish Him near to hear !

* Ishmael means, God shall hear. † Theophany, an appearance of God.

HAGAR'S SECOND SCENE OF SORROW.

[And it came to pass, after some fifteen years, that Sarah saw Ishmael mocking her son Isaac, and she said : Cast out Hagar, the bondwoman, and her son, for he shall not be heir with my son Isaac. And Abraham took bread and a bottle of water and gave to Hagar, and sent her away. And she wandered in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba, and when their water was spent she laid her child under a shrub and went over against him and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad also, and called out of Heaven : What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, lift up the lad, for I will make him a great nation.]—Gen. xx., 1-21.

When following in his weary way
 Man's sorrows seem the more severe
 If duplicated day by day,
 Or even repeated year by year ;
 But that weak woman, once alone,
 With none but heaven to see or hear,
 Hath now in solitude the moan
 Of her starved child upon her ear !

Two lives are clinging to the desert's breast ;
 Two weary outcasts wilt beneath the sun ;
 Their burning thirst forbids them both to rest ;
 Of either strength or water they have none !
 So Hagar lays her darling down to die,
 Beneath a withered shrub, and steals away ;
 She can not look upon his languid eye,
 And seeks in perfect solitude to pray.

When two wrecked sailors on an untried sea
 Are drifting deathward on a shifting spar,
 And one is entering eternity
 From the wide waste of waters, off so far,
 O hear the cry of help that rends the sky !
 So Hagar wept a heart-rent mother's wail
 Of utter woe ! Her anguished, bleating cry,
 With Ishmael's blending, doth with God prevail.

He hears the voice of the half-dying lad ;
 His angel calls to Hagar, out of Heaven :
 " What aileth thee, thou woman, wan and sad ?
 A hardy nation as thine heir is given
 Through this thy son : Go take him by the hand,
 For now a fountain's flowing near and clear,
 Another La-Hai-Rai, and I will stand
 To guard thy child ; therefore, be of good cheer ;
 Thy seed shall live sovereign of many a land ! " —
 Hence as years onward run, Mohammed is her son.

PARENTAL CONSECRATION OF OUR POSTERITY TO CHRIST.

" By faith Abraham, being tried, hath offered up Isaac, of whom it was said : In Isaac shall thy seed be called. And the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said : Because thou hast not withheld thine only son from me, I will multiply thy seed as the stars of Heaven, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.—And Jesus said unto the Jews : Your father Abraham desired to see my day, and he saw it and was glad.—For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Sometimes at night, when all still,
 The words of God upon us fall,
 And melt in His our human will,
 And make us give to Him our all.
 The dearest idol we have known,
 Be it a son, or sin, or treasure,
 He bids us take it from its throne
 And place it wholly at his pleasure.

Such was the scene that night of wondrous sorrow
 In Abra'am's tent, when God appeared and said :
 " Take now thine only son, and on the morrow,
 Lead him in sacrifice among the dead."

And Abraham rose early the next morn,
And took the wood, an ass, and two young men,
And Isaac, Sarah's first and only born,
And wandered, following God, o'er hill and glen.

On the third day, he saw the Mount Moriah,
Of which God told him in the midnight voices,
The Calvary scene of the foreshown Messiah,
In which all nations' hope ere now rejoices ;
He then, in words of tender, solemn meaning,
Said : "Wait ye here, while we go worship yonder,"
And, on his son the cross-like timbers leaning,
They onward press, while Angels look and wonder.

When to the place of sacrifice they 've come,
And Isaac 's on his burden bound, in grief
He asks : "Is there no lamb?" and then is dumb ;
So Abra'am's offering Isaac, through belief,
Was finished—in obedience all was done.
But Heaven's Redeemer flew to his relief ;
God gave Himself, the Lamb—His only Son !
Jehovah Jireh of our hopes is chief !

All nations thus before us now arise,
And ask the offering of our only sons—
To pioneer some saving enterprise,
To fight, to win, among faith's martyred ones ;
And when the God of Abraham thus sees
Our love will not withhold from Him our lives,
But gives up all, the God of Heaven to please,
All nations' good in our own gift revives.

When Canaan's sires their sons to Moloch threw.
'Twas murder in the first degree, in fact ;
When Agamemnon Iphigenia slew,
'Twas imitation of their murderous act ;

But when God gave His only Son to die—

When Jesus in His love lays down His life,
There is so grand a moral reason why,

It straightway helps to heal all human strife,
And leads whole martyr bands to homes on high.

SARAH'S DEATH SCENÉ ; OR ABRAHAM, A WIDOWER.

To give to God an only Son,
And then receive him back again,
As Abraham had lately done,
Unfolds the hopeful faith of men
To meet, indeed, their dead once more,
Beyond this narrow bound of time,
Upon some bright and blissful shore,
To share in life's eternal prime.

Soon after faith had gained that great achievement,

Did Abraham drink deep of the well — Marah,
The bitter waters of this sore bereavement ;

An aged widower, he weeps for Sarah,
The bosom friend of life's long burdened journey ;
For she has gone where Saints of God now tread
The plains of Heaven ; no pastor nor attorney
Assists him bury from his sight his dead.

He sees her dying form sink down in death ;

He shrouds her precious corpse for the cold grave ;
He buys of Ephron , wily son of Heth,

The grove Machpela, and within its cave
He lays her down for her long silent slumbers,
Till He, whom Isaac's life from death proclaims,
Shall raise the righteous dead in countless numbers,
And call them each by their endearing names.

I see the lone old man, as on the morrow

He sits down in the door of his deserted tent ;
His saddened voice, his dim eyes swollen with sorrow,
Seem following where her faithful spirit went,

The only object of his early troth ;
 And so he mourns and weeps, and then doth make
 His trusted servant of long life give oath
 To get Rebekah, for his son to take,
 And keep their chastened home and cheer them
 both—
 So death and marriage soon near neighbors are ;
 That servant's care and prayer are also rich and rare !

ELIEZER AND REBEKAH.

[Read Genesis xxiv.—So Sincere and Simple.]

See that old servant's sacred care
 In every feature of his face,
 As he lifts up his voice in prayer
 In that peculiar, public place.
 'Tis near an ancient city's gate,
 Where damsels turn at eventide,
 And by the well in beauty wait,
 Each for her turn to be supplied.

Ten camels, resting from their weary way,
 Are kneeling closely round him side by side ;
 There by that well, he also bows—to pray
 The Lord to help him find the looked-for bride.
 And his petitions and his pious care,
 And his appeals to maiden and to men,
 Are all so delicate, delightful, fair,
 They point with beauty the inspired pen.
 This marks a social scene most sacred yet
 In all the pious patriarchial years ;
 And how God helped the good old man to get
 The beautiful Rebekah, still appears
 As chaste and charming as an Angel child,
 As pure and providential as a potent prayer,
 While her chaste beauty every charm beguiled,
 Till she is given all Abram's goods to share
 And have proud Israel, too, her princely heir.

So Eliezer of Damascus sought

This loveliest damsel of the distant land ;
And, by God's guidance, he both gained and brought
Her, as all hearts confessed, at Heaven's command.

Lo now the heirs of Isaac's lovely bride

Bring water from the well at Nazareth ;
Still, damsels there, with most delicious pride,
Fill water-pots from famous wells beneath ;
They "virgins are, and beautiful" beside !

Once in the Orient at eventide,

I went without a town to watch and wait,
As a dear, gray old Damascene did guide
His camel train to camp beside the gate ;
The high-toned merchant's man turned on his heel
And called his noble camels, each by name,
To come and near him in close contact kneel ;
And with complete alacrity they came,
And bent around him as a barricade,
In kind obedience as could ever be,
And in a circle most securely made.

His brow he next did bare, and bent the knee ;
With head unturbaned and with brow serene.

He seemed so solemn when the sun was set,
I never can forget that far off scene ;
'Tis "Eliezer of Damascus" yet—
Though miles and years by thousands intervene ;
Still Orient manners show what ancient annals
mean.

ELI AND BETSEY.

"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."—St. Paul.

When Horace Greeley bade all the young men, "Go West!"

One Eli Smith obeyed. The maid he there liked best
Was Betsey Jones, a lovely and a beauteous lass,
Whose mind was clear and kind, and always led her
class;

And now a teacher rare, and of the noblest rank,
She had money to spare, held in a "maiden's bank."

Though conscientiously a connoisseur of art,
She knew our history, till now, almost by heart;
Had studied so well, too, the weal of Church and
State,

That she would make, indeed, a worthy magistrate.
But she's a widow's daughter; was bred in sorrows
deep!

Her mother used to work and weep while others sleep,
So girded self and daughter with such faith in God
That, as His children, both were chastened by His
rod.

Hence Betsey was held fair and brave and beautiful,
And to her mother, dear, most fond and dutiful;
A model woman—made, indeed, in finest mold—
In every sense was good, and worth her weight in
gold.

"But mother had a longing for a model home,
Whither she and Betsey might together come;
There shed their blended love, and bless with shining
light

All those within, around, from morning until night.

Now Eli Smith 's a clown ; a smart but low-lived clod !
Who knows so little good he greatly dislikes God.
He simply knows he wants a good sort of a wife,
To give himself a lift, in his low, sordid life.

He loved praise, also, much ; and Betsey was admired ;

So, to feel proud of such, his passion was inspired,
Until he bravely asked that she become his bride,
When her acceptance proved an increase of his pride.

For when he took her off from usefulness in school,
He also showed her off with actions of a fool !

Their contrast was so sad, that callers often sighed ;
More—it became so bad, that Betsey's mother died,
When with them over-worked two ever weary years—
So worn out all the time she had no time for tears !

Then Betsey's double task, beneath his dire appeals,
To get for hired men eleven hundred meals—
Three each for every day, her duties never done,
And thoroughly, unseen by any thankful one—
Such ceaseless cares as these for such a soulless clown,
Without a breath of ease, soon broke poor Betsey down !

But, when she went to rest, in Heaven, among the blest,

Did Eli win another damsel in the West ? —
This question would be answered, were it really best.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY.

[I will that the younger women marry, bear children, be mistresses of families and give no occasion to the adversary to speak evil.]—St. Paul in Douay Bible, I. Timothy, v. 14.

'Mong all the modes of mortal men,
Than marriage none's more beautiful ;
From ancient times this rite hath been
To human fate most merciful.
The Master's first great miracle,
Of heavenly art in human aid,
Marked specially this spectacle
Of marriage vows by man and maid.

And this involves freedom from vice,
A chastity therewith, to cherish
More beauty than a Beatrice
In sharing peace that ne'er shall perish,
Creating Home akin to Heaven,
While bride and groom breathe loving grace,
And children good and choice are given,
That fill with pleasure all the place.

These rise up full of filial feeling,
And bless their parents as predicted ;
While Heaven bends down to bless with healing,
If home be affluent or afflicted.
So fatherhood and motherhood
Are God's most glorious gifts to mortals ;
And it's distinctly understood,
Here parents tread the heavenly portals.

So to be head of such a home,
And mistress of its family,
Here counts our heirs in time to come ;
Aye, here and in eternity.
No language doth her life display,
Advancing ever down the ages ;
And hence Saint Paul did here portray
The picture so oft put by sages :
I would that maids be wives and mothers !
And have their homes pure-hearted ;
Where fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Have each their part imparted !

AN IDEAL FAMILY ON THE FRONTIER.

As an illustration of the Socratic and Pauline ideals of family life, even along the frontier, let the following sketch of my oldest brother be read. He was at the same time both my foster father and spiritual child, a fraternal trinity, three in one—father, brother and son—and was very dear to me. The article was published soon after his death, in 1887, by the Western Reserve Chronicle, the oldest paper in Northern Ohio, and will be seen to be appropriate for this place, as an encouragement for other young men and women to go and do likewise. The Chronicle says:

"It is not often the death of a private citizen by natural disease at his own home demands extensive public notice, but in the case of the late George H. Haskell, of Bloomfield, the people of the northern part of the State have evinced so much interest that we devote space in this issue to his example as worthy to inspire all in private life to be both loving and useful. "Henry Haskell" was extensively known as a good and patriotic citizen, an earnest Christian and a very faithful and affectionate husband, father, brother and friend. In his last sickness his house was visited by anxious inquirers from near and far. His death was a surprise to multitudes of warm friends who had known him only to honor and love him, and his funeral was attended by the populace generally, and by many from the neighboring towns. The services in the Union Church were conducted by Rev. Dr. Hickok, and, based upon "the new song" of the Redeemed in Heaven (Rev. v., 9-12), were peculiarly appropriate and impressive. Multitudes came who could not gain admittance, but all seemed assured that a good man had gone to glory and to God.

"George Henry Haskell—the son of Captain George Haskell, who was in his day as extensively and favorably known—was born in Middlebury, Vt., October 4, 1814. He spent his early years in Chautauqua county, N. Y., whence he came to Bloomfield in his fifteenth year, and, as the oldest son, helped pay for the farm and support the family. Also, at his father's death, in 1840, he became the foster brother of the three youngest children—Pliny Fisk, now a prominent citizen of Geneva; Thomas Nelson, for many years a settled pastor in Washington and Boston, and now in Denver, and Lucy Proctor, the wife of Judge Chapman, of Hutchinson, Kansas. These all testify to the remarkable kindness and good graces of Henry's native and Christian character.

"He married on his birthday, forty-nine years ago, Miss Abby Foster of Youngstown, with whom, for near half a century, he set an admired example of connubial felicity, and by whom he reared and educated a delightful and model family. His oldest son, Pliny Nelson, was a graduate of Amherst, superintendent of schools in Hyde Park, and died two years ago, the brilliant and much lamented partner of Leonard Sweet (Lincoln's law partner), in Chicago. The second son—Henry, Jr.—is an esteemed citizen of Youngstown, and the third—Sidney M.—is at the head of Public Instruction in the city of Aurora, Ill. His eldest daughter is the widow of the late President S. H. Marsh, D. D., of Pacific University, Oregon—son of a former President of Vermont University, and cousin of United States Minister George P. Marsh, the renowned scholar and diplomatist. Another daughter is wife of a college professor, and one remains at home to comfort the afflicted mother and youngest brother, yet in his teens.

"We give this sketch of Mr. Haskell and his family because we believe it will be interesting and useful. It is good to see how God has rewarded the good man's fidelity from his laborious youth up. His early exposures and hardships can hardly be appreciated by the present and uprising generations. Henry Haskell had scanty educational advantages, yet he encouraged his brothers and sisters, and all his children, to become learned and useful. When helping to clear away the forest, he was attacked by an enormous wolf, and killed him single handed with an axe ; and up to the month of his death, at the ripe age of seventy-three years, he was distinguished for his industry, his daring and devotion to duty, and for many years the example of himself and family will serve as an inspiration to all who ever saw him, and remember his humble, faithful and laborious life, and hear of his last resultant words— 'I am happy ! Oh, so happy !'"

A VIRTUOUS MOTHER TO HER SON OF MANY VOWS.

"O Lemuel, my son, the son of my vows, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor give their strength unto women, but to open thy mouth for the dumb, and plead the cause of the poor."

If we accept the Rabbi's word,
That Lemuel was Solomon,
The wisest mother ever heard
Addressed both names, as if but one,
Such words of wisdom as will live
Like loving angels in all lands
Declaring—Though God doth forgive,
Still Virtue as the victor stands !

This chastened mother, of King David's choice,
Who sang with him his "penitential psalm," (51)
Speaks thus with special and inspired voice,
That breathes on all the earth a healthy balm.

Of Christ a mother, through King Solomon,
 Whom she declares her son of solemn vow,
 She sends her message to each mother's son,
 To aid his nobler nature even now.
 Her thoughts that thrill and yearn, thro' words that
 burn,
 And warn each son against all ways of sin, (Prov 7)
 Are laws of life which none too early learn,
 Or their obedience too soon begin.
 Her perfect picture of the perfect wife (Prov. 31)
 The wisest earth hath seen or e'er will see—
 She sends each Lemuel * to cheer his life
 And teach the world what a true wife should be.
 It's not yet in the power of human speech
 Pictures more chaste and charming e'er to paint,
 Than those her words of tender warning teach,
 To shun lewd sinners and to live a saint. (Prov. 5)
 Such hath Bath Sheba in earth's history been ;
 Her pious penitence seems unsurpassed ;
 Her power to influence, even public men,
 Did not the least desert her to the last ;
 But in experience bold, pungent and deep,
 She would the wise from shame and folly keep ;
 Or in their fall "would fain like Peter weep !"

ABIGAIL, THE WISE AND BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND WIDOW.

And David sent ten young men to say to the servants of Nabal : Peace be to thy master and to all that is his ! And Nabal answered : Who is David ? Then Abigail, his wife, a woman wise and beautiful, made haste and came down and said : Upon me let Nabal's iniquity be, but when the Lord hath dealt well with thee, then remember thine handmaid.—I. Samuel xxv : 2-24.

Behold that armed and incensed host
 Of God's anointed fugitive,
 When hastening to rebuke the boast
 Of one "too brutish even to live ;"

* Lemuel.—God with him—applies to any pious person.

And the pause of the procession
Before a woman wise and fair,
Who, through her eloquent confession,
Saved property and life by prayer.

When Abigail alights at David's feet,
His legion halts ; "their arms to earth are bent,"
And eyes to eyes in admiration meet,
As she propitiates his stern intent,
And with prophetic, patriotic speech,
Reveals the one divinely sanctioned path
By which he may true regal greatness reach,
Avoiding rashness and Jehovah's wrath.

When cultured woman comes thus with her charms
And stands, with balm for wounds and prayers for
peace,
Before the march of angry men in arms,
Their wrath severe is pretty sure to cease ;
Their Chieftain, cherishing his love concealed
For absent bride or sweetheart, stands at bay,
And through their ranks a thrill of joy 's revealed—
So warriors wait, and woman wins the day !

When armies on the move for fierce attack,
So halt in silence to be so addressed,
And then, with grand good will and thanks turn back,
There is true eloquence, by all confessed ;
And when the Chief, in every inch a King,
Protects the woman, and then takes to wife
"The rich young widow," we rejoice to sing :
"Heaven bless such happy means of healing strife,
And let the realm with real laudations ring
And future seasons sacred fruitage bring!"

CHRISTMAS READINGS FOR OUR CHILDREN.

[“Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. And Jesus said: Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and lo, I am with you always, unto the end of the world.”—Isaiah ix., 6; Mark, x., 14; xvi., 15; Matthew xxviii., 20.]

Jesus came to cheer the children,
Laid His hands upon their heads;
Looks still on them every evening,
As they seek their little beds;
Aye, is with them then and always,
And He sees them everywhere,
Listening to their happy voices—
In their pastime and their prayer.

Come, dear children, can you tell me why the Christ
doth love you so?
Why He looks so kindly on you, everywhere you
rightly go?
Why He sees you, and is sorry, when you sin and go
astray?
Why He heard you, and with pleasure, when you play
and when you pray?
He was once Himself a baby, laid upon a lowly bed;
Then He grew to early boyhood, and His little play-
mates led;
Then became a “Man of Sorrows,” had not where to
lay His head;
But He carried others’ burdens, healed their sick and
raised their dead.
Once He took a child that loved Him, led him forth
before the crowd,

Saying : "Ye must be converted, no more doubting,
cruel, proud,
Or ye can not enter Heaven ; for the child-like, they
are mine ;
All your sins must be forgiven ; clean your record,
every line,
And your hearts as chaste and happy as the choicest
little child.
Yes, ye must be all converted, like me, lowly, meek
and mild,
And, like children, fond and trustful ; for in this I
tell you true,
That their angels see my father, face to 'face, with
fondest view !"

Notice, children, how Christ loves you ; for He knows
how children feel ;
Aye, He calls you closer to Him, that He may your
heartaches heal ;
And He says : "If you believe Him, better that a
man be drowned,
Than to make your hearts to hate Him or your enemy
be found."
Then let children hasten to Him, and let no one dare
forbid,
For of such is God's own kingdom, and their light
can not be hid.
'Twas the child-like that loved Jesus when He lived
and died on earth ;
Then to all "A Merry Christmas" who would cele-
brate his birth !
He is King of every country ; tell the world His
wondrous worth !

"THE MOTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND, AND NEW ENGLAND
AS A MOTHER, TOO."

[A toast at Bunker Hill Centennial—Denver, July 17, 1875.]

(*Prelude.*)

"The Mothers of New England, and
New England as a Mother, too,"
Are themes so fruitful and so grand,
So monumental and so true,
That like our mountains in the West,
Or granite shaft on Bunker Hill,
They greet us when we go to rest,
And when we wake stand watching still.

These themes you give ; so sacred they,
That well we pause before the past,
Where those who bore us used to pray,
And o'er the coming future cast
Their looks of longing, love and awe,
And prayed that Puritanic leaven
Might work, through liberty and law,
From land to land, from Earth to Heaven.

Their prayers were heard ; a score of States
Now walk New England's noblest ways,
Nor either for another waits,
But on they press, like busy days,
With common impulse, efforts, cares,
With people that are Puritan
Or made of stuff as stern as theirs—
New England bears both States and men !

I.

THE MOTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

(There is no mother but was once a maid.)

Presenting this prolific theme
Requires a sort of resumé,
Of scenes historic, as they seem,
Until the dead live here to-day !

Nor yet the dames alone re-live—
 Before the mother was the maid—
 So we must dames and damsels give,
 Till Yankee Woman stands arrayed



NELLIE ANN DOVER.—A YANKEE GIRL. (1880).

In all her moral wealth of mind,
 True caution and true culture, too ;
 So conscientious and so kind
 You could but trust her, brave and true.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" seems
 But yesterday. The May Flower lies
 At anchor on our sea of dreams,
 Beneath the cold December skies ;
 And Mary Chilton, maiden fair,
 First plants her feet on Plymouth Rock,
 And leads Rose Standish, loving, there,
 Followed by Brewster and his flock.

If I had Thomas Crawford's skill,
 Or Story's, in his "Sybil" seen,
 Or Harriet Hosmer's—standing still
 Before Palmyra's beauteous Queen,
 I'd make a model of this maid,
 Clad plain, as "Liberty" complete,
 Her robes of Freedom well arrayed,
 With sword and shield and laurels meet,
 And future empires at her feet;
 Yes, such would seem that Yankee maid!



MADAME DORCHESTER, (1870).

A New England Mother, Born Near the Heights Historic
 in the Siege of Boston.

Then near her side should sit another,
 Symmetrical, with sacred features,
 That model, "The New England Mother,"
 Completest of Christ's earthly creatures
 I'd make her form of fearless mold;
 Her look serene as summer light,
 In which would beam a wealth untold
 Of firm regard for God and right.

As when, upon Dorchester heights
 Madam John Adams watched the war,
 And calmly saw the sublime sights
 Her fearless soul had long sought for,
 With all the breadth of brow and brains,
 Her portraits here and there present,
 The Yankee mother still retains
 Her features and her firm intent.
 These in this person thence appear,
 Both solid, brave and sensible ;
 As if she now were sitting near
 That very place upon Penn's Hill,
 The patriot cannonade to hear.

In her embrace a bright-eyed child—
 No urchin, nor yet churlish elf,
 But looking mindful, loving, mild—
 Sits in her lap, her second self.
 The dame somewhat demurely sees
 The life work of that little one ;
 Yet, doubting not Divine decrees,
 Would wish the Will Divine be done.
 Economy could not compete
 With her considerate watch and care ;
 Her character is so complete,
 She's owned a model everywhere.
 Bathsheba's ideal bride is she,
 In every wifely excellence,
 What all the world would wish to see—
 A husband's best inheritance !

(Most Sons deem their own Mothers such.)

Might one speak here from his full heart,
 I'd lead forth one of perfect life,
 Whose form surpassed the power of art,
 A model woman, mother, wife.

I'd own my memory first awake,
 With her soft hand upon my head,
 While her kind spirit, whispering, spoke
 So plain I knew the prayer she said.

Although she died when I was young,
 I know she 's living near me now ;
 I hear the accents of her tongue ;
 I feel her hand upon my brow !
 Your hearts feel, too, such a fond hand ?
 How it still rests upon your head !
 When Mother, stooping near, doth stand,
 Or bends down o'er your dainty bed !
 Yes, in your households you have seen
 Her likeness in the lives you lead ;
 How quietly she holds, as Queen,
 The parents, children, all, indeed !
 So, when I see walk by my side,
 In a grown Yankee girl's free grace,
 The goodly form that was my guide,
 How more than fair 's my mother's face
 Nor does the home on Burial Hill,
 Of one both dear, of Boston birth,
 Throw off her power my heart to thrill,
 Because in her my wife shone forth.

(Shall one praise his Wife when she is away?)

My Boston Wife ! May I declare
 The beauties of my better part,
 (Especially since she 's not here,)
 The hope and motor of my heart ?
 God bless these bachelors around,
 With helpmeets half as good as mine ;
 Your world would then be holier ground,
 And life be deemed far more divine.
 Ah ! had your fathers faltered thus,
 And left your mothers still alone,

You would not now have been with us ;
 What else had failed cannot be known.
 Thank Heaven, all ye with Yankee wives ;
 Ye 've got a good thing from above !
 May latest times re-live your lives,
 And childrens' children crown your love !

(*The Yankee Woman.*)

New England woman ! World renowned !
 O why hath art not petrified
 Into thy form, with skill profound,
 To prove whence comes New England's pride ?
 Lo ! there 's no likeness of our Lord !
 Apostles had no portraits made ;
 For Christ is found in deed and word ;
 Apostles are in those they aid.
 'Tis so the Yankee woman's seen—
 In souls and actions of her sons ;
 In queenly daughters she is queen ;
 In all her heirs her instinct runs.
 What morals Yankee mothers gave ;
 To sons, what letters do they send ;
 What heavenly daughters, too, they have ;
 What destinies do they defend !

(*They are not Peerless, though.*)

Yet, other people are their peers,
 Of other blood than Puritan !
 Kind women were with Cavaliers,
 The mother, sister, wife of man.
 With forms as fair and health as firm,
 With will as calm and thought as clear,
 With head as wise and heart as warm—
 Our Country's Mothers all are dear !
 "The Father of his Country" had
 A "mother of the coming man,"

And on her tomb is simply said :

"Mary, Mother of Washington."

"The Savior of his Country," too,

Owed his wise excellence to one,

Who truth and virtue chiefly knew,

And stamped her likeness on her son.

Lincoln, Washington, were so,

By virtue of their virtuous blood,

The sons of mothers always true,

Who loved humanity and God !

How every State has still its type !

A sample of ancestral heirs,
In forms of beauty, fresh and ripe,
And each and all distinctly theirs.

Find nerves in the New England face ;

See stately forms from Illinois ;

The Southern face hath sense and grace ;

Still all the States one stamp employ.

(A Sample from Each Section is Given.)

I gave my word—as good 's my bond—

I told this man,* by tongue and mouth,
That I'd fetch here three samples fond,

Of East and West and Sunny South.

And now they all—I know them well—

Well represent three types in one,
Where they were born, where they now dwell,
And what home deeds they each have done.

The Sunny South hath set forth one,

Sedate and serious, frank and free,

Like Ladies Polk and Washington,

With instincts of her ancestry.

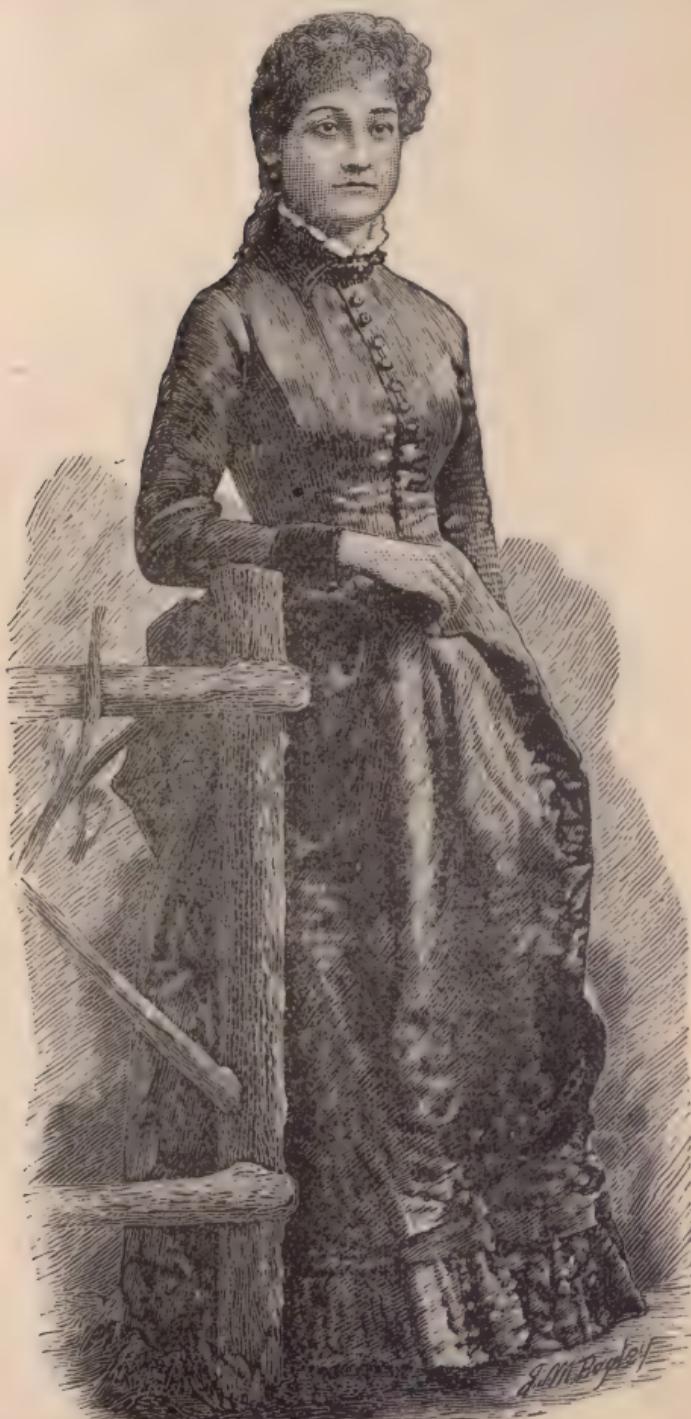
The Yankee girls have all her grace,

Nor less, perhaps, magnolia's balm ;

* The Toast-master.



MARION WASHINGTON.
A Lady of the Sunny South, 1866.



AURORA MAY.—A ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAID.—(1888.)
(See Bunker Hill Centennial.)

While Faith and Hope, in both we trace,
That make them kind, thoughtful and calm.
And when the Mountain Maid stands up
And looks the future in the face,
Her cornucopia's full cup
Reveals no less the Nation's race
Of women, loved of every land,
The product of a glorious past,
That doth a future thus command,
Which shineth brighter to the last.
This trio seem almost triune ;
They sing the same national airs,
And follow each familiar tune
With similarity of prayers.
Their portraits—made to them unknown,
And taken by a sleight of hand—
Have no pretexts here to atone,
Save : We no better could command !
If, therefore, "stolen water 's sweet," (Prov. ix, 17),
(Or it would not be fit to steal),
These samples are the surer meet,
Because their names we must conceal ;
And to nativity's retreat,
To read the types we would reveal.
Permit me, therefore, to repeat—
May you the statement understand—
All types of place help to complete
Th' "ideal Lady of the Land!"

So he who would eclecticise,
Selecting every excellence
That in our women can arise,
And in one person these condense,
The beau ideal of beauty then—
In body, heart and soul—would be
As much above our average men
As allegoric Liberty !

O woman of America !

Stately as Freedom's Statue is ;
 I pause, this tribute thus to pay,
 For on thee hang Earth's destinies.
 May you win equal rights with men ;
 No more than they, nor one jot less,
 But learn, from what so far hath been,
 With mutual bliss mankind to bless !



II.

" NEW ENGLAND AS A MOTHER, TOO."

New England, as a mother, stands
 Like high Olympus, home of gods ;
 Her bold inventors are vast bands ;
 Her rulers bear the birchen rods ; *
 Her arts of use and beauty rare,
 Which fair Parthena patronized,
 Are found in such profusion there
 Old Zeus himself would be surprised.

* The old Roman magistrates had borne before them a bundle of birch rods, with an axe bound in the middle.

What gives New England such a zest,
But Heaven's warm breathings on the brain
Of sons and daughters going West
To live good Pilgrim lives again,
Where many a fair Athena's sprung,
Fresh and full-born from the same head?
And though her oldest are still young,
They're every one Minerva bred.
Her live ideas lead all the Earth
To love thought more, nor things the less;
Her manufactures, of late birth,
Now beat the world in ways to bless;
And while her commerce is unfurled,
On every sea and every shore,
Her Waltham watches wake the world
To wealth and wisdom, more and more.
Now, looms and spindles, put to sleep,
Long ere our daylight was withdrawn,
Rest on their arms, and silent keep
Their wakeful watch for coming dawn;
Then ere we've ope'd our waking eyes
To look good Morrow in the face,
Their shuttles, teaching that time flies,
Will gallop in so rapid pace
That, like a full brigade of horse,
They'll canter countless leagues ere night,
And almost raise in Time remorse,
For bringing on so fierce a fight.

Lo! such a din not long ago,
Was heard in Springfield arsenal,
When Yankee mothers yearned to go
Forth in their sons, at Freedom's call!

O, busy was that burdened hour!
Most pious sons made haste to pour,
In streams of life and death, and power,
From Boston down through Baltimore,

To "Seats of War" at Washington,
 Where Lincoln, all beleaguered, stood
 To save the Union as her Son,
 And seal her blessings with his blood.
 How all New England rung her bells
 With virtuous joy o'er victories won ;
 While tender tolling also tells
 Of martyr deeds, so many, done !
 In all this country angels keep
 Due watch o'er dear and war worn dead,
 Where sires and sons together sleep,
 While Truth and Progress peaceful tread.



But hark ! The century clock strikes one !
 It echoes o'er the Continent,
 Repeating deeds by patriots done
 Near Bunker Hill's bold monument !
 To arms ! to arms ! was whispered low,
 A hundred years ago last night.
 To arms !! a century ago,
 Rang out more loud with morning's light ;

For there New England's sons had reared
Their sullen breast-works, still and stern—
On Bunker Hill—and nothing feared,
When British wrath began to burn.
Nay ! Soon they saw Charlestown afire !
Before them faced the sacking foe ;
And patriots burned with hot desire
To lay the ruthless tyrants low !

Though 'bove them boomed the cannon ball,
And 'mong them fell hot shot and shell,
The patriots stood without appal,
While some in enforced silence fell,
Till eye to eye battalions met,
Then reeling back th' assailants ran—
The patriot's powder lasted yet,
And each was "every inch a man!"

They see an almost saintly form
There, moving on that martial hill,
And facing down the foreign storm
By dint of his undaunted will !
His face is pale, but not from fear ;
He's hasted from a bed of pain—
In life's meridian—day and year—
He'll never take that bed again !

That Major General takes his place
Among the privates in the scene ;
The light of Moses on his face ;
The fate of empires in his mien !
When the last ball that matrons run
From the last loaded musket's shot,
He stands defiant in the sun ;
He falls ! and sanctifies the spot !
As Warren fell—the first of rank—
Our rights arose upon his fall ;
The sacred soil of Freedom drank
His blood, and that enfranchised all !

O great the day ! O grand the hour !
When hearts so brave, with hopes so high,
Held Freedom's future in their power,
And for that future dared to die !
The fights at Concord, Lexington,
Sent thrills of horror, near and far ;
But this fierce battle !—the first one—
Broke loose the Revolution war !
Shook old Oppression's very throne ;
Enthroned instead our Liberty !
Bade Earth our Independence own ;
And all the oppressed at length go free !
So be this day, “First Battle Day !”
By which our Nation had its birth,
A witness sworn of Yankee sway,
Till Freedom flourish round the Earth !
And Bunker Hill, baptized in blood !
Live thou in every nation's life,
And age on age inspire the good,
To fight for right till ends the strife,
And own New England's motherhood !

“New England as a Mother”—and
“The Mothers of New England,” too,
Are themes so fruitful and so grand,
So monumental and so true,
That—like our mountains in the West,
Or granite shaft on Bunker Hill—
They greet us when we go to rest,
And when we wake, stand watching still !
Exhaustless themes ! so sacred they,
'Tis well we 've paused before the past,
Where they who bore us used to pray—
That we may o'er the future cast
Our looks of longing, love and awe,
And ask that Puritanic leaven
May work through Liberty and Law,
From land to land, from Earth to Heaven !

"THE HUB" AND "OLD NEW ENGLAND HOME."

(Written for the New England Society, Madison, Wisconsin,
December 22, 1867.)

[The Hon. Mr. Carpenter, Dean of the Law Faculty of the University, sent a student named Dexter to me, while at my dinner one day, praying me to be sure and attend that evening a meeting of New Englanders, to arrange for the celebration of "Forefather's Day," at which the venerable Colonel Atwood, of the Madison Journal, presided. With these facts the following poem will explain itself, if the reader notes also that the author was born in Chautauqua County, New York, his wife in Boston, and that he himself lived eight years in the New England metropolis.]

I.

One day as I went down to dine,
And was about to offer thanks,
For corn and oil—without the wine—
And all sat round in grateful ranks,
To bless their Maker for good food,
And for good appetites as well,
Lo! by me a pale student stood,
Who had a piteous tale to tell.

He said, (with very Dexter-ous grace),
A certain Carpenter had sent,
To know if I would lend my face!
Of course my phiz to order went.
Then I was asked to lend my hand,
And signed some sort of solemn prayer—
To be admitted to a band
Of men abounding everywhere.

I owned my birth one-half down East,
The other half-way toward the West,
But that, one thing I knew, at least,
My Eastern half is owned the best—
This did abate the zeal a mite;
And yet, "the better half" held good,
And so the prayer was partly right—
The Wife has rights of brotherhood!

And, as we twain are also one—
My parents, too, were Simon pure—
And I in law New England's son,
I might be honorary, sure ;
And furthermore, though I might fail
To make arrangements for my birth,
My Eastern life would some avail
To place me with these sons of worth.

Thus ran the talk a little way ;
And then commenced another “run”—
The planking down important pay,
When all were counted “two in one.”
Then a calm man, in locks of gray,
And looks as beaming as the sun—
A very Solon—deigned to say :
“Next Friday night 's a time for fun !

And be it sternly understood,
That ‘Mother Wit’ must then be shown,
To prove one's Yankee motherhood,
And that no man may come alone !”
With this conclusion, home all went—
We hope their wives all found it so—
And ever since, their time have spent
In coaxing “Mother Wit” to go !

For one, I could but half conclude
To try the gauntlet any how ;
I feared I might “one-half” intrude,
And one-half fear it even now.

And “Mother Wit” was never mine ;
And, *vice versa*, I'm not hers ;
I never worshiped at her shrine ;
A firmer friend my faith prefers.

But then, I love my Eastern home ;
 I miss a thousand things around ;
 I sympathize with all who roam
 So far away from Pilgrim ground ;
 And can but lift my harp to sing
 A willing, though a wanton song,
 Which hastes, in boyish glee to bring,
 Sweet memories in a medley throng.

II.

Away down East there is a bay,
 All coasted round, so like a tub,
 That Boston wits are wont to say :
 This enclosed town must be "The Hub,"
 Our harbor just a dripping pan,
 To hold whatever good there is
 On sea and land, for mortal man—
 An immense reservoir of bliss !

'Tis said, they say—and this may be—
 That wisdom, craft, creation, too,
 Would hang their harps upon a tree,
 And have on Earth no more to do,
 If Boston should be blotted out,
 Or her "Dutch Cousin" get ahead,
 And fill the world with saur kraut,
 Instead of rye and Indian bread.

They say, that "Boston smacks of Greece"—
 Is quite Athenian, I mean—
 And has all things, except the fleece
 Of Phryxus's ram, and Juno's spleen :
 The fleece of gold they sometimes claim,
 The very fleece old Jason sought—
 They've only modernized the name,
 Till merchant prince means Argonaut.

They say, and so, too, this may be,
That Freedom is of Boston birth,
That there was "cradled" Liberty,
The queen apparent of the Earth ; .
That Warren, Otis, Hancock, too—
Who wrote his rebel name so big,
That "Johnny Bull" could read it through
Without his specks or powdered wig—

Were patriots of a peerless blood ;
That round them rallied, one by one,
The wise, the wealthy and the good,
Like Franklin, Morris, Washington ;
That Burke, and Pitt, and Lafayette,
Aspired to be their friends and peers.
And everywhere, all patriots yet
Revere them more with passing years.

They say, that ships of every size
Are made and manned in Boston's Bay,
And that they almost cleave the skies,
So fast they sail, so far away,
And bear religion, vice and rum,
To the most fallen pagan fools,
Who will not to her markets come,
Nor even set up common schools ;

That her big organs are so rare,
And her pianos are so choice,
That, touch their key-notes anywhere,
They'll quite surpass a seraph's voice ;
That apparatus made to sell,
For college, court, and cot and camp,
Will serve the world six times as well
For having on some Boston stamp.

They say,—and who denies the truth ?
That Boston books are built and sold

For rich and poor, for sage and youth,
 And that they're worth their weight in gold ;
 That Art and Science, early wed,
 Have there so led the Church and State,
 That Boston's very learned head
 Wears all the outside world as pate !

They say—I can't tell all they say—
 That Boston is a place superb !
 And, leave her Common anyway,
 A pleasant ride to some suburb,
 Will make one wish to live so long,
 If he could only live just there,
 That dying would be very wrong,
 And Heaven no better anywhere !

Now what "they say" is somewhat true ;
 For all who've breathed her vital air,
 Or studied Boston through and through,
 Admit that she's no sham affair !
 I'll boast of Boston any hour,
 And own the half no one can tell ;
 For even here I feel her power,
 And love her memories all too well !

I love God's acres, where to rest,
 She lays her dear and honored dead,
 Her saints and sages, ever blest,
 For what they've done, and thought and said ;
 I love her busy, buoyant ways,
 Her Phoenix life from sword and flame ;
 And o'er the world resounds her praise,
 Since all the world has heard her fame.

III.

Yet Boston's but one daughter, born
 In the old home we've met to bless—

Dear old New England ; and we scorn
To make such children motherless.
A countless catalogue of towns—
Like Portland, Concord, Lexington—
Have given to her their good renowns
And world wide reputations won.

Her rural parts, too, picturesque,
And homelike in their old highways,
Are all so dear, that from my desk
My soul oft goes to sing their praise.
Her rivers more than run her mills,
And learn to weave and spin so well,
They leap and laugh along her hills,
Till pulses throb and bosoms swell
With the full life New England feels ;
While hands and horse, and steam obey
The cadence of their water wheels,
And haste to bear her goods away.

Her schools and churches add a charm
To every scene and art, and hour,
To city, country, factory, farm ;
Though in their homes is hidd'n their power.
Her halls of learning, high and low,
Have rare repute in distant parts,
Where'er their God-sent scholars go,
With finished culture and fine arts.

Old Harvard, Dartmouth, Williams, Yale,
Brown, Amherst, Boudoin, and the fair
Twin rivals where the mountain gale
Bears o'er the lake Olympian air,
Can count their scholars men of power—
Historians, poets, statesmen, sages—
Who've done, are doing at this hour,
Those mighty deeds that mold the ages.

With massy, rich, Websterian speech,
With grasp and grace of Bancroft's style,
Adown the future, far they'll reach,
And thrill the thinking world the while—
And fair young hearts from Mount Holyoke,
Where Mary Lyon's mantle fell,
Shall healing virtues hence evoke
And shed afar their Heaven born spell ;

Till, as the mountain tops of gold,
Ablaze in softest haze of blue,
Shed forth a glory new and old,
Enriching landscapes old and new,
Her schools and churches, here and there,
Her homes with altars, warm inside,
Shall lift all lands her light to share,
And so proclaim New England's pride,
Her pious knowledge, that has power,
The sweetest power that e'er held sway,
That holds the fortress of the hour,
The future of America ;
Till old New England's aim for good,
That breathes her home life far abroad,
Shall stamp on human brotherhood
The heavenly Fatherhood of God !

Ah ! who that's knelt beside her shrine—
With sires and sons on either hand,
And marked her deep homebred design,
To send forth light to every land—
And lit his torch at her live fire,
Does not go forth a grander man,
Impelled by her supreme desire
T' accomplish all that mortals can ?

NEW ENGLAND'S PEER, "THE EMPIRE STATE."

Read at a Knickerbocker Festival on New Year's Eve, 1868.

Madison—Midnight.

I.

'Tis well to mark how, every morn,
 New England challenges New York ;
On wings of light her salute 's borne,
 To wake her sister up to work,
Till rivalries of every kind
 A noble emulation move,
And constant causes well combined,
 Confirm their vows of mutual love.

Like Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock,
 Were Huguenot exiles from France ;
And Holland's sons are Pilgrim stock,
 Though slow, and sure, in Time's advance.
The sprightly *naïvete* of the one,
 And *vis ineratice* of the other,
Prove they are each his mother's son—
 The Yankee's peer and patriot brother.

Look, where those Frenchmen worshiped last,
 Around the ashes of their Church !
While midnight darkness o'er them cast,
 Averts the persecutor's search !
With what a chastened might they come
 Thence o'er the seas, that they may dwell
Unhunted here, in Freedom's home,
 And consecrate their "New Rochelle."

The Dutchmen, more rotund than they,
 With larger burkeys, boots and brains,
For broader rights to thrive and pray,
 Forsook their homes on Holland plains,
And, like some God-sent Abraham,
 Lay claim to rich Manhattan's Isle ;
And there, in their New Amsterdam,
 Grow rounder, richer all the while.

So Gotham has so greatly grown—
(We sink the “York” in soubriquet)—
She ’d feed and clothe the world alone,
If all the world would come and pay.
Her monstrous markets! and all filled
With food for millions and to spare;
While her wide farms are so well tilled,
Her Empire ’s plenteous everywhere.

But why should we presume to boast
The State’s great city! There, to-day
She ’s roofed Manhattan, coast to coast,
And leapt her boundary every way,
A giant child of the great State,
Whose victor name she proudly bears,
Wherever opes the golden gate
To welcome in her ships and wares.

II.

New World’s Emporium! There she stands,
Not “on a hill,” and yet “not hid;”
The grand amazement of all lands;
We can’t describe her—facts forbid!
For Robert Fulton, Morse and Field,
Have got the world within their sling,
And bid the Earth to New York yield
The honors their inventions bring.

Though Beecher, Bryant, Field and Morse,
And many more, like Franklin, are
New Englanders in birth and force,
Their full adoption ’s also fair.
The minister, the merchant prince,
The leaders in both peace and wars,
Like Greeley, thy great heart evince—
Thy wealth and worth, like Dodge and Storrs.

Peerless Metropolis ! We 've stood
 Around thy hearths at midnight's hour ;
Watched o'er thine immense brotherhood,
 In slumbers bound, within thy power ;
Sounded thy silence, tili the day
 Rolled up the leaden dark of night,
Then felt thy magic pulses play
 With Jove's and Vulcan's double might.

Have moved in halls of millionaires,
 Have marked the maudlin haunts of sin,
Have sauntered through thy thoroughfares,
 Heard the incessant surge and din,
And caught from many dark recesses—
 That endless round of rumbling beats—
Where thy full tide of printing presses,
 Is rolling out their million sheets.

Have studied thy book-vender's stalls,
 Like Carter's, Harper's, Appleton's ;
Have feasted, too, within the halls
 Of Astor, Cooper—thy wise sons,
Who 've beat the ancient Ptolemies,
 With better books for better use,
Where all one reads is freely his,
 And ignorance has no excuse ;

Have heard thy novelists and wits,
 Where Irving had his home and birth,
Where *reparte* and polished hits
 Come, rousing pleasantry and mirth ;
Where Clinton, Jay and Livingstone
 Their offices so magnified,
And Alexander Hamilton,
 With other great men, lived and died ;

Have listened to thine eloquence,
 Quite unsurpassed the world around,

Where wise men spoke in Truth's defense,
 Till where they stood seemed holy ground ;
 Where Talmage, Adams, Storrs and Tyng
 Have held assemblies long entranced,
 And oft have made the welkin ring,
 Till at their words the world advanced.

Have seen where thy best poets drank,
 And where Apollo bathed their lyre ;
 Where Cullen Bryant, high in rank,
 Hath pitched his tent and lit his fire;
 Where Phil. Freneau, with loyal soul,
 Led forth the Nation's nursery song ;
 Where Follen's numbers gently roll,
 And Halleck swept with vigor on.

Where Bethune, Bleeker, Willis, Clarke,
 In concert struck the storied shell,
 Till Heaven bent down her ear to hark—
 They tuned their sacred lyres so well ;
 We e'en pursued Drake in his flight,
 When carrying off his "Culprit Fay;"
 Yet, did not long with him alight,
 On Hudson Highlands ; but away

We sped to join the woodland song
 Of "Fanny Forester's sweet bird,"
 Till, borne o'er lakes and woods along,
 The whole broad State, with music stirred ;
 Enriching romance of real life,
 Beyond the Revolution's day,
 Where the deep wounds of mortal strife
 Left scars that speak and last for aye.

III.

MY NATIVE STATE ! Thy lakes and parks
 So rich, resorts of Iroquois,
 Have many large and lasting marks
 Of long-agone wild scenes of joy,

Where the six Nations of brave men,
Those Romans of America,
Held in fee simple height and glen—
How hardly passed their right away !

We 've marked the vivid, valient mien
Of the Mohicans, first and last,
And counted all the years between,
Till age on age have quickly passed ;
And the wild panther, wolf and bear,
That prowled around the Red Man's tent,
Have fled to sunset regions, where
"The last of the Mohicans" went.
A lonely Mohawk, here and there,
Is asked by brother Seneca
The cause of their prolonged despair,
The reason of their race-decay ;
Why our Republic grows in power,
While their Republic passed away !
The answer echoes here this hour ;
Mark what the remnant Mohawks say :
"They first usurped our native soil ;
Then sped our hunting grounds to spoil ;
Our fathers' mounds to rudely mar,
And wake us to unequal war !
Then, not their valor more than ours,
Nor yet their bone and sinewed powers,
But knowledge tells the simple tale
Why they did flourish, we did fail !"
Those Mohawks thus seem men of sense ;
They know New York now leads the van,
Promoting schools without pretence,
For every child of thinking man,
While the whole State is bound in one,
By iron nerves and bonds so well,
That things and thoughts thus flow and run,
Like music from some midnight bell.

IV.

But hark ! It is a bell I hear !
 It sounds as from my native town--
 Along Chautauqua lakes so clear—
 That rich old bell of rare renown,
 That tolled out every dying year,
 And with delight called new ones down ;
 Without a tear, without a fear,
 From old to new transferred the crown.

New Netherland seems now forgot !
 But in each village, long ago,
 There stood in some sonorous spot
 A spire whose bell swung to and fro ;
 First, as for grief, and then for joy ;
 It was a trans-Atlantic bell ;
 But still it sounds as when a boy
 I heard its tones and loved them well !

So solemnly it tolled and said :
 " 'Tis midnight, and the year is dead !'"
 Then in a moment sang, "'Tis morn !
 And a new happy year is born !'"
 Then round and round its last words fly
 And say to all : "God speed ! good bye !"
 Good bye—the faintest trembling sigh—
 Good bye ! years, music, men must die !



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Haskell's Konkaput

AND

Occasional Poems.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

While no adverse criticism of this book has yet appeared, it is quite gratifying to see with what emphasis and unanimity the press has commended these poems, for both their local interest and their prospective permanence in the popular literature of this country. Below are a few extracts, given as samples of the best editorial opinions :

*From THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS—
(FOUNDED 1859).*

Some time since two paper covered volumes of Poems from the pen of Professor T. N. Haskell, issued successively from the press. The first was entitled "Young Konkaput, the King of Utes; a Legend of Twin Lakes," and is a poem about the length of Hiawatha. The hero is an ideal educated Indian, who realizes and depicts the only possible happy future for his race, and falls a victim to its ingratitude. Though called a legend, there are many incidents in Konkaput of historic importance, and many fine descriptions and passages of great beauty. "The Key to Konkaput, or the Fate of the Meeker Family," will be read with rare interest. The second volume contains a number of shorter poems, Foreign, Patriotic, Juvenile and Domestic.

The Foreign Poems show that Professor Haskell has been an extensive traveller, and reproduce the first impressions received at the places that inspired them. The Centennial Poems and others on national subjects, are full of true patriotic feeling, and whatever the topic touched, the sentiment is always on the right side. These two volumes are now united in one book, neatly bound in cloth and morocco, and offered to the public. This volume is in clear print, on good paper, and contains numerous illustrations. Even those who possess the separate books will be glad to obtain them in this more substantial and attractive form. Besides points of special interest to Western readers, the work possesses literary merit that will win and hold its place with the reading world.

From ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERALD—
(FOUNDED 1860).

"Haskell's Konkaput, King of the Utes" with "Occasional Poems at Home and Abroad," is an attractive volume of some five hundred pages well illustrated by the best of Colorado artists. Indeed, the entire book, beautifully printed, is the product of Colorado talent, and should, therefore, be more readily purchased and appreciated by our home people. The chief poem was written to illustrate the Indian Question in the United States, and incidentally presents our relations to all the colored races of this country. This is done by creating two or more imaginary personages, and preparing them by eventful experiences, observation, travel and education to tell the story, each to their own race, with intelligent and thrilling eloquence.

"The Key to Konkaput, or the Fate of the Meeker Family," illustrates well the saying that "Fact is sometimes stranger than fiction," and will be read by the friends of the late Mr. Meeker with tender regard. Already the book is highly praised by numerous purchasers and the discriminating press. Besides being filled with points of special interest to Western readers, the book contains literary merit that is bound to place it among the favorite works of the age.

From DENVER REPUBLICAN—

"Young Konkaput, the King of Utes," and several other poems written by Thomas Nelson Haskell, has been published in very attractive form by Collier & Cleaveland, of this city. The main poem, representing the real deserts and difficulties of the Indian Question in the United States, is a versified Legend of Twin Lakes, and has many poetic gems. The story embodies the rescue, by United States troops, from the Arapahoes and

Sioux, of the favorite Ute squaw, Susan, or Shawsheen, who for her gratitude, in turn rescued the Meeker women. The tone of the poem is lofty, and the descriptive passages are strong and finely drawn. Mr. Haskell is a Colorado man, and he has cleverly interwoven his story so as to present the most interesting scenes and Indian romances of the Rocky Mountain region.

From THE DENVER TIMES—

Prof. Haskell's book of poems entitled "King Konkaput," is fresh from the press of Collier & Cleaveland, and is worthy of popular favor. "King Konkaput" is the story of the Indian Question told in pleasing rhyme, and the author evidently saw the good side of the noble red man. The book is certainly worthy the support it is receiving.

From THE DENVER EYE—

The story of "Konkaput, the King of Utes, and Shawsheen, His Maiden Queen," is of thrilling interest, and, told in Professor Haskell's inimitable style of poesy, it holds the reader's closest attention from beginning to end. Haskell's Occasional Poems (bound in the same volume), is a collection of many of the richest gems of thought that has flown from this poet's gifted pen, some of which have before appeared in the current literature of the day. The book has been issued both in paper covers and in elegant cloth and morocco binding, and reflects much credit upon the publishers, Collier & Cleaveland. Professor Haskell's poetical genius is too well known to require any endorsement from the press, and now that he has presented to the public, so many of his poems in a collected form, they will doubtless meet a very flattering reception at its hands.

From THE MILITARY REVIEW—

We have "Young Konkaput and Occasional Poems," by Thomas Nelson Haskell, which are profusely illustrated. To a lover of real poetry, original thought and dramatic situations, we are convinced these poems will be of the deepest interest.

From GOLDEN GLOBE—

Prof. Haskell's "Legend of Twin Lakes" is a book setting forth very fully the Ute-Meeker Massacre, and treats the Indian Question in a masterly manner. We commend it to the reading public.

From COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE—

"Young Konkaput, the King of the Utes, a Legend of Twin Lakes," is the title of a volume by Thomas Nelson Haskell which has just been issued. The book is written in an attractive and simple style of verse. The author, in the preface, states that the work has been prepared chiefly for the youth of America, and its practical object is to impress upon the rising public some of the real deserts and difficulties of the Indian Question. Professor Haskell's intimate acquaintance with the habits and traits of character of the Red man, especially fitted him for the preparation of the work. He has made it not only an interesting story but a useful one to those studying the important questions connected with the welfare of the Indians. The author needs no introduction to our readers. His work in behalf of Colorado College is well known in our city, and his deep interest in the educational and other interests of the State in general have made his name familiar throughout the State. The book will be found at book stores, bound both in paper and cloth.



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